Vol 28

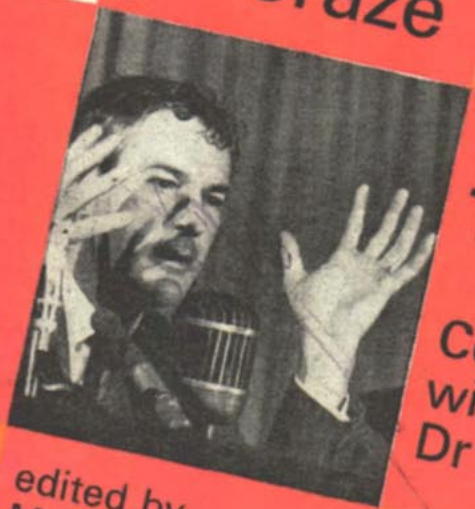
Encounter

Andrew Shonfield

The Pragmatic Illusion

Hugh Trevor-Roper

Witch Craze



Diana Trilling

Celebrating with Dr Leary

Conversations with McLuhan

G E Stearn

Interview with Djilas

Geoffrey Gorer

Ardrey's Imperative

Hugh Seton-Watson

Katkov's 1917

Edward Shils

The Ways of Sociology

edited by Melvin J Lasky & Frank Kermode

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Encounter

JUNE 1967
VOL. XXVIII NO. 6

Edited by FRANK KERMODE *and* MELVIN J. LASKY

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Published monthly at 25 Haymarket London SW1. Per copy: UK 4s.: USA & Canada $1: India Rs. 2.35. Back numbers: 5s. ($1). Annual sub.: UK 50s.: USA & Canada $10 (by air $11.50): India Rs. 28: Elsewhere 60s. Subscription & Trade department: Rolls House Publishing Co. Ltd. Breams Buildings London EC4 (Holborn 5708). US & Canadian subscriptions: British Publications Inc. 30 East 60th Street New York, N.Y. 10022. US newsstand distribution by Gordon & Gotch (USA) Inc. 485 Fifth Avenue New York 10017 (MU 7-2645). Authorised as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for the payment of postage in cash. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. *© 1967 by Encounter Ltd.*

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Elizabeth Salter

THE LAST YEARS OF A REBEL

A Memoir Edith Sitwell

The portrait that emerges from these pages is an informal and personal one; it is, as the author says, a portrait of 'the Edith Sitwell I knew'. Elizabeth Salter was her secretary, friend and confidante. She tells the story of the Indian summer of Dame Edith's life, the triumphs and the tragedies alike, in all of which she shared. Her book brings us very close to a great rebel from a great family, whose death has robbed the English scene of rare colour and brilliance. 30s

William Trevor

THE DAY WE GOT DRUNK ON CAKE

William Trevor is one of the few writers who raise the short story to its full stature, who can make of it something brilliant but not facile, who seem to extract extra depth and breadth from its very restrictions. *The Day We Got Drunk on Cake* is his first collection, yet it shows complete originality and mastery of the medium. Each story reveals the hysteria, comic or terrible, beneath the surface of ordinary social or marital life. Mr. Trevor's characters, though their mode of speech is grave and courteous, are often desperate men and women, holding the fort of sanity, clinging to 'the daily round, the common task'. It is the measure of Mr. Trevor's touch that the reader is not always sure whether to laugh or weep. William Trevor was awarded the Hawthornden Prize for his novel *The Old Boys*. 21s

Bodley Head

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Andrew Shonfield

The Pragmatic Illusion

On the British Formula for Muffling Public Purpose

THINKING ABOUT the intellectual style which guides the process of government in Britain, I turned again to a celebrated pre-war book, by André Siegfried, with the familiar title *England's Crisis*. The particular crisis that he was describing, in 1930, had by then been in progress for half a century, and the characteristic element in it was, according to him, a certain kind of intellectual slackness. The passage in which Siegfried discusses Royal Commissions of Inquiry, a British institution which had attracted his admiration, is still worth quoting. Looking back over the long series of Blue Books from the 1880s onwards, which had described with "lucid objectivity" the deficiencies of the British economy, he wrote:

> "What courage!" we exclaim. "What realists! How calmly they look straight into the bottom of the abyss!" For over forty years the Blue Books have been perpetually repeating the same grave warnings.... In France we would never be so objective; but why is all this heart-searching so sterile? Simply this: intellectually the Englishman reads and appreciates these warnings, but by instinct he refuses to believe them.

Nearly another forty years on, the story does not seem very different. The cult of self-criticism is as powerful as ever—and so are the barriers to action. How is one to account for the slowness with which British governments tend to act, after the need for some change has been clearly demonstrated? (I am speaking of change in ordinary peace-time circumstances; in a national emergency a British government will act as decisively as any other.) Siegfried's explanation is that there has been a creeping paralysis of British will, caused by a growing national complacency, a certain indolence—in short a "lack of vitality." I cannot feel that this explanation will do, in the face of the British performance in World War II and immediately after it. The relative slowness to respond to the manifest need for change, which has indeed been characteristic of both the inter-war and the later post-war period, is a much more complex phenomenon. Its essential feature is not, I would argue, any absence of energy in the conduct of government, but a deficiency of intellectual rigour in the whole performance. In so far as the analysis is insufficiently rigorous, the need for radical action appears that much less urgent. Because the problem has not been exhaustively examined, there is felt to be a greater chance that, out of some unknown corner, something may turn up and solve it. This is not the same thing as anti-intellectualism. I am not suggesting that British government, which after all reaches a high level of administrative expertise, somehow by-passes the intellectual process. It is rather that certain well-established habits of mind and cherished institutional arrangements are a serious impediment to the effective use of systematic thought in the formulation of public policy.

TO BEGIN WITH, there is the excessive secrecy about the basis on which policy decisions are made. People who are in charge of any bit of the machinery of government are dreadfully

ANDREW SHONFIELD'S *article is based on the Gaitskell Memorial Lecture, given recently at Nottingham University. Mr. Shonfield is Director of Studies at the Royal Institute of International Affairs in London; his most recent book was a monumental study of* Modern Capitalism *(1965).*

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anxious not to commit themselves. I can illustrate the point most readily by reference to the recent report of the Estimates Committee on Government Statistical Services (1966–67). Mr. Petch, a Second Secretary at the Treasury, was being questioned by the Committee about how the public, or parliament for that matter, could assess the usefulness of the government's statistical forecasts. More information about them, it was suggested, seemed to be needed. His reply was categorical:

> It would not be possible for us to reveal the particular forecasts on the basis of which advice was given to Ministers and Ministers took decisions. (p. 439)

What is especially interesting to the uninstructed reader of this evidence is the confidence with which the civil servant concerned takes it for granted that all rational men will see the impossibility of revealing these facts, once the nature of the question has been unequivocally exposed. He does not even bother to argue the matter. Why, in fact, should it be assumed that the essential argument which guided a minister in making a decision that may be of crucial importance to the public should be concealed from the public? Perhaps even more to the point—has not the public a right to be told whether there were alternative estimates of the relevant facts, what were the uncertainties about possible correlations between known and unknown data, and the margins of error in measuring the data, which played a part in the decision finally taken? The answer presumably is that the civil servant would find it intolerable if the arguments and advice that he presented to his minister were made known to Parliament. I recall a shrewd remark on this subject by Hugh Gaitskell. I had mentioned a favourable comment made by a permanent official on the performance of one of his colleagues when he had been a minister. Gaitskell, who thought little of this man's efficiency, was unimpressed. "Beware," he said, "of a minister who is praised too freely by his civil servants. It usually means he is rather good at carrying out *their* policies."

THE DANGER of publicity, from the civil servant's point of view, is that he might be subjected to criticism, either in Parliament or in the press, and would not have an opportunity for answering back. But the conclusion from that might after all be that this is less a reason for increasing the secrecy of government than a powerful argument for giving civil servants more opportunities to explain themselves in public. If they were invited to answer back, they would have no alternative but to explain the reasons that induced them to take one view rather than another and what the balance of probability seemed to be at the time that the decision was taken. I cannot believe that this would not be a spur to the more systematic formulation of ideas which form the basis for the decisions of governments—or the absence of decisions.

The doctrine of complete ministerial responsibility, and its corollary, the doctrine of total absence of initiative on the part of the official, are, in my view, a serious drag on more active and efficient government. This view is, of course, based on the belief that public argument about the details of policy at an expert level is an aid rather than a hindrance to efficient administration. The opposite view is that government, in its higher reaches, is of its essence an incommunicable art. The giving of clear-cut reasons is bound to be a distortion. In other words, intuition is the underlying method, not ratiocination. Plainly, the more secrecy can be guaranteed, the greater the temptation to rest comfortably on the intuitive method. Although there is still scope for argument among those who share the secrets, so long as they are inside the administrative service, administrators are less likely to ask awkward questions about the grounds of each other's decisions than some outsider who makes no decisions at all.

The British official's extraordinary shyness about the revelation of his intellectual processes is illustrated by the story of the demise of the Treasury's annual Economic Survey, one of the more lasting products of the Labour Government's period of radical reform in the second half of the 1940s. At any rate, it lasted through the period of Tory rule in the 1950s, and provided intermittently, uncertainly, but still usefully, a series of insights into the Government's own vision of the future—an essential background for judging whether economic policy (as revealed for instance in the Budget speech) had any serious rationale. The Economic Survey was originally intended (by Sir Stafford Cripps) as a planning document. It soon became a good deal less than that. Still it did—in a modest way—supplement the information about the assumptions underlying policy, which the Chancellor was prepared to vouchsafe to the nation on Budget Day.

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Until we came to the era of planning—Tory planning, first, from 1962 to 1964, before Labour took over. At this point new agencies were called into being and took over the official responsibility for looking into the future—the N.E.D.C. in the first instance, and later the Department of Economic Affairs. That did not, of course, mean that the Treasury gave up the business of forecasting: it remained fully in charge of all the estimates of future trends that went into Budget. But it seized the opportunity, with an almost audible sigh of relief, of suppressing the public expression of its views which had appeared, however partially, in the Economic Survey. And it replaced this document, among the annual crop of pre-Budget papers issued in March/April, with something called "Economic Report," a dead-pan historical summary of the previous *calendar* year—thus, managing to avoid even a historical statement about the first quarter of the current year, although (or possibly because) the reading of trends in this quarter is often the crucial factor important in shaping Budget policy for the year ahead. The Treasury mask was complete. Mr. Petch's object was secure: no one would in future even have a hint of the "forecasts on the basis of which ... Ministers took decisions."

THE FORECASTING ACTIVITIES of the new planning bodies did not jeopardise this achievement. Although the planners appeared to be offering something more elaborate and weighty in the way of official forecasts, they were in fact supplying something subtly though decisively different. First, the N.E.D.C., which had one shot at an annual review, in March 1964,[1] was not in any case a body for which the government took responsibility; the government was only one of the three parties—the others were employers and trade unions—which were supposed to share power in the Council of the organisation. Indeed the arm's length relationship was taken so seriously that the economists working for the N.E.D.C. were denied access to important Treasury data and calculations. As to the Department of Economic Affairs its solitary projection so far, *The National Plan* (Cmnd. 2764, September 1965) was a statement of long and medium-term aims, rather than a forecast of what was likely to happen during the period immediately ahead. Indeed, what happened during the year following the publication of the Plan was so much at variance with the conditions that would have made the realisation of these aims possible that the original document quickly lost whatever verisimilitude it might have had as a guide to official thinking on British economic policy.

The net result therefore is that there is now even less public information on the assumptions underlying economic policy decisions than there was before the advent of planning in Britain. Mr. James Callaghan's Budget speeches have been notably meagre in this matter. The dead-pan Treasury tradition seems to have found a devoted exponent in the first Labour Chancellor of the 1960s. Meanwhile the Plan seems to have provided the excuse for concealing the government's thinking on yet another aspect of policy—public investment. The long-range forecast which used to be published each year was supposed to be taken into the National Plan. But as the National Institute's *Economic Review* complained last November, since the Plan

> is in a state of suspended animation, there is even less guidance than there used to be about the trend in this very important expenditure sector. Since the Government expects industries to be forthcoming about their investment plans, it seems reasonable that it should be equally forthcoming about its own.

No doubt, we shall in the end, if people go on pressing hard enough, get this information out of the government.[2] The question is why so much pressure has to be applied before the British administration will explain itself. It may be thought that this is something in the nature of administrators everywhere. But the facts do not really support the blanket suspicion. Some bureaucracies are a great deal more communicative than others; some even seem to wish to explain the premises on which certain decisions are taken. Thus on the subject of economic forecasting—the French have always included in their annual statement of national income statistics an estimate of the main items for the year ahead. Indeed post-war French governments seem to have been consistently guided by the simple-minded view that it was only worth while going through the elaborate and expensive business of national income accounting for the previous year in order to form a judgment of

[1] *The Growth of the Economy*, March 1964. Although this was in form an interim report on the progress of the growth plan to 1966, published in February 1963, its detailed forecasts were largely confined to the single year ahead.

[2] A short-term forecast of public investment for 1967–8 was given by Mr. Callaghan on 16 February 1967 (*Hansard*, Col. 166–7).

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what was likely to happen, on the basis of existing trends, during the period ahead.

PERHAPS IT MAY SEEM that by picking on France I have chosen a rather special example to support my case. It may be said that this kind of all-embracing economic prediction is merely typical of the *dirigiste* and over-confident spirit of the French. But see what happens in Germany, the home of the free market, the most vociferous opponent of state intervention and planning, when it embarks in the early 1960s on an annual survey of the economy, rather like the British Economic Survey, which was being abolished at just about this time. The very first of these surveys, issued by the Ministry for Economic Affairs in February 1963, contained a statistical appendix with seven fairly elaborate tables setting out the main items in the national income and its growth over a period of a year, and each table had an additional column showing the same figures estimated for the year ahead. Among the figures were such highly uncertain items as the expected value of future exports and the change in the number of self-employed persons by the end of the year. Plainly, the Germans regard this kind of figuring as an essential part of any exercise which tries to involve the educated public in a dialogue with the government about economic policy. Without a clear statement of what results can reasonably be expected in the future on the basis of identifiable current trends, it is impossible for an outsider to engage in serious argument with those inside the administration. Everyone knows that such forecasts are, in fact, made inside. It must therefore be concluded that they are kept secret because the insiders do not want to engage in serious argument with those whom they govern.

To the accusation of arrogance in adopting such a position, the British civil servant will reply: "No, on the contrary—it is modesty about the value of our forecasts. We are working only a little less in the dark than others, and we are not anxious to advertise the results." If this is really so, then the argument for enforcing publicity on departmental estimates and forecasts is made that much stronger. *The Economist* put the point in a recent survey of the way in which a succession of post-war governments have cast "a veil of secrecy" over their own projections for the twelve months ahead: "this," it said, "encourages slackness throughout the whole system."

IT WOULD BE WRONG to imagine that this is an issue which is confined to the use of statistics in economic predictions. It relates to a much deeper phenomenon—and to a whole range of institutions which express a particular view of life: a view in which clarity about the reasons for public decisions, whether administrative or legal, are played down. It all goes with a certain recoil from the demand for explicitness, a resistance to spelling out motives and reasons. I believe that if the matter is closely observed it will be seen that this resistance has entered profoundly into the national spirit.

Consider the conduct of British law. Here the prejudice against the statement of general principles is familiar and striking. Of course British judges and lawyers have been most ingenious in drawing general rules from the judgments in particular cases which are used as precedents. But that is a very different thing from setting out to secure a public consensus on the substance of the doctrines of right and wrong which are supposed to guide legal decisions. As Professor W. Friedmann remarks in his comparative study of legal systems:

> That English lawyers have moulded the Common Law by the infusion of legal ideals, no one can doubt. . . . But this infusion of legal ideals has been so overwhelmingly unconscious and inarticulate that an analysis is no easy matter.[8]

The clearest expression of this widespread diffidence about the giving of fully articulated reasons is to be found in the jury system. A jury is of its essence a body that is precluded from explaining the reasons that led it to a particular conclusion. But that is not regarded as a deficiency of this method of judgment. On the contrary, the jury seems to be prized by some judges precisely because of its inability to achieve self-expression and intellectual clarity. "In quest of the particular justice," Lord Devlin says, "juries can do what a judge cannot, they can stretch the law." Presumably, juries can do this because they are more ignorant than judges or less disciplined. But the indiscipline may be especially useful because although juries are supposed to concern themselves exclusively with "the question whether the law has been broken or not," as Lord Devlin points out, "they sometimes soften the application of the law to meet the broad justice of the case."

It seems that judges, being more articulate as well as clear-sighted, are at a disadvantage. The anti-intellectual implications of this approach to the problem of dispensing justice in difficult

[8] W. Friedmann, *Legal Theory* (1944).

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cases are startling. The whole business depends on the accident that a random group of twelve men and women on a particular day are in the right frame of mind. There is no possibility of generalising the lucky circumstance—of increasing the prospect of just treatment for the next case of a similar kind that comes along, but is tried by a less patient, or perhaps merely less ignorant or less muddled jury. Woe betide us when British juries become as clever as judges! The truth is that legal decisions without an explicit rational base are about as useful as the occasional generous impulse of a capricious tyrant. They fail altogether to fulfil one of the purposes of law, which is to make the future predictable. As Mr. Louis Blom-Cooper put it, in his recent reply to Lord Devlin—"the inscrutability of the jury is the antithesis of a concept of justice, which demands not only a just result but a reasoned one."[4]

WHEN ENGLISH JUDGES face issues of public policy their behaviour is not entirely unlike that of an inarticulate jury. The attitude which Professor Friedmann has described as a refusal "to disclose or discuss openly the ideological assumptions underlying the administration of law" has some curious consequences. The imperatives of public policy, which do in fact guide judicial decisions, have no clear place in the system. Underlying many judicial decisions there is an unexpressed theoretical doctrine—

> the assumption that private interests determine public interest. When faced with a conflict the Courts have always taken refuge in the presumed identity of public and private interest. But only the private interest is thoroughly examined and takes priority. The public remains a vague and unorganised shape.

The resistance to the deployment of explicit principles has produced especial confusion in the application of the law to administrative decisions. There is first of all the danger to the liberty of the subject which results from the strange shyness of the British courts about demanding an account of the reasons for administrative decisions, once a minister has simply declared that, in his view, the national interest is served by keeping the relevant evidence secret. The judges do not even ask to have a secret peep at the evidence to assure themselves that there is at least a *prima facie* case that the national interest is really involved.

This unusual judicial modesty seems to be the consequence of an exaggerated view of the rights of unfettered sovereign power, and is related to an archaic feudal notion of the position of the monarch—"the King can do no wrong." But this attribution of semi-divine authority to the executive in a modern setting would surely not have been tolerated if it had not served an important modern purpose. Because private contracts between equals are the only form of contractual relationship recognised by the Common Law, there is no place readily available in the British legal system for the greatly extended range of activities where public authority impinges on the commercial rights of private persons or business firms. The type of question that arises increasingly is illustrated by the following example. Can a newly created planning agency be held liable for the commercial damage that it causes by withholding permission to erect a building from a person who has invested money in buying land on the assumption (encouraged by the local authority that previously had sole responsibility in the district) that the building would be allowed to go forward? Governments must clearly have some extra flexibility, beyond that allowed to a private person, if they are to act effectively in pursuit of the public interest. They could rarely afford to alter a plan or to change an economic policy, if they were made to compensate every legitimate commercial interest adversely affected by the new set of circumstances created by any given public decision.

So it is very handy to be able to wield an antique legal doctrine which says that the sovereign power cannot be tied or trammelled in any way whatsoever. However, there are some circumstances in which public authorities should not be allowed to escape altogether the liability for commercial undertakings that they have made. Indeed it may in certain cases be necessary to tilt the balance the other way, and make special arrangements in favour of the private person, to redress his inequality in the face of the exercise of public power. Continental legal systems have long recognised this problem: a public authority is treated as a particular kind of legal entity, with its own defined rights and obligations, which are different from those of a private person. The British system simplifies the issue and economises on analysis: either the public authority is to be treated as an ordinary private person, on terms of equality with all other private persons, or it is sovereign and escapes altogether from the control of the law. The great prize that is secured by this arrangement is that the effort of definition is avoided. As

[4] *The Listener*, 13 October and 1 December 1966.

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Professor J. D. B. Mitchell points out, the result is that questions involving public law can be treated "as occasional interruptions of the steady stream of private law." And he concludes that the chief responsibility for this distortion of reality lies in a failure of theoretical legal thinking—that it is the

> denial of consistent thought which has prevented the proper development of ideas; problems are glimpsed, but solutions are not found.[5]

The issue here is related to the doctrine of total ministerial responsibility, which, as was shown earlier, provides the basis for the refusal of officials to take any public responsibility for their guidance of ministerial actions. The myth that the minister in person does all the actions performed by his department joins with the myth of the minister as a living arm of the monarch, who must be allowed the maximum degree of discretion about the nature of the national interest in his relations with the courts. He is accountable only to Parliament; and Parliament's ability to extract reasons from him for ordinary administrative decisions is severely limited in practice, because of its lack of access to the officials who actually do the administering in the minister's name.

I BEGAN, however, with Royal Commissions of Inquiry. Here surely is an instrument with an assured reputation for the profound and rigorous examination of problems of public policy. Since 1965 I have been a member of one of these bodies, the Royal Commission on Trade Unions and Employers' Associations, and I have developed some serious doubts about the efficiency of this traditional method of inquiry, in the circumstances of the second half of the 20th century. Where conditions are changing as fast as they are today and the cost of delay in taking administrative action may be very high indeed, an accelerated procedure is needed. If one were trying to invent a plan of work for a modern committee of inquiry charged with the job of making some practical proposals for government action, one would probably think of it as falling roughly into four stages as follows:

First, an intensive course of reading of up-to-date literature on their subject by the members of the committee, plus some preliminary discussion with a small expert research staff, aiming to identify the major issues on which decisions are required.

Second, a series of formal meetings designed to enumerate these issues in some rough order of precedence and to discover how much common ground existed about the broad character of the reforms required. This would point to the main areas of disagreement among the members of the committee and would suggest the directions which further investigation should take.

Third, draw up a list of witnesses to be heard, selecting them on the basis of their ability to illuminate the identified issues in dispute among the members of the Commission, and provide an opportunity for the main bodies concerned with the subject under enquiry to give their views in writing on *additional* topics that seem to be of importance to them. (Such organisations would also have been invited to make their suggestions about subject matter in stage one.)

Fourth, the committee would engage in systematic argument about the original points of disagreement as the evidence from witnesses accumulates; try to discover whether compromises are possible between opposing viewpoints; formulate the report.

It might be expected that for an inquiry of any urgency, involving people who could not be spared for long from their existing jobs, the first three phases would be at least half-time occupations and the fourth phase full-time. On this basis the whole operation could be compressed into a period of months; certainly the aim would be, with anything other than an exceptional subject, to complete the task within a year.

Instead of this, the members of a Royal Commission, or its equivalent, tend to model their behaviour on the image of a jury hearing the views of the whole nation. This is bound to take a great deal of time: everyone with views must be given the opportunity to present them. The pace is leisurely, because it is essential to avoid an impression of hurrying anyone, and the subject-matter with which the commission concerns itself over a considerable part of its life is largely determined by the interests of the witnesses presenting their views. There is too much to read and too many people wanting to be heard. The whole thing is treated very much as a part-time activity; it has to be, in any case, since it is unpaid. Moreover, the members start by being so concerned with the achievement of consensus on the issues on which they have to report that they tend to delay the process of intellectual confrontation. There is a feeling that

[5] "The State of Public Law in the United Kingdom," in *The International and Comparative Law Quarterly* (January 1966).

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if one goes on hearing witnesses long enough, some of the most contentious issues may disappear or at any rate the points of contention be so greatly reduced that there is little left to argue about. The judicial model dominates the procedure: you keep filling your mind with facts and views supplied by witnesses, and must be careful to avoid any attempt to identify provisional points of agreement and disagreement among the judges. The aim is, after all, to arrive at a set of practical recommendations which all can sign, without offending any member's principles. Too much analysis early on might jeopardise the whole exercise.

IT WAS NOT always like this. The great reputation of the British Royal Commissions was built up in the second quarter of the 19th century when they were forging a modern tool of investigation into public affairs. At this stage reliable social statistics hardly existed; and a professional civil service had not yet been created in Britain. There were special reasons why the Royal Commissions of this period were unusually effective as intellectual instruments of government. They were in fact relied upon to do a considerable part of the work of administration.

However, it was not merely the deficiency of contemporary administrative techniques which made the Royal Commissions of the era of reform during the 1830s and 1840s so celebrated. Their success owed a great deal more to the spirit of the age, which was quite different from anything that Britain has experienced before or since that time. Lord Tangley sums up the long series of radical legal changes, from the Reform Act of 1832 onwards, as follows:

> It is not too much to say that in a period of some thirty years, say one generation, the law had been changed from a body of institutions, suitable to a static society, to one more in accord with the growing and developing society arising out of the Industrial Revolution, the growth of free trade, and of international commerce.[6]

The reformers were guided by a new philosophy; and the government was swept on by them to a series of drastic measures, culminating in the effective abolition of the whole system of British trade protection—a uniquely bold experiment which no other nation has dared to follow—by a remarkable wave of doctrinaire thinking.

The thought was essentially Benthamite: it was deductive and systematic, purporting to measure the utility of alternative courses on some simple calculus of pleasure and pain. It is striking to observe how impatient these reformers were with the loose and unsystematic character of English laws. Bentham himself aimed at a comprehensive system of general rules and took as his model the Code Napoleon. Edwin Chadwick, perhaps the most dynamic administrative influence of the era of reform, was a powerful exponent of French legal principles.

Some of the reformers went far beyond the French. John Stuart Mill, the intellectual leader of the movement in the middle years of the century, devised a scheme for compelling Parliament to be consistent. Legislation, he argued in *Representative Government*, was bound to be full of inconsistencies when "laws are voted clause by clause in a miscellaneous assembly." The remedy was to take away from Parliament the power to formulate laws, and leave it solely with the right to indicate its desires and then accept or reject the proposals worked out by a more expert body. It would not be allowed to tinker with them. Only by this self-denying ordinance on the part of the legislature could the essential coherence of a growing body of law be preserved.

> If [says Mill in 1861] the laws of this country were, as surely they will soon be, revised and put into a connected form, the Commission of Codification by which this is effected should remain as a permanent institution, to watch over the work, protect it from deterioration, and make further improvements as often as required.

The Commissioners were not supposed to replace Parliament; they would merely act as its intellectual conscience, restraining its unconsidered impulses whenever these threatened to result in measures that were not consistent with purposes embodied in other laws. Once a legislative proposal had been worked out by the Commissioners, "Parliament should have no power to alter the measure, but solely to pass or reject it; or, if partially disapproved of, remit it to the Commission for reconsideration."

This scheme, which as S. E. Finer has shown,[7] was connected with Chadwick's earlier ideas on legal reform, foreshadows in a remarkable fashion the methods of legislation adopted by the European Common Market in the late 1950s. Under the Treaty of Rome the Council of Ministers, which is the authority that enacts laws, is not allowed to act on most matters until

[6] Lord Tangley, *New Law for the New World?* (The Hamlyn Lectures, 1965).

[7] S. E. Finer, *The Life and Times of Sir Edwin Chadwick* (1952).

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it receives a proposal worked out by the Commission. The latter is a body of appointed officials—unlike the Council which is composed of politicians—whose task is supposed to be to secure a consistent expression of the aims of the European Economic Community set out in the Treaty. The Treaty of Rome relies heavily on general statements of principle, leaving the practical details to be filled in later. The Council of Ministers does not amend the proposals put before it by the Commission: it can normally only do so if the representatives of the six national governments on the Council reach a unanimous decision on the precise form of new wording required. Otherwise the proposed measure must be sent back to the Commission which has the responsibility for reformulating it and presenting it again. The result has been that a great deal of the initiative in the conduct of the business of the European Economic Community has passed to the professional Europeans in the Commission.[8]

No doubt, Mill had a similar end in view when he proposed his reform of the legislative method of the British Parliament. He never did get his codification of English laws, let alone the permanent guardianship of their intellectual coherence. Whatever may be thought of his preferred solution, the problem of securing consistency between a government's actions and its explicitly stated purposes has become notably more urgent in the era of economic planning. Mill made his proposal as a declared opponent of the active use of public power. It was simply an expression of the demand for intellectual consistency in the conduct of government. There was little pragmatism and even less of the spirit of compromise among the group to which Mill belonged. Elie Halévy, in his study of *Philosophic Radicalism* as a force in the revolution in British public policies which occurred during the first half of the 19th century, accurately characterises this influential small élite as "endowed with the systematic spirit and with the taste for intellectual domination."

All very un-British! And yet the great edifice of Victorian Britain was constructed on the new base established by the initiative of these people in the era of reform in the 1830s and '40s. The story is worth recalling because it reminds one that clear principles and systematic argument, including argument of a theoretical character, are *not* incompatible with the English system of government. Of course the philosophic radicals indulged in absurd exaggerations; their ideas on a large number of subjects were neither balanced nor sound. But their intellectual method made an impressive contribution to the process of reform. And I do not believe that these people were an isolated and eccentric phenomenon of British life. There is a continuing strand in British administrative thinking which runs readily to general principles, attaches itself unashamedly to doctrines and is very ready to argue about them. Indeed, I have been impressed on more than one occasion in recent years by a kind of doctrinal fury which seems to take hold of Whitehall on some particular topic. The most obvious example perhaps is the extremism of *laissez-faire* in economic policy which dominated the Treasury and other departments during the first period of Conservative rule in the early and middle 1950s. (I shall return to this later in connection with "*Operation Robot.*") Another, more recent case is the mass conversion of the economic ministries in the 1960s to the Paish doctrine that 2–2½ per cent unemployment was the overriding cure which would make the British economy function efficiently.

But all this happens behind closed doors, and rather intermittently. Theories of this kind, which determine the making of policy but are never spelt out in public by those whose professional advice guides the process of government, lead an elusive life. They cannot be nailed down. It would require a different set of institutions and administrative habits to secure a consistently high standard of intellectual rigour in the conduct of public affairs, which is, I believe, the necessary condition for accelerating the pace of reform in Britain. The chief characteristics of this missing intellectual rigour are first, a clear statement of the factual assumptions and general principles guiding any act of government, and secondly, the systematic examination of the implications of any such act, in terms not merely of its practical effects but of its relationship to other explicitly stated purposes of government. Of course it would be wrong to suggest that these desiderata are never met; they are the stuff of effective radical reform. But there is, even among reformers, an established penchant for the piecemeal. Now, the trouble with piecemeal

[8] Consisting of nine members headed by Dr. Walter Hallstein.

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methods of change, which do not refer back to a clear set of general principles, is that they tend to be slow—precisely because people hesitate in the face of the unknown implications of a proposal in other fields beyond its immediate ambit. The argument, if it proceeds in this way, ends up by asking for the minimum of change that is thought to be necessary to secure some narrowly defined practical objective. The result is that when a major and extended innovation is required it usually takes up far too much time. It is as if the British political genius were entirely devoted to the business of make-do and mend.

BEHIND ALL THIS are the attitudes which go with what I have called in these pages "the cult of the implicit."[9] This cult is compounded of several profound elements in the British character, including a certain gentleness of manner which expresses itself in reluctance to press for full answers, in case the effort of spelling out complicated matters might cause inconvenience or tedium to another. There is also, possibly, an excessive disposition to believe in the presence of the ineffable. One hears it, for example, in the underlying contempt of T. S. Eliot's line in *Sweeney Agonistes*—

But I've gotta use words when I talk to you

On the whole one would prefer to be without words. Depending on the content of words to convey what one really wants to communicate (or ought to want to) is a mistake. But it is not all a matter of good manners and exquisiteness. The element of arrogance should not be left out of the compound. Persons who carry high responsibility in Britain tend to assume that they cannot be expected to explain their actions fully to ordinary people, who would be unable to understand even if they wished to. This is the residue of old-fashioned aristocratic principle, which remains firmly embedded in British democracy.

AGAINST these powerful defences, where is the necessary pressure for a more explicit style of government to come from? Some of the reforms which are now, belatedly and uncertainly, beginning to get under way, like the establishment of specialist parliamentary committees and the creation of an Ombudsman (who is supposed to ask for explanations of at least some administrative decisions), should be a help. At least the opportunity will be there to make new demands on the expository function of government; and the need for exposition can wonderfully stimulate the capacity for systematic thought. But perhaps the most powerful single influence in the longer run is likely to come from the activity of economic planning. That is because what a national plan does is to force people to make explicit things which were only implicit before, both in the sphere of public policy and in the assumptions behind the decisions of private enterprise. Having been brought out into the open, the great variety of aims, judgments, and intentions are made to confront one another in argument, and are eventually compelled to adapt themselves to a single systematic form. The plan puts a large premium on clarity and consistency. In this environment contradictions advertise themselves; indeed they yell out to be discovered.

However, it is worth saying that these intellectual consequences that should flow from the act of planning will only occur if the essential purpose of a national plan is properly understood and absorbed into the political debate in Britain. At the moment it is not. A plan is too often envisaged as being in essence a prediction by the government, laid out on a rather larger scale than usual; when the prediction is falsified the planners are in bad odour, as at present. Of course, the predictive element is an essential part of a plan. But the activity of planning is a continuous exercise, and is very largely concerned with the process of adjusting policy when, as inevitably happens, some of the facts turn out differently from what was expected. There is no paradox here: the planners have to make forecasts about all sorts of things, but they know, or should know, that in doing so they are bound to go wrong. The calculations about the future are a necessary device for illuminating the options open in the present. The danger of misunderstanding arises because of a tendency, particularly marked on the Left, to think of the plan as a substitute for the business of making an economic policy respond to shifting circumstances from day to day. The Plan is envisaged as a sort of comprehensive drill book, ordering a series of responses to particular situations, instead of being recognised for what it is—a map of a large area to guide a traveller on a journey

[9] See "The Plaintive Treble" in *Suicide of a Nation?*, ENCOUNTER, July 1963.

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whose course he only comes to perceive clearly as he moves along.

IT IS QUITE AN effective way of muffling public purpose, first to pretend that a plan is more than it really is, and then to discard planning because it has failed to live up to these inflated expectations. Moreover, you can by this means ditch critics, like the writer of this article, by doing the job with an air of great intellectual rigour. You say, with a sigh—"Well, we tried, but our technical equipment just wasn't up to the task." Often this is no more than another move in the technique of recoil from systematic thought about empirical data.

Observers are sometimes puzzled by two apparently opposite traits of English intellectual behaviour in the field of social science and social policy. English theoretical thinking in, for example, economics, has been impressive over a long period. On the other hand, there is the familiar English propensity (again, taking economic policy as an example) to avoid systematic preparation, to prefer to improvise, to play it by ear. The apparent discrepancy disappears, I believe, once the true purpose of the theoretical intellectual construct is understood. It is intended to provide a short-cut round, or through, a problem, rather than a basis for the empirical measurement of its constituent elements. The function of theory is to supply a direct guide to action—the drill book concept again. Where it fails to do so the alternative is a retreat to the totally pragmatic: the inspired guess and "the feeling for the problem" come into their own.

THIS IS SOMETIMES wrongly called a preference for the practical against the theoretical. In fact, theory is very welcome if it can be used directly to simplify decisions for men of action. Look at the way the mid-Victorians used the doctrine of *laissez-faire* as a guide to public policy on the conduct of British trade, or, to take a more recent specific example, consider the Treasury's use of very theoretical economic argument in the early 1950s to recommend that marvellously named device, "*Operation Robot*," which was supposed to do the whole work of British economic policy just by the control of two key numbers—the Bank Rate and a fluctuating rate of exchange for the pound. The Chancellor of the Exchequer of the day, then Mr. R. A. Butler, almost bought the theory, encouraged by the view which was pressed upon him that if he would just concentrate on the adjustment of these two levers, everything else in the field of economic policy would fall into place.

What is involved in all this is a profound reluctance to engage in the tedious business of sorting and analysing a mass of empirical data. Compare the American or German zest in tackling such tasks. The French, as might be expected, show markedly less verve and talent here. But the conclusion comes as something of a shock to the British self-image—that public purpose in this country is muffled because of an anti-empirical bias in British thought. As a disillusioned American once put it to me: "You people aren't really interested in facts—you just suffer from a kind of galloping pragmatism."

Poem

There was a pain which cut me to the quick.
There was a grief which slurred me to slowness.
I referred my pain to trees and a stream.
My pain could not disturb the trees' green dream
Nor could my grief invade stream's dark at all
Where anything with gravity may fall.
The response of trees and a stream to pain
Is minimal: yet they respond to rain.
And so there is no gravity in pain
Save when it's seen to rhyme with falling rain
Which is falling for certain lost reasons
Connected with gravity and seasons.

Nicholas Snowden Willey

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H. R. Trevor-Roper

Witches and Witchcraft

An Historical Essay (II)

THE RECRUDESCENCE of the witch-craze from about 1560 can be documented from innumerable sources. We can trace it geographically, watch it, country by country, as the Protestant or the Catholic missionaries declare war on the obstinate. We can see it in literature, in the series of grotesque encyclopaedias in which writer after writer repeated and amplified the fantasies of the *Malleus*. We can see it in its legal form, in the gradual change of law and practice to meet the alleged multiplication of witches and in the gradual acquiescence of the lawyers in a new and profitable branch of their business.[1] One of the new practices was the "cold water test," the throwing of a suspected witch into a pond or river to see whether she would float or not.[2] If she did, diabolic aid was proved and she was burnt as a witch. If she sank, innocence could be presumed, although perhaps, by that time, she had drowned. The literature of the time shows that this test was invented, or revived, in the 1560s. At the same time the law itself received an important modification: under clerical pressure it abandoned the old humane distinction between the "good" and the "bad" witch.

In 1563 the Scottish witch-law, obedient to the voice of Calvin, prescribed death for all witches, good or bad, and for those who consulted them. In 1572 Augustus the pious, Elector of Saxony, introduced a new criminal code, the *Consultationes Saxonicae*, according to which even the "good witch" was to be burnt, merely for having made a pact with the Devil, "even if she has harmed nobody with her sorcery." This provision was the result of organised pressure by the lawyers and clergy of Luther's Wittenberg. The same provision was adopted ten years later in the Palatinate by its Lutheran Elector Ludwig, and by a number of other princes. Where the Catholic, Lutheran or Calvinist Churches ruled the practice was the same. In Elizabethan England the law preserved the old distinction and indeed the Anglican Church has an honourable record of sanity and moderation. Its teacher had been Bucer, the disciple of Erasmus, whose influence also kept Strasbourg as an island of sense in the Rhineland. But even in England the Calvinist clergy pressed for conformity with the pure "schools of Christ" abroad. Their oracle was the Cambridge preacher and casuist William Perkins, who lectured on the subject in Emmanuel College in the 1590s. He impressed upon his hearers—and indirectly on the founding fathers of New England Puritanism, who were to prove apt pupils—the standard view of the godly that by the law of Moses, "the equity whereof is perpetual," and from which there are no exceptions, the witch must be put to death. Whoever has made a pact with the Devil, even to do good, must die. Indeed, said Perkins, "the good witch" was "a more horrible and detestable monster than the bad," so "if death be due to any," as we know that it is due to all, "then a thousand deaths of right belong to the good witch." A few years later, the royal demonologist, James VI of Scotland, came to reign in England. Brought up as a good Calvinist and committed to all the absurdities of continental

[1] It is interesting to observe the change in the legal attitude towards witchcraft in the course of the 16th century. At first the lawyers were generally hostile to the new mythology. But from mid-century they generally support the witch-hunters and by 1600 they are more savage and pedantic than the clergy. The same conservative spirit which had once resisted the novelty now venerated the established doctrine.

[2] So called to distinguish it from the "hot water test," which involved thrusting the suspect's arm into boiling water and measuring guilt or innocence by the effect.

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science, he did not like the mild Elizabethan law. He "found a defect in the statute," we are told, "... by which none died for witchcraft but they only who by that means killed, so that such were executed rather as murderers than witches." So he had the law changed. Henceforth death was the legal penalty, even in England, for the "good witch."

THAT THIS RECRUDESCENCE of the witch-craze in the 1560s was directly connected with the return of religious war is clear. It can be shown from geography: every major outbreak is in the frontier-area where religious strife is not intellectual, a dissent of opinion, but social, the dissidence of a society. When Bishop Palladius, the reformer of Denmark, visited his diocese, he declared those who used Catholic prayers or formulas to be witches; and witches, he said, "in these days of pure Gospel-light," must be burnt. When Bishop Jewel, fresh from Switzerland, told Queen Elizabeth that witches and sorcerers "within these last few years are marvellously increased within this your Grace's realm," and demanded action against them, he was declaring Protestant war on the Catholic England of Mary Tudor. The persecution in England was sharpest in Essex and in Lancashire—two counties where Catholicism was strong and the Puritan evangelists particularly energetic. The Scottish Calvinists, when they obtained their witch-law, were similarly declaring war on Catholic society. Germany and Switzerland were also countries where the two religions faced each other in sharp social opposition: in Germany, the persecution remained most persistent in Westphalia, the seat of medieval heresy and 16th-century Anabaptism, while in Switzerland the Calvinist cities made war on the obstinate peasantry of the country. In France the geographical antithesis was no less clear. The same areas which had accepted the medieval heresies became, in the 16th century, the solid base of the Huguenots: in the Wars of Religion the Protestant South opposed the Catholic North and the last redoubt of Protestantism was the last redoubt of Albigensianism: Languedoc. It was therefore natural that witches should be found in Protestant islands like Orléans or Normandy; that by 1609 the entire population of "Protestant" Navarre should be declared to be witches; and that the capital of the witch-burners should be the great centre of vindictive Catholic orthodoxy, Toulouse.[3]

The same connection can be shown from chronology. The recrudescence in the 1560s marks the period of Protestant evangelism. Thereafter, almost every local outbreak can be related to the aggression of one religion upon the other. The Wars of Religion introduce the worst period of witch-persecution in French history. The outbreak in the Basque country in 1609 heralds the Catholic reconquest of Béarn. The terrible outbreaks in Germany, in Flanders and the Rhineland in the 1590s, and again in 1627–9, mark the stages of Catholic reconquest. Understandably, the Catholic historians of Germany dwell with unction on the persecutions of the 1560s and 1570s, when the witch-burners were Protestants. Protestants can take their revenge by looking back to the Dominican campaign of the later Middle Ages, or forward to the Catholic triumphs of the early 17th century.

WAS THERE any difference between the Catholic and the Protestant craze? Theoretically, yes. The Catholics inherited the whole

[3] Toulouse has preserved a constant character of intolerance. It was the centre from which the Albigensian heresy was exterminated; it played a sanguinary part in the suppression of the Huguenots of Languedoc; and it was no less brutal in the war against witches. The first witch known to have confessed to sexual intercourse with the Devil was burnt in Toulouse in 1275. From the time of Pope John XXII, it was the scene of continual and ferocious witch-trials; and in the single year 1577, according to Pierre Grégoire, a civil lawyer of Toulouse, the Parlement of Toulouse burnt 400 witches. The same authority would burn Giulio Cesare Vanini for intellectual heresy in 1619 and break Jean Calas on the wheel for being a Huguenot in 1762. The Cathedral of Albi, the University of Toulouse, and the thaumaturgical apparatus of Lourdes mark the successive triumphs of an intolerant orthodoxy over spirit, mind, and common sense.

The same character of intolerance, regardless of the nature of the heresy, can be detected in Bavaria. The oppressive nature of the Counter-Reformation in Bavaria is well known. Max Bauer, the editor of Soldan-Heppe's *Geschichte der Hexenprozesse*, printed as motto to the book a peculiarly revolting song of Bavarian orthodoxy:

Die Teutschen wurden wohlgemut,
Sie giengen in der Ketzer Plut
Als wers ein Mayentawe

(The Germans were high-spirited: they waded in the blood of heretics as though it were summer dew....) In our time Bavaria was the cradle of Nazism.

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medieval tradition of the later Fathers and the Schoolmen while the Protestants rejected everything which a corrupt Papacy had added to the Bible and the primitive Fathers. Theoretically therefore they should have rejected the whole demonological science which the Inquisition had built up; for no one could say that *succubi* and *incubi*, "imps" or werewolves, cats or broomsticks were to be found in the Bible. This point was constantly made by isolated Protestant critics, but it had no effect on their official theorists. Some Calvinist writers might be more intellectual and austere in detail, but in general Catholics and Protestants vied with each other in credulity. The authority of Luther transmitted all the fantasies of the Dominicans to his disciples, and the confessions of witches were regarded as an untainted supplement to the Holy Writ.

So, in the end, Catholics and Protestants agreed on the facts and drew on each other for details. The Catholic Binsfeld cites the Protestants Erastus and Daneau; the Calvinist Voëtius and the Lutheran Carpzov cite the Dominican *Malleus* and the Jesuit del Rio. They all also agreed in denouncing those infamous sceptics who insisted on telling them that supposed witches were merely deluded, "melancholic" old ladies and that the Bible, in denouncing death to "witches," had not referred to persons like them. From either side, terrible denunciations fell upon these neuters in the holy war, these "patrons of witches," who, together with lenient judges, were regularly declared to be witches themselves, equally deserving of the bonfire and the stake.

And who were these sceptics? The most famous of them was Johann Weyer, a survivor from the civilised days of Erasmus, a pupil of the Platonist Cornelius Agrippa of Nettesheim, a doctor of medicine who had studied in the humanist France of François I and practised in Erasmian Holland. In 1550 he had been invited to Cleves by the tolerant, Erasmian Duke of Cleves-Jülich-Berg-Marck, William V, and it was under his protection, and with his encouragement, that he wrote, in 1563, at the age of 48, his famous, or notorious, work *de Praestigiis Daemonum*. In this, while accepting the reality of witchcraft and the whole Platonic world of spirits, he argued that all the activities to which witches confessed, and for which they were now being burnt throughout Germany, were illusions created in them either by demons or by disease. Having written his work, Weyer sent copies to his friends and awaited the reaction.

The reaction was formidable. Weyer had chosen to publish his book precisely at the moment when the witch-craze, after a long lull, was beginning again. That, indeed, was what had provoked him to write. But this Erasmian Platonist—"the father of modern psychiatry," as he has been called—was no longer heard by a generation that had repudiated Erasmus. A fellow-physician might hail him as a prophet of enlightenment, a Hercules triumphant over superstition, but his other readers thought differently. Weyer was told by his friends that his book must be destroyed or rewritten; by his enemies that he was a "Vaudois," a Wycliffite, a lunatic. His work was denounced by the French Calvinist Lambert Daneau, burnt by the Lutheran University of Marburg, and put on the Index by the Catholic governor of the Netherlands, the Duke of Alba, who would ultimately secure Weyer's dismissal from the court of Cleves. However, the book was read, and in 1577 Weyer published a second work in which he congratulated himself on its salutary effect. Unfortunately, he had to add, the tyrants had now resumed their murderous persecution and so, once again, he sought to expose their errors. This second book happened to come into the hands of Jean Bodin just as Bodin was working himself into a lather of indignation at the leniency of French judges and the infamous neutrality of the French court: the "Erasmian," "Platonic" court of Catherine de Médicis. As if he had not written rubbish enough, Bodin hastily added an appendix denouncing Weyer as an infamous patron of witches, a criminal accomplice of the Devil.

THERE WERE SCEPTICS after Weyer but none of them improved materially on his work. Just as the demonology of the witch-hunters, Catholic or Protestant, was laid down in final form in the *Malleus*, so the basic philosophy of the sceptics, Catholic or Protestant, was laid down by Weyer and neither the one nor the other was modified by the argument of a century. Every champion of demonological science from Daneau and Bodin onwards took care to attack the "vain ravings" of Weyer; no sceptic, at least in print, did more than repeat his arguments. The most famous of his successors, the Englishman Reginald Scot, if he was inspired by his own experiences, accepted the arguments of Weyer, and thereafter Weyer and Scot feature

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together, as an infamous couple, in the books of the orthodox. King James VI of Scotland himself wrote his treatise on *Demonologie* to refute Weyer and Scot; when he came to the English throne one of his earliest acts was to have Scot's work sent to the bonfire; and the Dutch Calvinist Voëtius, equally enraged against both sceptics, is able to dismiss their

IACOBVS D.G. ANGLIAE FRANCIAE ET HIBERNIAE REX ÆT. 38 ANN. 1604
Vt tribus eximijs ornatus dotibus est Rex,
Vt pote Fortunæ, Corporis, atque Animi:
Simplà quæ tantis exit tunc prædita donis,
Non sine mente Deum, sic tria Regna tenet
Viuite felices tanto sub Rege Britanni;
Ipsius et laudes sæcula quæque canent.

King James II of Scotland (and James I of England)

arguments by appealing to unassailable authority: Weyer was refuted by King James and Scot "by the public burning of all copies of his book."

The enemies of Weyer and Scot and their allies always accused them of denying the reality of witchcraft. Their defenders impatiently insisted that this was not true. Nor was it. Weyer believed implicitly in the power of Satan, but not that old women were his agents. "Truly I deny not that there are witches," Scot had written, "... but I detest the idolatrous opinions conceived of them." To the end of the witch-craze, although we always hear it said that there are some who deny the very existence of witches, we never actually hear the denials. To the last the most radical argument against the witch-craze was not that witches do not exist, not even that the pact with Satan is impossible, but simply that the judges err in their identification. The "poor doting women," as Scot called them, who are hauled before the law courts, and who may confess—whether through torture or delusion—to being witches, have not in fact made any pact with the Devil, or surrendered to his charms, or harmed man or beast. They are "melancholic." This was a very tiresome doctrine, and it drove successive orthodox commentators into tantrums of indignation. It could not be refuted. But equally it could not refute the witch-craze. Logically, it left it untouched.

THE POWERLESSNESS OF THE CRITICS, a full century after the Witch Bull, is clearly shown by the terrible events which accompanied the Catholic reconquest in Germany. If the Protestant Princes and petty lords had waged war on witches in Württemberg and Baden, Brandenburg and Saxony, in the 1560s, "out of respect for law and evangelic piety," the Catholic Princes and Prince-Bishops (who exercised the same power) outdid them in their turn from 1580 onwards. In one German state after another the craze was then taken up, and no prince was too insignificant to qualify for the competition. The Prince-Abbot of Fulda, for instance, Balthasar von Dernbach, had been driven out by his Protestant subjects. When he came back in 1602, he took his revenge. He gave a free hand to his minister, Balthasar Ross, who styled himself *Malefizmeister* or "witchmaster" and conducted "a travelling inquisition" round the principality, falling unexpectedly on villages where he scented a rich prey. He invented new tortures, was paid by results, and in three years, out of 250 victims, had made 5,393 gulden. Other instances could be given. But perhaps the most spectacular example, in those first years of reconquest, was given by the pious Archbishop-Elector of Trier, Johann von Schöneburg.

Johann von Schöneburg began his reign in 1581. "Wonderfully addicted" to the Jesuits, for whom he built and endowed a splendid college, he showed his devotion in militant fashion too. First he rooted out the Protestants, then the Jews, then the witches: three stereotypes of social non-conformity. Thanks to his patronage, the campaign of Trier was "of an importance quite unique in the history of witchcraft." In twenty-two villages 368 witches were burnt be-

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tween 1587 and 1593, and two villages, in 1585, were left with only one female inhabitant apiece. Among the victims were men, women, and children of noble birth and public position. Such was Dietrich Flade, rector of the university and chief judge of the electoral court. Unconvinced by the confessions which had been extracted by torture, he judged the victims leniently. Consequently the Prince-Archbishop had him arrested, accused of witchcraft himself, tortured till he confessed whatever was put to him, strangled and burnt. This put a stop to leniency by judges, and the population of Trier continued to shrink. As it shrank, the executioner, like some solitary cannibal, swelled in pride and sleekness, and rode about on a fine horse, "like a nobleman of the court, dressed in silver and gold, while his wife vied with noblewomen in dress and luxury."

The craze in Trier was spectacular; but it was by no means isolated. All through the Rhineland and in South Germany, in those years, the example was followed, and the unrestrained secular and clerical jurisdiction of the princes was capable of terrible abuse. Moreover, like the good kings of Israel whom they strove to emulate, each prince also had his prophet to fire his zeal, and keep it on fire. The Archbishop of Trier had his suffragan Peter Binsfeld, whose two sanguinary works, published in 1589 and 1591, were of great help in sustaining and guiding the persecution. The Archbishop of Mainz had his Jesuit, Peter Thyraeus, who went to press in 1594. The Duke of Lorraine had the lawyer Nicolas Rémy, whose *Daemonolatreia*, published in 1595, was hailed as the greatest Catholic encyclopaedia of witchcraft since the *Malleus*. The Cardinal-Archbishop of Besançon in the Spanish Franche-Comté had another lawyer, Henri Boguet, whose *Examen des Sorciers* was published in 1602, its soundness attested by the rector of the Jesuit College of Besançon. Meanwhile the Spanish authorities in Flanders were encouraged by the huge success of their local product. This was the massive encyclopaedia of Martin del Rio, Spaniard turned Fleming, lawyer turned Jesuit. It was first published in Louvain in 1599, and quickly replaced Rémy's work as the new Catholic *Malleus*. When we consider that these same years, 1580 to 1602, the years from Bodin to del Rio, also saw the Protestant *Demonologie* of King James in Scotland, the work of the Calvinist Perkins in England, the translation of Bodin's work into Latin by the Dutch Calvinist Franciscus Junius, and the learned (though much more liberal) manual of the Lutheran lawyer of Rostock, Johann Georg Gödelmann, as well as a hundred lesser works, we see what batteries of learning were ready to quench the thin and feeble voice of dissent.

TO READ these encyclopaedias of witchcraft is a horrible experience. Each seems to outdo the last in cruelty and absurdity. Together they insist that every grotesque detail of demonology is true, that scepticism must be stifled, that sceptics and lawyers who defend witches are themselves witches, that all witches, "good" or "bad," must be burnt, that no excuse, no extenuation is allowable, that mere denunciation by one witch is sufficient evidence to burn another. All agree that witches are multiplying incredibly in Christendom, and that the reason for their increase is the indecent leniency of judges, the indecent immunity of Satan's accomplices, the sceptics. Some say, writes Binsfeld, that the increase of witches is an argument for leniency. What a suggestion! The only answer to increased crime is increased punishment: as long as there are witches, enchanters, sorcerers in the world, there must be *fire! fire! fire!*

Rémy thought that not only the lawyers but also the law was too mild. By law, children who were said to have attended their mother to the Sabbat were merely flogged in front of the fire in which their parent was burning. Rémy would have had the whole seed of witches exterminated and pointed (to show that Catholics too could quote the Bible) to the fate of the irreverent children whom Elisha had very properly caused to be devoured by bears. Boguet was reduced to an agony of hysteria when he thought of the fate of Christendom unless the epidemic were checked. Already, he calculated, the witches of Europe could raise an army bigger than that of Xerxes. And all around him he saw signs of their increase. Germany was almost entirely occupied in building bonfires for them—he was looking, no doubt, towards Trier and Mainz. Switzerland had had to wipe out whole villages in order to keep them down—in the last decade at least 311 witches had been burned in the lands of the Pays de Vaud alone. Travellers in Lorraine may see thousands and thousands of stakes—the stakes to which Nicolas Rémy was sending them. "We in Burgundy are no more exempt than other lands.... Savoy has not escaped this pest": indeed, it was from the

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mountains of Savoy that they descended into Franche-Comté—Savoy, as the Calvinist Daneau had written, which could produce an army of witches able to make war and defeat great kings. All over Europe, cried Boguet, "that miserable and damnable vermin" was "multiplying on the land like caterpillars in a garden.... I wish they all had but one body, so that we could burn them all at once, in one fire!"

When we read these monstrous treatises, we find it difficult to see their authors as human beings. And yet, when we look at their biographies, what harmless, scholarly characters they turn out to be! Rémy was a cultivated scholar, an elegant Latin poet, the devoted historian of his country. When he died in 1616, having sent (we are told) between two and three thousand victims to the stake, he was universally respected. His dedication of his *Daemonolatreia* to the cardinal Charles of Lorraine showed touching personal solicitude: the cardinal suffered from rheumatism, which he ascribed to the machinations of witches. Boguet was similarly a scholar, widely read in the classics and in history. De l'Ancre, the hammer of the Basque witches, was a friend of the sceptical Montaigne. He is also an enchanting writer, and gives us an idyllic account of his country house at Loubens, with its grotto and chapel of oyster-shells, poised on a hill overhanging the Garonne, "the Mount Parnassus of the Muses." This old anti-Semite and witch-burner, who had retired thither to devote himself to the Muses, was desolated when gout detained him at Bordeaux and prevented him from showing his "chapel of grottos and fountains" to Louis XIII. The Jesuit del Rio was also a universally respected figure, dedicated to quiet scholarship from his earliest days, when he had provided himself with a specially constructed combination of desk and tricycle in order to dart, with all his papers, from folio to folio in great libraries. Thanks to such labour-saving devices, he produced an edition of Seneca at the age of nineteen, citing 1,100 authorities, and was hailed by no less a scholar than Justus Lipsius as "the miracle of our age." He knew nine languages, was marvellously chaste, refusing, when young, to share the bed of a very illustrious man, was devoted to the Virgin Mary, was feared as much by heretics as Hector by the Greeks or Achilles by the Trojans, and died almost blind with the intensive study which he had devoted to the detection and exposure of witches.

Society, it is clear, approved of Rémy and Boguet, de l'Ancre and del Rio, and they themselves were entirely content with their work. They, after all, were the scholars, the rationalists of the time, while the sceptics were the enemies of reason. Such sceptics were Platonists, Hermetics, Paracelsians—in which case they were witches themselves and deserved to be burnt, as Giordano Bruno and Vanini were—or they were mere "epicureans," "Libertines," "Pyrrhonists" who distrusted human reason and reduced its finest constructions to a powder of doubt. Such was Montaigne who, having attended a witch-burning at some petty court in Germany, remarked that "it is rating our conjectures highly to roast people alive for them." Against such fancies the guardians of reason and education naturally stood firm, and orthodoxy was protected, impartially, by the miracle of Catholic learning, the Jesuit del Rio, and the Protestant Solomon, King James.

Indeed, the more learned a man was in the traditional scholarship of the time, the more likely he was to support the witch-doctors. The most ferocious of witch-burning princes, we often find, are also the most cultured patrons of contemporary learning. The Catholic Prince-Bishop of Würzburg, Julius Echter von Mespelbrunn, who introduced the craze into his territory in the 1590s, was a universal man of the time, polite, learned, and enlightened—with the

Heinrich Julius, Duke of Brunswick

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enlightenment of the Counter-Reformation. His contemporary, Heinrich Julius, Duke of Brunswick, is described as "unquestionably the most learned prince of his time"—and he was a contemporary of our James I. He was skilled in mathematics, chemistry, natural science, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. He was a jurist who preferred the Pandects to the Bible and read the Codex rather than a romance; an architect who designed the buildings of his new university of Helmstedt; a poet and a playwright. In his plays he dwelt with unction on the moral duty of princes to burn witches, and throughout his reign (which he began by expelling the Jews from his state) he never failed in that duty. In his lifetime, says a chronicler, the Lechelnholze Square in Wolfenbüttel looked like a little forest, so crowded were the stakes; and at his death, his court-preacher, enumerating his virtues, dwelt especially on his zeal in burning witches "according to God's word."

THE EUROPEAN WITCH-CRAZE of the 1590s, which elicited so many screams of orthodoxy, did at least elicit one protest. In 1592, eight years after Scot's protest in England, Peter Loos, a devout Catholic, ventured to suggest that night-flying and the Sabbat were imaginary, that *incubi* and *succubi* did not exist, and that confessions extracted by torture were a means of shedding innocent blood. But Loos, unlike Scot, never reached the public. The Cologne printer to whom he offered his book sensed the danger. Loos was denounced, imprisoned, and forced to a humiliating recantation. The good Bishop Binsfeld was present at his recantation and the good Jesuit del Rio published the text of it as a prophylactic "lest some evil demon should succeed" in printing the views which the benevolent authorities had so far suppressed. In fact the prophylactic was unnecessary. In spite of repeated efforts, which cost him further imprisonment, until death by plague saved him from the stake, Loos' book was never published. It remained locked up for three centuries in the Jesuit college at Trier and his shocking views were only known from his officiously published recantation.

But if the orthodox contrived to suppress the critics, they did not succeed in reducing the witches. After 1604, the campaign abated, at least for a time: the return of peace to Europe no doubt helped, and King James himself, having settled down in England, gradually forgot his Scottish ferocity against witches. In those years the main persecution was once again in the Pyrenees. But the reservoir of fear remained even when it was not in use; those mountain streams continued to feed it; and when religious war returned to Europe, the witches were suddenly found, once again, to have increased alarmingly during the years of peace. In the 1620s, with the destruction of Protestantism in Bohemia and the Palatinate, the Catholic reconquest of Germany was resumed. In 1629, with the Edict of Restitution, its basis seemed complete. Those same years saw, in Central Europe at least, the worst of all witch-persecutions, the climax of the European craze.

ALL OVER Europe (as a Jesuit historian admits) the witch-trials multiplied with the Catholic reconquest. In some areas the lord or bishop was the instigator, in others the Jesuits. Sometimes local witch-committees were set up to further the work. Among Prince-Bishops, Philipp Adolf von Ehrenberg of Würzburg was particularly active: in his reign of eight years (1623–31) he burnt 900 persons, including his own nephew, 19 Catholic priests, and children of seven who were said to have had intercourse with demons. The years 1627–9 were dreadful years in Baden, recently reconquered for Catholicism by Tilly: there were 70 victims in Ortenau, 79 in Offenburg. In Eichstatt, a Bavarian prince-bishopric, a judge claimed the death of 274 witches in 1629. At Reichertsofen an der Paar, in the district of Neuburg, 50 were executed between November 1628 and August 1630. In the three prince-archbishoprics of the Rhineland the fires were also relit. At Koblenz, the seat of the Prince-Archbishop of Trier, 24 witches were burnt in 1629; at Schlettstadt at least 30—the beginning of a five-year persecution. In Mainz too the burnings were renewed. At Cologne the City Fathers had always been merciful, much to the annoyance of the Prince-Archbishop, but in 1627 he was able to put pressure on the city and it gave in. Naturally enough, the persecution raged most violently in Bonn, his own capital. There the Chancellor and his wife and the Archbishop's secretary's wife were executed, children of three and four years were accused of having devils for their paramours, and students and small boys of noble birth were sent to the bonfire.

The craze of the 1620s was not confined to Germany: it raged also across the Rhine: in Alsace, Lorraine and Franche-Comté. In the lands ruled by the abbey of Luxueil, in Franche-

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Comté, the years 1628–30 have been described as an "*epidémie démoniaque*." "*Le mal-va croissant chaque jour*," declared the magistrates of Dôle, "*et cette malheureuse engeance va pullulant de toutes parts*." The witches, they said, "in the hour of death accuse an infinity of others in fifteen or sixteen other villages."

But the worst persecution of all, in those years, was probably at Bamberg. There the Prince-Bishop was Johann Georg II Fuchs von Dornheim, known as the *Hexenbischof* or "Witch-bishop." He built a "witch-house," complete with torture-chamber adorned with appropriate Biblical texts, and in his ten-year reign (1623–33) he is said to have burned 600 witches. He too had his court-prophet, his suffragan, Bishop Forner, who wrote a learned book on the subject. One of their victims was the Bishop's Chancellor, Dr. Haan, burnt as a witch for showing suspicious leniency as a judge. Under torture, he confessed to having seen five burgomasters of Bamberg at the Sabbat, and they too were duly burnt. One of them, Johannes Julius, under fierce torture, confessed that he had renounced God, given himself to the Devil, and seen 27 of his colleagues at the Sabbat. But afterwards, from prison, he contrived to smuggle a letter out to his daughter Veronica, giving a full account of his trial.

> Now my dearest child [he concluded] you have here all my acts and confessions, for which I must die. It is all falsehood and invention, so help me God.... They never cease to torture until one says something.... If God sends no means of bringing the truth to light, our whole kindred will be burnt.

Johannes Julius' *cri de coeur*, which must represent hundreds of unuttered cries from inarticulate victims, found one response. The terrible persecution of the 1620s caused a crisis within the very order which did so much to direct it: the Jesuits. Already, in 1617, Adam Tanner, a Jesuit of Ingolstadt, had begun to entertain very elementary doubts which had raised an outcry against him in his order. Now another Jesuit, Friedrich Spee, was more radically converted by his experience as a confessor of witches in the great persecution at Würzburg. That experience, which turned his hair prematurely white, convinced him that all confessions were worthless, being based solely on torture, and that not a single witch whom he had led to the stake had been guilty. Since he could not utter his thoughts otherwise—for, as he wrote, he dreaded the fate of Tanner—he wrote a book which he intended to circulate in manuscript, anonymously. But a friend secretly conveyed it to the Protestant city of Hameln and it was there printed in 1631 under the title *Cautio Criminalis*.

Spee's work was not the only critical work produced by the massacres of the 1620s; but it was the most eloquent protest against the persecution of witches that had yet appeared. Like Tanner and all the early enemies of the craze, he did not doubt the reality of witchcraft. But he was convinced that, although "all Germany smokes everywhere with bonfires which obscure the light," he had not yet seen a real witch, and that "however much the Princes burn, they can never burn out the evil." It was torture, and torture alone, which caused denunciation and confession. The whole "science" of the witch-doctors was based on torture. "All that Rémy, Binsfeld, del Rio and the rest tell us is based on stories extracted by torture." Torture proves nothing, nothing at all.

> Torture fills our Germany with witches and unheard-of wickedness, and not only Germany but any nation that attempts it.... If all of us have not confessed ourselves witches, that is only because we have not all been tortured.

And who, he asked, were the men who demanded these tortures? Jurists in search of gain, credulous villagers and

> those theologians and prelates who quietly enjoy their speculations and know nothing of the squalor of prisons, the weight of chains, the implements of torture, the lamentations of the poor—things far beneath their dignity.

We think at once of Nicolas Rémy, writing elegant verses in his fine house at Les Charmes in Lorraine, of Pierre de l'Ancre retiring with his Muses to the grotto of his *cottage orné* on the Garonne, of Fr. del Rio in his devout cell, growing blind with study of the Fathers and stiff with prayer to the Virgin.

We might also at this time think of another, and this time a Lutheran scholar. In 1635, four years after the publication of Spee's book, Benedict Carpzov published his great work *Practica Rerum Criminalium*, dealing with the trial of witches. Carpzov had probably read Spee. He admitted that torture was capable of grave abuse and had led to thousands of false confessions throughout Europe. But he concluded that, *suadente necessitate*, it should still be used, even on those who seemed innocent; and his view of innocence was not liberal. He main-

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tained that even those who merely believed that they had been at the Sabbat should be executed, for the belief implied the will. From "the faithful ministers of the Devil, who bravely defend his kingdom"—*i.e.* sceptics like Weyer with their "frivolous" arguments—he appeals to the Catholic authorities: the *Malleus*, Bodin, Rémy, del Rio. And having thus restated the sound doctrine—his book became "the *Malleus* of Lutheranism"—he would live to a ripe old age and look back on a meritorious life in the course of which he had read the Bible from cover to cover 53 times, taken the Sacrament every week, greatly intensified the methods and efficacy of torture, and procured the death of 20,000 persons.

Thus Spee, for all his eloquence, achieved no more than Loos or Scot or Weyer before him. His attack, like theirs, was not upon the belief in witches—indeed, he was less radical than Weyer who though the earliest, was the boldest of them all. By his personal influence he may have reduced the savagery of the persecution in the next generation, for the most enlightened of 17th-century Prince-Bishops of Würzburg, Johann Philipp von Schönborn, Elector of Mainz, the friend and patron of Leibniz, was convinced by him and worked to undo the damages wrought by his predecessors. But if the witch-craze of the 1620s died down in the 1630s that was largely due to extraneous causes: war and foreign domination. The French in Lorraine and Franche-Comté, the Swedes in Mecklenburg, Franconia and Bavaria, put a stop to this social war among the natives, just as the English, in the 1650s, would do in Scotland. They did so not necessarily because they were more liberal—the spectacular French witch-trial of Urbain Grandier took place in the 1630s, Matthew Hopkins would have a free hand in England in the 1640s, and the witch-craze would break out in Sweden in the 1660s—but simply because they were foreign, and witch-trials were essentially a social, internal matter.

Anyway, the stop was not permanent. Once the hand of the foreigner was removed, the natives would return to their old ways. As in Scotland, relieved of English occupation in the 1660s, so in Mecklenburg after the withdrawal of the Swedes, so in Lorraine after the departure of the French, the old persecution would break out again. Indeed, in some areas the persecution was worse at the end of the 17th than at the end of the 16th century. In 1591 the Rostock professor of law, J. G. Gödelmann, had urged liberalism and clemency on the Mecklenburg judges. A century later his successor Johann Klein asserted in print the reality of *succubi* and *incubi* and demanded (and secured) death by burning for those who were accused of intercourse with them, and his arguments were supported in print by the Dean of the Faculty of Theology at Rostock thirty years later. As late as 1738 the Dean of the Faculty of Law at Rostock demanded that witches be extirpated "by fire and sword" and boasted of the number of stakes he had seen "on one hill."

Matthew Hopkins, Witch Finder (1657)

THUS THE INTELLECTUAL basis of the witch-craze remained firm all through the 17th century. No critic had improved on the arguments of Weyer; none had attacked the substance of the myth; all that successive sceptics had done had been to cast doubt on its practical interpretation: to question the value of confessions, the efficacy of torture, the identification of particular witches. The myth itself remained untouched, at least in appearance. Artificial though it was, recent though it was, it had become part of the structure of thought, and time had so entwined it with other beliefs, and indeed with social interests, that it seemed impossible to destroy it. In happy times men might forget it, at least in practice. In the early 16th century

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there had seemed a good chance that it might be forgotten—that is, dissolve again into scattered peasant superstitions. But those happy times had not lasted. The ideological struggle of Reformation and Counter-Reformation—that grim struggle which was so disastrous in European intellectual history—had revived the dying witch-craze just as it had revived so many other obsolescent habits of thought: biblical fundamentalism, theological history, scholastic Aristoteleanism. All these had seemed in retreat in the age of Erasmus and Machiavelli and Ficino. All returned a generation later, to block the progress of thought for another century.

EVERY CRUCIAL STAGE in the ideological struggle of the Reformation was a stage also in the revival and perpetuation of the witch-craze.

In the 1480s the Dominicans had made war, as they thought, on the relics of medieval heresy. That was the time of the Witch Bull and the *Malleus*, and the renewed persecution in those "Alpine valleys cold" in which del Rio would afterwards see the eternal source of witch-craft and Milton the ancient cradle of Protestantism. In the 1560s the Protestant missionaries had set out to evangelise the countries of Northern Europe whose rulers had accepted the new faith, and at once the witch-craze had been renewed by them. From 1580 the Catholic Counter-Reformation had begun to reconquer Northern Europe and the craze became, once again, a Catholic terror, with the new Jesuits replacing the old Dominicans as evangelists. It was then that the Spaniard Francisco Peña, a canon lawyer in the Roman Curia, collected and summarised the conclusions of the Roman Inquisitors: for no subject, he wrote, was now more frequently discussed by the Catholic clergy than sorcery and divination. Finally, the Thirty Years War, the last stage of the ideological struggle, brings with it the worst persecution of all: the "*epidémie démoniaque*" which reached its climax in the year of Catholic restoration, 1629.

Admittedly, there are exceptions to this general rule. In England, for instance, the persecution of witches was always trivial by continental standards, and its closest student has been able to detect no pattern in it.

> There was in fact [writes C. L. Ewen] no clearly defined periodic wave of witch-mania sweeping through the country, but rather a succession of sporadic outbreaks. The underlying current of superstition, always present, manifested itself unpleasantly whenever and wherever fanaticism was unusually rampant, the influence of one man being sufficient to raise the excess of zeal to the danger point.

Perhaps this may safely be said of England, where persecution, thanks to the absence of judicial torture, never became a craze. But does not such an answer, even there, beg the question? For why was fanaticism, at some times, "unusually rampant"? Why did "one man," like Matthew Hopkins, appear in 1645 rather than in 1635? In fact, when we compare England with the continent, we see that the rhythm of English persecution follows very closely that of the continental craze of which it is a pale reflection. On the continent, the great persecutions are after 1560, when the Protestant evangelists carry it northwards; after 1580 as the Counter-Reformation overtakes them; and in the 1620s, during the Catholic reconquest of the Thirty Years War. In England persecution similarly begins in the 1560s with the return of the Marian exiles; it similarly takes new life in the 1580s and 1590s, the years of Catholic plots, war and fear; and thereafter it subsides till the 1640s, the English equivalent of the Thirty Years War.

ANOTHER EXCEPTION which may yet prove the general rule is supplied by Sweden. The Swedish Lutheran Church, like the Anglican Church, was neither a persecuting nor a proselytising body, at least in its first century. When it came in contact with the Lapps of the north, it found —as the Roman Church had found in the Pyrenees and the Alps—a different society, racially as well as socially different, half-pagan in religion, given over, it seemed, in that Arctic cold, to bizarre witch-beliefs. But as it did not seek to assimilate these harmless dissenters, their beliefs were not persecuted, and the Lapland witches remained always outside the general European witch-craze. In 1608 Sweden, like other Lutheran countries, adopted the Mosaic penalties for offences previously punished by the Church courts; but even this provision, which was used to justify witch-burning elsewhere, had no such consequence in Sweden. There witch-trials remained sporadic and episodic, and no great native witch-doctor, like King James in Scotland, or Perkins in England, or Hemmingsen in Denmark, or Gödelmann in Mecklenburg, sought to erect in Sweden the full-blown demonology of Europe. Indeed, as we have seen, in the Thirty Years War the Swedish generals,

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obeying explicit orders from Queen Christina, suppressed the witch-fires in Germany. It was not till the 1660s that a change came to Sweden, and then it was in circumstances which recall the European outbreaks.

For in the 1660s the established Lutheran Church in Sweden became intolerant. Like the established Calvinist Church in Scotland, it had shaken itself free from alliance with other, more liberal Protestant parties, and its puritan leaders prepared to advertise their purity by a great witch-hunt. In 1664 it branded as heretical the Syncretist Movement—the movement of Pan-Protestantism which had been so useful in the Thirty Years War. In 1667 it put out a new declaration of orthodoxy, "the most rigorous of the century," against the subtle menace of Cartesianism: that Cartesianism which Descartes himself had brought to the court of Queen Christina. But Queen Christina was now an exile in Rome; the once placid Church of Sweden was alarmed; its preachers became zealots of their faith, eager to sniff out and condemn heresy; and in the same year the witch-craze was fired by panic fears in the province of Dalårna. "It is something more than an accident," writes Hr. Sundborg, "that the victory of orthodoxy in 1664 was followed so closely by the outbreak of the persecutions." The same might be said of all the previous European crazes.

Why did social struggle, in those two centuries, invariably revive this bizarre mythology? We might as well ask, why has economic depression in Germany, from the Middle Ages until this century, so often revived the bizarre mythology of anti-Semitism: the fables of poisoned wells and ritual murder which were spread at the time of the Crusades, during the Black Death, in the Thirty Years War, and in the pages of Julius Streicher's Nazi broadsheet, *Der Stürmer*? The question is obviously not simple. It carries us beyond and below the realm of mere intellectual problems. We have here to deal with a mythology which is more than a mere fantasy. It is a social stereotype: a stereotype of fear.

[4] Apart from the Gunpowder Plot of 1605 and the Popish Plot of 1679, there was the imaginary Popish Plot reported by Andreas ab Habernfeld in 1640, which was kept alive for many years afterwards; the alleged Irish Massacre of 1641 which still curdled the blood of John Wesley in the next century; the *canard* that it was the Papists who had burnt London in 1666; the myth of the Warming-Pan in 1688; the Gordon Riots of 1780; etc., etc.

ANY SOCIETY is liable, at times to collective emotion. There is the exalted "messianism" which is common in rural societies: in medieval Europe; in southern Italy, Spain and Portugal in early modern times; in modern Brazil. There is also the undefined "great fear," such as ran through rural France at the beginning of the Revolution of 1789. And these emotions tend to take stereotyped form. How such stereotypes are built up is a problem in itself; but once they are built up, they can last for generations, even centuries. The stereotype in German society has long been the Jewish conspiracy. In England, from the days of the Spanish Armada till the days of the "Papal Aggression" of 1851 and the "Vaticanism" of 1870, it has been the Popish Plot.[4] In America today it seems to be the Red scare. In continental Europe, in the two centuries after the Witch Bull, it was the witch-craze.

So firmly had the mythology of Satan's kingdom been established in the declining Middle Ages that in the first centuries of "modern" Europe—to use a conventional notation of time—it became the standard form in which the otherwise undefined fears of society became crystallised. Just as psychopathic individuals, in those years, centred their separate fantasies (or, as the 17th-century doctors would say, their "melancholy") on the Devil, and thus gave an apparent objective identity to all their subjective experiences, so societies in fear articulated their collective neuroses about the same obsessive figure, and found a scapegoat for their fears in his agents, the witches. Both the individual and the society made this identification because the Devil, his kingdom, and his agents had been made real to them by the folklore of their times; but both, by this identification, sustained and confirmed the same centralising folk-lore for their successors.

Thus the mythology created its own evidence, and effective disproof became ever more difficult. In times of prosperity the whole subject might be ignored except on a village level, but in times of fear men do not think clearly: they retreat to fixed positions, fixed prejudices. So social struggle, political conspiracy, conventual hysteria, private hallucination were all interpreted in the light of a mythology which, by now, had been extended to include them all, and the craze was renewed. At each renewal, some bold and humane dissenter would seek to challenge the collective hysteria and cruelty. Ponzinibio would challenge the Dominican In-

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quisitors, Weyer the Protestant persecutors of the 1560s, Loos and Scot the Catholic and Protestant persecutors of the 1590s, Spee the Catholic torturers of the 1620s and 1630s. But none of these would do more than question the esoteric details of the myth and the identification of the victims. The basis of the myth was beyond their reach.

They might convince educated princes, as Weyer convinced the Duke of Cleves and Spee the future Prince-Bishop of Würzburg and Elector of Mainz; and no one should underestimate the influence that a prince might have to extend or suppress the effect of the craze.[5] But their opponents appealed against them to a lower level—to petty magistrates and clerical tribunes—and on that lower level kept the craze alive. It remained alive until the 18th-century Enlightenment, defended by clergymen, lawyers, and scholars, and capable of being reanimated by any sudden coincidence of forces, when politicians or judges surrendered to social fear. The great outbreaks in Sweden in 1668–77, in Salzburg in 1677–81, in Mecklenburg after 1690, and in colonial New England in 1692 show that if the Thirty Years War was the last occasion of international mania, national mania could still be aroused. The fire still lurked beneath the cinders.

NEVERTHELESS, AFTER THE Thirty Years War something had happened. It was not merely that the war was over. The stereotype itself had weakened. In Protestant and Catholic countries alike, the myth has lost its force. In the 1650s Cyrano de Bergerac could write in France as if it were already dead, at least among educated men. Twenty years later, in 1672, the law would recognise its death when Colbert abolished the charge of *sorcellerie sabbatique*. In Cromwellian England, the 1650s saw an outbreak of books repudiating witch-trials: the frequent discovery and execution of witches, Francis Osborne told his son in 1656, "makes me think the strongest fascination is encircled within the ignorance of the judges, malice of the witnesses, or stupidity of the poor parties accused." In Calvinist Geneva, once so ferocious, the last witch was burnt in 1652: the urban aristocracy had by now reduced the clergy to order. At the same time the magistrates of Berne issued an ordinance to restrain the witch-judges. In 1657 even the Church of Rome, which had put all critical books on the Index, issued "a tardy *instructio* urging her Inquisitors to circumspection." From now on, in spite of local recrudescence and intellectual support, the climate of opinion has changed, and the assertors of witchcraft, but recently so confident, find themselves on the defensive. While the social stereotypes of the Jew in Germany and the Popish Plot in England retain their plausibility, that of the witch is failing, and we have to ask, how did this happen? Why did a mythology which, against all likelihood, had been prolonged for two centuries, suddenly lose its force? For although the old laws may remain on the statute book and the old beliefs will linger in school and cloister, the systematic mythology and the social force which it inspired are crumbling. By 1700 the "craze" is over: the infidels, as John Wesley was to lament, "have hooted witchcraft out of the world."

THE DECLINE and apparently final collapse of the witch-craze in the later 17th century, while other such social stereotypes retained their power, is a revolution which is surprisingly difficult to document. We see the controversies continue. Important names appear on both sides—but the greater names, at least in England, are on the side of the craze, not against it. How can the obscure and tipsy Oxford scholar John Wagstaffe, or the crotchety Yorkshire surgeon-parson, John Webster, compete with the names of Sir Thomas Browne and Richard Baxter and the Cambridge Platonists Ralph Cudworth, Henry More and Joseph Glanville? And yet on neither side are the arguments new: they are the same arguments which have always been used. On the side of orthodoxy, some caution can be observed: the grosser and more preposterous details of the demonologists are silently dropped (although Continental and Scottish lawyers and clergy continued to assert them) and the argument is given a more philosophic base. But on the sceptical side there is no advance. Webster is no more modern than Weyer. Nevertheless, without new

[5] Thus Weyer states that witches were not burnt in the dominions of the Duke of Cleves, and he names several other Princes who were equally firm and equally effective, e.g. the Elector Frederick of the Palatinate and Duke Adolf of Nassau. The Princes of Hesse, Philip the Magnanimous and William the Wise, similarly controlled the persecution in their lands. Cf. the effect of James I's conversion in England. On the other hand the extension of the persecution when princes gave free rein, or positively encouraged it, is obvious: perhaps nowhere so obvious as in the prince-bishoprics of Germany.

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argument on either side the intellectual belief quietly dissolved. The witch-trials, in spite of a few last outbursts, came to an end. The witch-laws were repealed, almost without debate.

It has often been pointed out that, in this reform, Protestant countries led the way. England and Holland were regarded, in 1700, as countries long since emancipated while the Catholic Prince-Bishops of Germany were still burning away. Inside Germany, says a German scholar, the Protestant states abandoned persecution a full generation before the Catholic. In mixed societies, like Alsace, the Catholic lords had always been fiercer than the Protestant. And certainly Catholic manuals continued to insist on demonological doctrine when the Protestant writers had conveniently forgotten it. However, in view of the undoubted part played by the Protestant Churches in forwarding the craze after 1560, we should perhaps be chary of claiming any special virtue for Protestantism in resisting it after 1650. Calvinist and Lutheran doctrines were as uncompromising, Calvinist and Lutheran clergy as ferocious as Catholic; and where the Calvinist or Lutheran clergy had effective power—as in Scotland or Mecklenburg—the craze continued as long as in any Catholic country. To the very end, honours remained even between the two religions. If the last witch-burning in Europe was in Catholic Poland in 1793, it was an illegal act: witch-trials had been abolished in Poland in 1787. The last legal execution was in Protestant Glarus, in Switzerland, in 1782. Appropriately, the craze which had been born in the Alps retreated thither to die.

BUT IF THE POWER of the clergy, Protestant or Catholic, prolonged the craze, their weakness hastened its end; and the clergy were undoubtedly weaker in some Protestant than in most Catholic countries. This was particularly true in the United Netherlands. The Dutch Calvinist clergy, the *Predikants*, were notoriously intolerant; but unlike their Scottish brethren, they were never allowed to exercise or influence jurisdiction. This was discovered even during the national revolution. In 1581 Lambert Daneau, the most important Huguenot preacher after his masters Calvin and Beza, and incidentally, like them, a formidable witch-hunter, received a call to a chair in the new university of Leiden. He answered the call. But he had not been long in Leiden before his theocratic pretensions brought him into trouble. The Council of Leiden, he was told, would resist the Inquisition of Geneva no less than that of Spain; and he found it prudent to leave the Netherlands in order to rule over a more submissive flock in Pyrenean France.

In the next century, the Dutch Calvinist clergy continued to demand death for witchcraft. Their intellectual oracles, Junius, Rivetus, Voëtius, were unambiguous on this point. The greatest and latest of them was Voëtius, Professor and Rector of the University of Utrecht. He denounced, with equal assurance, the theories of Galileo, Harvey, and Descartes and marshalled a series of massive arguments to show that there are witches and that they should not be suffered to live. It particularly infuriated him that Scot's work, though rightly burned in England, had been translated into Dutch and had corrupted many readers in the republic, already only too full of "libertines" and "semi-libertines." He was no doubt thinking of "Arminians" like Hugo Grotius, who would put authority in matters of religion in the hands of lay magistrates and declared that the Mosaic penalties were no longer binding; or Episcopius, who denied the reality of the witch's pact with Satan, the very basis of witchcraft; or Johann Greve who, like Weyer, came from Cleves and urged the abolition of torture in witch-trials. The Calvinist clergy succeeded in condemning Arminianism, procured the exile of Grotius and hounded Greve from his parish at Arnhem. But they were never able to capture criminal jurisdiction from the lay magistrates, and it was clearly for this reason, not because of any virtue in their doctrine, that no witch was burnt in Holland after 1610.

WAS THE COLLAPSE of the witch-craze then due merely to the victory of the laity over the clergy: a victory that was more easily won in Protestant countries, where the clergy had already been weakened, than in Catholic countries where it had retained its power? The inference is natural, and no doubt partly true: but it can only be partly true. For whence did the laity acquire their ideas?

The witch-craze may have been first formulated by the clergy, but by 1600 it was being perpetuated by the lawyers. Bodin, Boguet, de l'Ancre, Carpzov were lay magistrates, not clergymen. We have seen the lay magistrates of Lemgo, in Westphalia, imposing the new cold water test, and those of Dôle, in Franche-Comté, demanding fiercer penalties for the growing pest

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of witchcraft. It was the lay magistrates of Essex, under the chairmanship of the puritan Earl of Warwick, who in 1645 condemned a record number of witches to death at Chelmsford assizes and it was the lay magistrates of Rouen who protested against Colbert's order suspending witch-trials. When we compare these laymen with clergy like the Arminian Greve or the Jesuit Spee, or the Anglican bishops of James I and Charles I, or the Gallican bishops of Richelieu and Mazarin, we have to admit that there are laity and laity, clergy and clergy. No doubt the independent laity of mercantile cities or great courts have a more liberal outlook than the legal caste of provincial towns or petty principalities. But is not the same true of the clergy? Ultimately, the difference is a difference of ideas. The independent laity—educated merchants, officials, gentry—may be freer to receive new ideas than clergy or lawyers, they may give social content and social force to such ideas, but the ideas themselves, as often as not, are generated among the clergy. The Reformation itself, that great social revolution, began as "*une querelle de moines.*"

We can see the resistance of the laity to the witch-craze all through its course. It was a resistance to which every witch-doctor paid indignant tribute. But it was a limited resistance: a resistance of scepticism, of common sense, not of positive disbelief or opposite belief. Men revolted against the cruelty of torture, against the implausibility of confessions, against the identification of witches. They did not revolt against the central doctrine of the Kingdom of Satan and its war on humanity by means of demons and witches. They had no substitute for such a doctrine. And because that doctrine was established, even accepted, it had provided the central pillar around which other doctrines, other experiences had entwined themselves, adding to its strength. Sceptics might doubt. They might even protest. But neither doubt nor protest was enough. In fair weather the luxury of scepticism might be allowed; but when the storm returned, men fell back again on the old faith, the old orthodoxy.

If the witch-craze were to be attacked at its centre, not merely doubted at its periphery, it was clearly necessary to challenge the whole conception of the Kingdom of Satan. This neither Weyer nor Scot nor Spee had done. All through the 16th and 17th centuries it had been an axiom of faith that the Church was engaged in a life-and-death struggle with Satan. The writers of the *Malleus* had referred, in lamentable tones, to the impending end of the world whose disasters were everywhere visible, and the Protestant writers, reactionary in this as in all else, had used, and intensified, the same language. In the early 17th century, millenary ideas, forgotten since the Middle Ages, were revived and the greatest discovery of a scientific century was declared to be the calculation, by the Provost of Queen's College, Oxford, of the hitherto elusive number of the Beast. But at the very end of the century one writer did attempt to challenge the whole idea of Satan's kingdom. This was the Dutch minister Balthasar Bekker, who in 1690 published the first version of the first volume of his *de Betoverde Weereld*, "the Enchanted World."

BOTH AT THE TIME AND SINCE Bekker was regarded as the most dangerous enemy of witch-beliefs. The orthodox denounced him in unmeasured tones. Like Greve, 70 years before, he was persecuted by the Calvinist clergy of Holland and ultimately, though protected by the city of Amsterdam, driven out of the ministry. The first two volumes of his book, it is said, sold 4,000 copies in two months and it was translated into French, German, and English. Pamphlets were poured out against him. He was made responsible for the cessation of witch-burnings in England and Holland—although witches had never been burnt in England and burnings had long ceased in Holland. Bekker, it has been regularly said, struck at the heart of the witch-craze by destroying belief in the Devil.

Perhaps he did in theory; but did he in fact? When we look closer, we find reasons for doubt. Bekker's foreign reputation seems largely a myth. The controversy over his work was conducted almost entirely in the Dutch language.[6] And that controversy was evidently soon over. In 1696 a Frenchman declared that Bekker's disciples were already falling away, disappointed by his later volumes; and this opinion is confirmed by the fact that the English translation never got beyond the first volume.[7] An Englishman who wished to refute Bekker a few years

[6] A. Van der Linde, *Balthasar Bekker Bibliographie* (The Hague, 1869), lists 134 contemporary works concerning Bekker. Apart from one in French and two in Latin, all are in Dutch.

[7] Benjamin Binet, *Traité Historique des Dieux et des Démons* (Delft, 1696). The English translation of Bekker's work appeared under the title *The World turn'd upside down* . . . (1700).

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later, and who sent to Holland "for all that was writ against him and any replies he had made," could only obtain one small volume in French. The German translation was declared by a good judge to be worthless: the translator, it was said, understood neither Dutch nor German nor his author. By 1706 Bekker seemed forgotten. His work had enjoyed a *succès de scandale* only. And anyway, he had not repudiated belief in the Devil. He merely believed that the Devil, on his fall from Heaven, had been locked up in Hell, unable further to interfere in human affairs.

Balthasar Bekker

This purely theological point was not likely to cause a revolution in thought. In his particular arguments about witches Bekker was inspired, as he admitted, by Scot and did not go beyond Scot.

Moreover, Bekker's radicalism was disowned by later, and perhaps more effective, opponents of the witch-craze. If any group of men destroyed the craze in Lutheran Germany it was the Pietists of the University of Halle whose leader, in this respect, was Christian Thomasius, the advocate of the vernacular language. In a series of works, beginning with his university thesis in 1701, Thomasius denounced the folly and cruelty of witch-trials. But he was careful to dissociate himself from Bekker. There is a Devil, Thomasius protests, and there are witches: this "cannot be denied without great presumption and thoughtlessness." But Weyer and Scot and Spee have shown that the witches who are tried in Germany are quite different from those witches whose death is prescribed in the Bible, that the demonology of the Church is a mixture of pagan and Jewish superstition, and that confessions produced by torture are false. Again and again Thomasius protests that he is falsely accused of disbelieving in the Devil. He believes in the Devil, he says, and that he still operates, externally and invisibly: he only disbelieves that the Devil has horns and a tail; and he believes in witches: he only disbelieves in their pact with the Devil, the Sabbat, *incubi* and *succubi*. When we examine his arguments we find that neither he nor his friends at Halle went beyond Scot or Spee or those English writers, Wagstaffe and Webster, whose works they caused to be translated into German. And yet it is equally clear that the same arguments which had been advanced in vain by Scot and Spee were effective when advanced by Thomasius. The witch-craze did not collapse because Bekker dislodged the Devil from his central position: the Devil decayed quietly with the witch-belief[8]—and why the witch-belief decayed—why the critical arguments which were regarded as unplausible in 1563 and in 1594 and in 1631 were found plausible in 1700—is mysterious still.

THE 19TH-CENTURY LIBERAL HISTORIANS did indeed offer an answer. They saw the controversy as a straight contest between superstition and reason, between theology and science, between the Church and "rationalism." The Englishman Lecky, the Americans White, Lea, and Burr, the German Hansen, write as if the irrationality of the witch-beliefs had always been apparent to the natural reason of man and as if the prevalence of such beliefs could only be explained by clerical bigotry allied with political power. This bigotry, they seem to say, was artificially created. The persecution began, says Burr, because the Inquisition, having fulfilled its original purpose of destroying the Albigensian heretics, found itself with nothing to do and so "turned its idle hands to the extirpation of witches." From that time onwards, these writers suggest, the "rationalists" fought a long battle against clerical and conservative bigotry. At first it was

[8] How little Bekker had to do with the destruction of belief among the Dutch laity is shown by the remarks of a French officer who visited Holland with the Prince de Condé in 1673—nearly twenty years before Bekker wrote. He reported that at that time most Dutchmen regarded Hell as a "phantom" and Paradise as "an agreeable chimera" invented by the clergy to encourage virtue. See G.-B. Stoppa, *La Religion des Hollandois* . . . (Paris, 1673), p. 88.

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a losing battle, but at last persistence brought its reward: the tide turned and the battle was ultimately won. And yet, these writers seem to be saying, even now it is not quite won. As long as there is religion, there is a danger of superstition, and superstition will break out in these and such forms. The world—so Hansen ended his great work—will not be free till the still undefeated residue of superstition has been expelled from the religious systems of the modern world.

Today such a distinction between "reason" and "superstition" is difficult to maintain. We have seen the darkest forms of superstitious belief and superstitious cruelty springing again not out of half-purged religious systems but out of new, purely secular roots. We have seen that social stereotypes are more lasting than religious systems—indeed, that religious systems may be only temporary manifestations of a more deep-seated social attitude. We have also come to distrust too rational explanations. The picture of the Inquisition using up its idle machinery against witches simply to prevent it from rusting cannot convince us. Finally, we can no longer see intellectual history as a direct contest between reason and faith, reason and superstition. We recognise that even rationalism is relative: that it operates within a general philosophic context, and that it cannot properly be detached from this context.

The liberal historians of the 19th century supposed that it could be so detached: that those men who, in the 16th and 17th centuries, were revolted by the cruelty of witch-trials, or rejected the absurdities of witch-beliefs, ought to have seen that it was not enough to protest against these incidental excesses: they should have seen that the whole system had no rational basis. In their impatience with the critics of the past, these liberal historians sometimes seem to us absurdly anachronistic. When he examines the work of Weyer, Lea becomes positively snappish. Why, he asks, is Weyer so "illogical"? Why cannot he see "the fatal defect" in his own reasoning? Weyer, he exclaims, was "as credulous as any of his contemporaries": his work is an extraordinary mixture of "common sense" and "folly"; "nothing can exceed the ingenious perversity" of his views, his belief in magic and demons while he rejects the Sabbat and *succubi*. No wonder "his labours had so limited a result." It is clear that, to Lea, "reason," "logic," is a self-contained, independent system of permanent validity. What is obvious in 19th-century Philadelphia must have been equally obvious in 16th-century Germany. We are reminded of Macaulay's remark that "a Christian of the 5th century with a Bible is neither better nor worse situated than a Christian of the 19th century with a Bible" and that the absurdity of a literal interpretation was "as great and as obvious in the 16th century as it is now."

But the difficulty of the men of the 16th and 17th centuries was that witch-beliefs were not detachable from their general context. The mythology of the Dominicans was an extension, with the aid of peasant superstition, feminine hysteria, and clerical imagination, of a whole cosmology. It was also rooted in permanent social attitudes. In order to dismantle this grotesque mental construction, it was not enough—it was not possible—to look at its component ideas in isolation. They could not be so isolated, nor was there yet an independent "reason" detached from the context of which they too were a part. If men were to revise their views on witchcraft, the whole context of those views had to be revised. Then, and then only, this extension—the weakest part of it but theoretically essential to it—would dissolve. Until that happened, all that men could do was to doubt its more questionable details. Even then, even when that had happened, the repudiation would not be complete: for it would be merely intellectual. Unless there were also a social transformation, the social basis of the belief would remain—although a new stereotype would have to be devised in order to express the hostility which it had embodied.

How inseparable the witch-beliefs were from the whole philosophy of the time is clear when we look at the demonologists as a class, and at their whole intellectual output, not merely at their treatises on witches and witchcraft.

Some of them, of course, are specialists, like Boguet, or are concerned, as lawyers, with witchcraft as an object of the criminal law. But the majority of them are philosophers in a wider field. To St. Thomas Aquinas, the greatest of medieval Dominicans, as to Francisco de Vitoria, the greatest of Spanish Renaissance Dominicans, demonology is but one aspect of the world which they seek to understand. Scribonius, who defended the cold water test, was a professor of philosophy who wrote on natural science and mathematics. The Zwinglian Erastus was a physician, a theologian, a political philosopher

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as well as a writer on witches. The Lutheran Heinrich Nicolai, Professor of Philosophy at Danzig in the mid-17th century, wrote on "the whole of human knowledge" before coming to the specialised department of witchcraft. The Calvinists Daneau and Perkins and Voëtius were the encyclopaedists of their party in France, England, and Holland: Daneau wrote on Christian physics and Christian politics as well as on witches and every other subject; Perkins was an oracle on all moral questions; Voëtius, like Bacon, took all learning for his province—only, unlike Bacon, in every direction, he resisted its advancement. King James and del Rio were men of multifarious, if conservative learning. Bodin was the universal genius of his age.

When we look at the work of these men as a whole, we see that they wrote upon demonology not necessarily because they had a special interest in it, but because they had to do so. Men who sought to express a consistent philosophy of nature could not exclude what was a necessary and logical, if unedifying extension of it. They would not have agreed with the modern historian of magic that "these off-scourings of the criminal courts and torture-chamber, of popular gossip and local scandal, are certainly beneath the dignity of our investigation." Rather, they would have agreed with Bertrand Russell that to flinch from such necessary consequences of their professed beliefs, merely because they were disagreeable or absurd, would be a sign of "the intellectual enfeeblement of orthodoxy."

Equally, those who questioned witch-beliefs could not reject them in isolation. Pomponazzi, Agrippa, Cardano are universal philosophers, Weyer and Ewich medical men with a general philosophy of Nature. If they reject witch-beliefs, it is because they are prepared to question the accepted philosophy of the natural world, of which witch-beliefs were an extension, and to envisage a completely different system. But few men, in the 16th century, were prepared to make that effort. Failing such an effort, there were only two ways in which a man could express his dissent from the orthodox demonologists. He could accept the basic philosophic orthodoxy of his time and confine his criticism to the validity of particular methods or particular interpretations. This was the way of Scot and Spee who believed in witches but not in the modern methods of identifying them. Or he could recognise that the science of demonology rested firmly on human reason, but doubt the infallibility of such reason and so reserve a liberty of scepticism. This was the way of Montaigne, who dared to refer to the unanswerable conclusions of scholastic reason as "conjecture."

Neither of these methods was radical enough, by itself, to destroy the intellectual belief in witches. The criticism of a Scot or a Spee might be acceptable in fair times, but it did not touch the basis of belief and with the return of a "great fear" it would soon be forgotten. The scepticism of a Montaigne or a Charron might be effective in preparing the way for a new philosophy, but it was not itself a new philosophy. What ultimately destroyed the witch-craze, on an intellectual level, was not the arguments of the sceptics. The greatest of sceptics, Pierre Bayle, left the question exactly where he found it, and his English contemporary, Joseph Glanville, used scepticism positively to support the belief. Nor was it modern "rationalism," which could only exist within a new context of thought. It was not even the arguments of Bekker—arguments which were indeed incompatible with the demonology of the witch-hunters but which were tied to biblical fundamentalism. It was the new philosophy, a philosophical revolution which changed the whole concept of Nature and its operations. That revolution did not occur within the narrow field of demonology, and therefore we cannot usefully trace it by a study which is confined to that field. It occurred in a far wider field, and the men who made it did not launch their attack on so marginal an area of Nature as demonology. Demonology, after all, was but an appendix of medieval thought, a later refinement of scholastic philosophy. The attack was directed at the centre; and when it had prevailed at the centre, there was no need to struggle for the outworks: they had been turned.

This, it seems to me, is the explanation of the apparent silence of the great thinkers of the early 17th century, the philosophers of natural science, natural law, secular history. Why, we are asked, did Bacon, Grotius, Selden not express disbelief in witchcraft? Their silence, or their incidental concessions to orthodoxy, have even been taken, by some, to argue belief. But this, I suggest, is a wrong inference. The writers who make it are, once again, treating the subject in isolation. If we wish to interpret reticence, the correct method is not to examine, with rabbinical exactitude, particular breaches of reticence, but first to consider the whole context of a man's thought. When we do that, the explana-

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tion, I believe, becomes clear. Bacon, Grotius, Selden may have been reticent on witches. So, for that matter, was Descartes. Why should they court trouble on a secondary, peripheral issue? On the central issue they were not reticent, and it is in their central philosophy that we must see the battle that they were fighting: a battle which would cause the world of witches, ultimately, to wither away.

NEVERTHELESS, what a struggle it had been for the centre! No mere scepticism, no mere "rationalism," could have driven out the old cosmology. A rival faith had been needed, and it therefore seems a little unfair in Lea to blame the earliest and greatest opponent of the craze for being hardly less "credulous" than his adversaries.[9] The first rival faith had been Renaissance Platonism, "natural magic": a faith which filled the universe with "demons" but at the same time subjected them to a harmonious Nature whose machinery they served and whose laws they operated. Ultimately, Renaissance Platonism had been left with its demons, and the Cambridge Platonists, insulated in their fenland cloister, were to provide some of the last intellectual defenders of witch-beliefs.[10] But the impulse which it had given was continued by other philosophers: by Bacon with his "purified magic," by Descartes with his universal, "mechanical" laws of Nature, in which demons were unnecessary. It was Descartes (Thomasius and his friends agreed) who dealt the final blow to the witch-craze in Western Europe—which perhaps explains, better than the original Protestantism of Colbert, the early suspension of witch-trials in France. Queen Christina of Sweden, who ordered the witch-trials to cease in the Swedish-occupied parts of Germany, had herself been the pupil of Descartes. Gustaf Rosenhane and the physician Urban Hiärne, who resisted the great Swedish witch-craze of 1668–77, were both Cartesians. So was Bekker himself in Holland, though his critics insisted that he had muddled the teaching of his master.

But the final victory, which liberated Nature from the biblical fundamentalism in which Bekker himself had still been imprisoned, was that of the English deists and the German pietists, the heirs of the Protestant heretics of the 17th century, the parents of that 18th-century Enlightenment in which the duel in Nature between a Hebrew God and a medieval Devil was replaced by the benevolent despotism of a modern, scientific "Deity."

I HAVE SUGGESTED that the witch-craze of the 16th and 17th centuries must be seen, if its strength and duration are to be understood, both in its social and in its intellectual context. It cannot properly be seen, as the 19th-century liberal historians tended to see it, as a mere "delusion," detached or detachable from the social and intellectual structure of the time. Had it been so—had it been no more than an artificial intellectual construction by medieval Inquisitors—it is inconceivable that it should have been prolonged for two centuries after its full formulation, that this formulation should never afterwards have been changed, that criticism should have been so limited, that no criticism should have effectively undermined it, that the greatest thinkers of the time should have refrained from openly attacking it, and that some of them, like Bodin, should even have actively supported and extended it. To conclude this essay I shall try to summarise the interpretation I have offered.

First, the witch-craze was created out of a social situation. In its expansive period, in the 13th century, the "feudal" society of Christian Europe came into conflict with social groups which it could not assimilate, and whose defence of their own identity was seen, at first, as "heresy." Sometimes it really was heresy: heretical ideas, intellectual in origin, are often assumed by societies determined to assert their independence. So "Manichaean" ideas, carried—it seems—by Bulgarian missionaries, were embraced by the racially distinct society of Pyrenean France and "Vaudois" ideas, excogitated in the cities of Lombardy or the Rhône, were adopted in the

[9] Lea's lack of sympathy with anything but the rationalism of his own time is shown by his remarks on Erastus and Paracelsus. Erastus, he says, "was superior to many of the superstitions of the age, as is shown in his criticism of Paracelsus, and yet a believer in witchcraft." It evidently did not occur to him that the rationalism of an Erastus entailed belief in witchcraft while the "superstition" of a Paracelsus might create the context of a new rationalism which would dispense with it.

[10] The Cambridge Platonists adopted neo-Platonic ideas just at the time when Platonism, from a liberating, was turning into a reactionary force. But Cambridge itself was in many ways cut off from the newer Baconian and Cartesian ideas which found so ready an acceptance in Oxford in the 1650s. Even Newton was in many ways imprisoned in the backward-looking Puritan theology of Restoration Cambridge.

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Alpine valleys where "feudal" society could never be established. The medieval Church, as the spiritual organ of "feudal" society, declared war on these "heresies," and the friars, who waged that war, defined both orthodoxy and heresy in the process. We know that the doctrines which they ascribed both to the Albigensians and to the Vaudois are not necessarily the doctrines really professed by those "heretics," whose authentic documents have been almost entirely destroyed by their persecutors. The inquisitors ascribed to the societies which they opposed at once a more elaborate cosmology and a more debased morality than we have any reason to do. In particular, they ascribed to the Albigensians an absolute dualism between God and the Devil in Nature, and orgies of sexual promiscuity—a charge regularly made by the orthodox against esoteric dissenting societies. Both these charges would be carried forward from the first to the second stage of the struggle.

For the first stage was soon over. Orthodox "feudal" society destroyed the "Albigensian" and reduced the "Vaudois" heresies. The friars evangelised the Alpine and Pyrenean valleys. However, the social dissidence remained, and therefore a new rationalisation of it seemed necessary. In those mountain areas, where pagan customs lingered and the climate bred nervous disease, the missionaries soon discovered superstitions and hallucinations out of which to fabricate a second set of heresies: heresies less intellectual, and even less edifying, than those which they had stamped out, but nevertheless akin to them. The new "heresy" of witchcraft, as discovered in the old haunts of the Cathari and the Vaudois, rested on the same dualism of God and the Devil; it was credited with the same secret assemblies, the same promiscuous sexual orgies; and it was described, often, by the same names.

This new "heresy" which the Inquisitors discovered beneath the relics of the old was not devised in isolation. The Albigensians, like their Manichaean predecessors, had professed a dualism of good and evil, God and the Devil, and the Dominicans, the hammers of the Albigensians, like St. Augustine, the hammer of the Manichees, had adopted something of the dualism against which they had fought. They saw themselves as worshippers of God, their enemies as worshippers of the Devil; and as the Devil is *simia Dei*, the ape of God, they built up their diabolical system as the necessary counterpart of their divine system. The new "Aristotelian" cosmology stood firmly behind them both, and St. Thomas Aquinas, the guarantor of the one, was the guarantor of the other. The two were interdependent; and they depended not only on each other but also, as the Universal Doctor extended his empire, on a whole philosophy of the world.

THE ELABORATION OF THE new heresy, as of the new orthodoxy, was the work of the medieval Catholic Church and, in particular, of its most active members, the Dominican friars. No argument can evade or circumvent this fact. The elements of the craze may be non-Christian, even pre-Christian. The practice of spells, the making of weather, the use of sympathetic magic may be universal. The concepts of a pact with the Devil, of night-riding to the Sabbat, of *incubi* and *succubi*, may derive from the pagan folk-lore of the Germanic peoples. But the weaving together of these various elements into a systematic demonology which could supply a social stereotype for persecution was exclusively the work, not of Christianity, but of the Catholic Church. The Greek Orthodox Church offers no parallel. There were peasant superstitions in Greece: Thessaly was the classic home of ancient witches. There were encyclopaedic minds among the Greek fathers: no refinement of absurdity deterred a Byzantine theologian. The same objective situation existed in the East as in the West: Manichaean dualism was the heresy of the Bogomils of Bulgaria before it became the heresy of the Albigensians of Languedoc. But even out of the ruins of Bogomilism, the Greek Orthodox Church built up no systematic demonology and launched no witch-craze. By the schism of 1054 the Slavonic countries of Europe —with the exception of Catholic Poland, the exception which proves the rule—escaped participation in one of the most disreputable episodes of Christian history.

SUCH, IT SEEMS, WAS the origin of the system. It was perfected in the course of a local struggle and it had, at first, a local application. But the intellectual construction, once complete, was, in itself, universal. It could be applied anywhere. And in the 14th century, that century of increasing introversion and intolerance, among the miseries of the Black Death and the Hundred Years War in France, its application was made general. The first of the Avignon popes, themselves bishops from recalcitrant Languedoc, gave a new impulse to the craze. The weapon forged

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for use against non-conformist societies was taken up to destroy non-conformist individuals: while the inquisitors in the Alps and the Pyrenees continued to multiply the evidence, the warring political factions of France and Burgundy exploited it to destroy their enemies. Every spectacular episode increased the power of the myth. Like the Jew, the witch became the stereotype of the incurable non-conformist; and in the declining Middle Ages, the two were joined as scapegoats for the ills of society. The founding of the Spanish Inquisition, which empowered the "Catholic Kings" to destroy "judaism" in Spain, and the issue of the Witch Bull, which urged cities and princes to destroy witches in Germany, can be seen as two stages in one campaign.

Even so, the myth might have dissolved in the early 16th century. The new prosperity might have removed the need for a social scapegoat. The new ideas of the Renaissance might have destroyed its intellectual basis. We have seen that in the years 1500–1550, outside its Alpine home, the craze died down. In those years the purified Aristoteleanism of Padua corrected the extravagance of scholastic physics; the neo-Platonism of Florence offered a more universal interpretation of Nature; the new criticism of the humanists pared down medieval absurdities. All these intellectual movements might, in themselves, be ambivalent, but they might, together, have been effective. In fact they were not. In the mid-16th century, the craze was revived and extended and the years from 1560 to 1630 saw the worst episodes in its long history. It seems incontestable that the cause of this revival was the intellectual regression of Reformation and Counter-Reformation, and the renewed evangelism of the rival churches. The former gave new life to the medieval, pseudo-Aristotelean cosmology of which demonology was now an inseparable part. The latter carried into northern Europe the same pattern of forces which the Dominicans had once carried into the Alps and Pyrenees—and evoked a similar response.

THE REFORMATION is sometimes seen as a progressive movement. No doubt it began as such: for it began in humanism. But in the years of struggle, of ideological war, humanism was soon crushed out. The great doctors of the Reformation, as of the Counter-Reformation, and their numerous clerical myrmidons, were essentially conservative: and they conserved far more of the medieval tradition than they would willingly admit. They might reject the Roman supremacy and go back, for their church system, to the rudimentary organisation of the apostolic age. They might pare away the incrustations of doctrine, the monasticism, the "mechanical devotions," the priestcraft of the "corrupted" medieval Church. But these were superficial disavowals. Beneath their "purified" Church discipline and Church doctrine, the Reformers retained the whole philosophic infra-structure of scholastic Catholicism. There was no new Protestant physics, no exclusively Protestant view of Nature. In every field of thought, Calvinism and Lutheranism, like Counter-Reformation Catholicism, marked a retreat, an obstinate defence of fixed positions. And since demonology, as developed by the Dominican inquisitors, was an extension of the pseudo-Aristotelean cosmology, it was defended no less obstinately. Luther might not quote the *Malleus*; Calvin might not own a debt to the Schoolmen; but the debt was clear, and their successors would admit it. Demonology, like the science of which it was a part, was a common inheritance which could not be denied by such conservative reformers. It lay deeper than the superficial disputes about religious practices and the mediation of the priest.[11]

But if the Reformation was not, intellectually, a progressive movement, it was undoubtedly an evangelical movement. Like the Dominicans of the Middle Ages, the Lutheran and Calvinist clergy set out to recover for the faith—for their version of the faith—the peoples of Northern Europe whom the Catholic Church had almost lost. In the first generation after Luther, this evangelical movement had hardly begun. Luther's appeal was to the Christian princes, to the Christian nobility of Germany. As in the

[11] Nikolaus Paulus, *Hexenwahn und Hexenprozess, vornehmlich im 16ten Jahrhundert* (1910), in his attempts to spare the medieval Church, argues that the Protestant Reformers derived their demonology not from their Catholic predecessors but direct from Germanic mythology. This argument (which is also used by the Catholic apologist Janssen) depends, once again, on an improper isolation of witch-beliefs from general cosmology. If Luther had rejected the Aristotelean cosmology while accepting witch-beliefs, then it *might* be said that he derived those beliefs from pagan sources—although even then the argument would be very strained. But since he, like Calvin, accepted the basic cosmology of the medieval Church, there is no need for such ingenuity. When the front door is wide open, why make a detour in search of a back passage?

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England of Henry VIII, Reform had begun as an affair of state. But by 1560 the Princes, or many of them, had been won, and the immediate need was for preachers to establish religion among their people. So the second generation of reformers, the missionaries formed in Wittenberg or Geneva, poured into the lands of hospitable princes or estates and the Word was preached not only in the ears of the great but in rural parishes in Germany and Scandinavia, France, England and Scotland.

Of course the triumph of the preachers was not always easy. Sometimes they found individual opposition; sometimes whole societies seemed obstinately to refuse their Gospel. Just as the Dominican missionaries had encountered stubborn resistance from the mountain communities of the Alps and Pyrenees, so the Protestant missionaries found their efforts opposed by whole communities in the waste lands of the neglected, half-pagan North. The German preachers found such dissidence in Westphalia, in Mecklenburg, in Pomerania: areas, as a German physician later observed, where the peasants live miserably on thin beer, pig's meat and black bread. The more tolerant Swedish clergy found it, though they did not persecute it, in the racially distinct societies of Lapland and Finland. The Scottish Kirk found it, and persecuted it among the Celtic highlanders. Sometimes this opposition could be described in doctrinal terms, as "popery." The Scottish witches who set to sea in a sieve to inconvenience King James were declared to be "papists," and Lancashire, of course, was a nest of both papists and witches. Sometimes it was too primitive to deserve doctrinal terms, and then a new explanation had to be found. But this time there was no need to invent a new stereotype. The necessary stereotype had already been created by the earlier missionaries and strengthened by long use. The dissidents were witches.

With the Catholic reconquest a generation later, the same pattern repeats itself. The Catholic missionaries too discover obstinate resistance. They too find it social as well as individual. They too find it in particular areas: in Languedoc, in the Vosges and the Jura, in the Rhineland, the German Alps. They too describe it now as Protestant heresy, now as witchcraft. The two terms are sometimes interchangeable, or at least the frontier between them is as vague as that between Albigensians and witches in the past. The Basque witches, says de l'Ancre, have been brought up in the errors of Calvinism. Nothing has spread this pest more effectively through England, Scotland, Flanders and France, declares del Rio (echoing another Jesuit, Maldonado) than *dira Calvinismi lues*. "Witchcraft grows with heresy, heresy with witchcraft," the English Catholic Thomas Stapleton cried to the sympathetic doctors of Louvain. His argument—his very words—were afterwards repeated, with changed doctrinal labels, by Lutheran pastors in Germany.[12] Whenever the missionaries of one Church are recovering a society from their rivals, "witchcraft" is discovered beneath the thin surface of "heresy."

Such, it seems, is the progress of the witch-craze as a social movement. But it is not only a social movement. From its social basis it also has its individual extension. It can be extended deliberately, in times of political crisis, as a political device, to destroy powerful enemies or dangerous persons. Thus it was used in France in the 14th and 15th centuries. It can also be extended blindly, in times of panic, by its own momentum. When a "great fear" takes hold of society, that society looks naturally to the stereotype of the enemy in its midst; and once the witch had become the stereotype, witchcraft would be the universal accusation. It was an accusation which was difficult to rebut in the lands where popular prejudice was aided by judicial torture: we have only to imagine the range of the Popish Plot in England in 1679 if every witness had been tortured. It is in such times of panic that we see the persecution extended from old women, the ordinary victims of village hatred, to educated judges and clergy whose crime is to have resisted the craze. Hence those terrible episodes in Trier and Bamberg and Würzburg. Hence also that despairing cry of the good senator de l'Ancre, that formerly witches were "*hommes vulgaires et idiots, nourris dans les bruyères et la fougière des Landes*," but nowadays (1613) witches under torture confess that they have seen at the Sabbat "*une infinité de gens de qualité que Satan tient voilez et à couvert pour n'estre cognus*." It is a

[12] D. E. Hauber (*Bibliotheca Magica*, Vol. II, p. 205) states that he possessed a copy of Stapleton's dissertation as emended for delivery in a Lutheran university during the great witch-craze of the late 1620s. The words "Luther" and "Lutherans" had been changed into "the Pope" and "the Jesuits"; otherwise no alteration had been thought necessary: a nice commentary on the intellectual originality of both sides. The good Lutheran had left Stapleton's abuse of the Calvinists intact.

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sign of such a "great fear" when the *élite* of society are accused of being in league with its enemies.

Finally, the stereotype, once established, creates, as it were, its own folk lore which becomes, in itself, a centralising force. If that folk lore had not already existed, if it had not already been created by social fear out of popular superstition within an intellectually approved cosmology, then psychopathic persons would have attached their sexual hallucinations to other, perhaps more individual figures. This, after all, is what happens today. But once the folk lore had been created and had been impressed by the clergy upon every mind, it served as a psychological as well as a social stereotype. The Devil with his nightly visits, his *succubi* and *incubi*, his solemn pact which promised new power to gratify social and personal revenge, became "subjective reality" to hysterical women in a harsh rural world or in artificial communities—in ill-regulated nunneries as at Marseilles, at Loudun, at Louviers, or in special regions like the Pays de Labourd where (according to de l'Ancre) the fishermen's wives were left deserted for months. And because separate persons attached their illusions to the same imaginary pattern, they made that pattern real to others. By their separate confessions the science of the Schoolmen was empirically confirmed.

Thus on all sides the myth was built up and sustained. There were local differences of course, as well as differences of time; differences of jurisdiction as well as differences of procedure. A strong central government could control the craze while popular liberty often let it run wild. The centralised Inquisition in Spain or Italy, by monopolising persecution, held down its production, while north of the Alps the free competition of bishops, abbots and petty lords, each with his own jurisdiction, kept the furnaces at work. The neighbourhood of a great international university, like Basel or Heidelberg had a salutary effect,[13] while one fanatical preacher or one over-zealous magistrate in a backward province could infect the whole area. But all these differences merely affected the practice of the moment: the myth itself was universal and constant. Intellectually logical, socially necessary, experimentally proved, it had become a *datum* in European life. Rationalism could not attack it, for rationalism itself, as always, moved only within the intellectual context of the time. Scepticism, the distrust of reason, could provide no substitute.

At best, the myth might be contained, as in the early 16th century. But even if contained, it did not evaporate: it remained at the bottom of society, like a stagnant pool, easily flooded, easily stirred. As long as the social and intellectual structure of which it was a part remained intact, any social fear was likely to flood it, any ideological struggle to stir it, and no piecemeal operation could effectively drain it away. Humanist critics, Paduan scientists, might seek to correct the philosophic base of the myth. Psychologists —medical men like Weyer and Ewich and Webster—might explain away its apparent empirical confirmation. Humane men, like Scot and Spee, by natural reason, might expose the absurdity and denounce the cruelty of the methods by which it was propagated. But to destroy the myth, to drain away the pool, such merely local operations no longer sufficed. The whole intellectual and social structure which contained it, and had solidified around it, had to be broken. And it had to be broken not at the bottom, in the dirty sump where the witch-beliefs had collected and been systematised, but at its centre, whence they were refreshed.

In the mid-17th century this was done. Then the medieval synthesis, which Reformation and Counter-Reformation had artificially prolonged, was at last broken, and through the cracked crust the filthy pool drained away. Thereafter society might persecute its dissidents as Huguenots[14] or as Jews. It might discover a new stereotype, the "Jacobin," the "Red." But the stereotype of the witch had gone.

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[13] The University of Heidelberg deserves particular credit, for it maintained critical standards in a strongly Calvinist country. In 1585, or just before, the Faculty of Law at Heidelberg opposed the death penalty for witchcraft, saying that it was *"billicher zu Seelsorgern führen dann zur Marten und zum Todte"* (cheaper to cure the soul than to torture and kill the body). One of the most powerful opponents of the craze, the Calvinist Hermann Wilchen or Witekind, who wrote under the name "Lerchheimer von Steinfelden," was professor of mathematics at Heidelberg. On the other hand the famous Daniel Erastus, professor of medicine, was a firm believer.

[14] Thus in 1685 Louis XIV expelled the Huguenots from France as an unassimilable group, but as far as I know, the charges of witchcraft so furiously hurled at the Huguenots of the South in 1609 were not repeated. The Huguenot became again, *per se*, the stereotype of social hatred, and so remained long afterwards, as shown by the Calas affair in 18th century Toulouse.

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George Macbeth

The Avocado Plant

Where you were planted, clouds hung low and grey
Over the clinic roof. She was too sick
To dig your stone deep. No thin ray
Of quick sun pierced her locked room. Moist and thick
In claustrophobic darkness you grew strong
And stretched. Those long

Drooping and furrowed leaves, clasped round your stem
And leaned against her peeling walls now, swept
Up in confined space. Choked with phlegm,
She coughed in cloying heat you throve on, wept
In dry air. Now she grows through barren light
Where you hang, tight

In all your cells, green leaves turned ashen-grey
And spoiled by wax. Where candles tint her air
She lies, white-naked. Far away,
Glass-clear in distance, she can hear the flare
Of open gas-jets. Turning to the wall
I feel her fall

Into my present, and my skin. Her hand
That moves in even silence, twitches, grips
And stirs the dark scent. She is fanned
Across far water by the wind on lips
She parts on cloth. You die beside her, dark
As she was dark

In these deep months of nothing. Now the light
In this dense flat, half-open to the sun,
Rasps your cold skin. You cry for night
For your rough fruits. Your children, one by one,
Falter, are picked. I touch one with my tongue
In secret, stung

By such bared harshness. Acid in the mouth
You are, dark plant. And in the groin too hard
For her. I feel her breathe. Far South
Of here you flowered once. As soft as lard
Your dark flesh felt then. Raped of your last stone
You die alone

Now in the light. Across her flustered bed
She reaches with her finger to your soil
And stirs your roots. She who has shed
All of her fever in the flex of oil
Lets her hair fall across your leaves. Her breath
Quickens your death.

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Diana Trilling

Celebrating with Dr. Leary

ALTHOUGH we had been told on what was presumably sound authority that the previous Tuesday evening, the opening night of Dr. Leary's scheduled series of Psychedelic Celebrations, the audience had been "tough" and that therefore on our evening too we must expect some element of danger, or at least unpleasantness, actually it would be hard to imagine a milder scene than awaited us at the Village Barn, the small theatre in Greenwich Village to which Dr. Leary's show had suddenly moved from the Village Theatre where it had originally been booked. Here, surely, was nothing for fear on the score of criminality, menace, or even bad manners. My husband and I were meeting friends. There had been confusion about the arrangements because of the change of theatre, so that we arrived almost an hour before the announced curtain time. But the entrance to the Barn was already jammed —no fewer than two hundred people, probably closer to three hundred, were waiting for admission and as time went on the crowd became so dense that it blocked traffic through the street. But the conduct of Dr. Leary's audience was exemplary. There was no sign of impatience about the possibility of not getting seats; no one pushed or showed any of the usual impulse to assert territorial claims. On the other hand I should scarcely describe it as a friendly gathering, and this despite the fact that most of Dr. Leary's audience was of much the same age —under thirty—and of roughly the same situation in life: middle-class dissident, above the average in education.

It was not a crowd that talked or laughed; I saw no exchange of greetings, it was even difficult to particularise couples. The group seemed to be made up of strangely isolate young people who, if they were acquainted with each other, were not concerned to further the connection. The general atmosphere was nevertheless one of virtually palpable benevolence. If one can speak of the face of a gathering, this was the face of an entire, an almost programmatic, good-will and peaceableness—it reminded me of the mandatory calm of recent converts to Christian Science. At first I was surprised by this prevalence of benignity in young people many of whom might be assumed to be in some degree involved in the subversive world of drug-taking and who, at any rate, were all of them dressed in the rather violent contemporary uniforms of dissent, either harshly black or, at the other extreme, colourful in refusal of middle-class conformities of dress—until I reminded myself that, after all, there lies at the heart of the LSD movement as of most contemporary movements of youthful protest the conviction that it is those who accept, or at least accommodate themselves to, the values of Western society who have lost the knowledge of peace and kindliness. Then, too, LSD would seem to have a gentling effect on the personality. I have observed this curious transformation in all the young people I know who have taken the drug; even after only one or two trips they attain a sort of supra-humanity, as if they had been purged of mortal error; and as far as I can make out, this change persists. But one must be cautious with conclusions drawn only from personal observation. In our present highly-deficient state of scientific understanding of LSD, we know with certainty only that its power to work alterations on the brain is enormous: it is 5,000 times more powerful than mescaline. But the precise nature of the changes it makes and how far they extend or how long they last we do not know—which is of course why those who use it or who for whatever reason

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do not wish to oppose its use can persuade themselves that all warning of its danger is without scientific foundation.

WE WERE FORTUNATE in having reserved Press seats for the four of us by telephone, otherwise we might never have got into Dr. Leary's show. It was when I was trying to get through the lobby to pick up our tickets that I had the encounter which stays with me as summing up the peculiar quality of transcendence that characterised this audience. A young man blocked my path. I touched his shoulder to ask if I could pass. Although the situation demanded no more than politeness, he turned elaborately, looked down at me from what seemed a divine height and said, "I want you to do anything you want to do." So sublime a response surely had its reference elsewhere than where we stood. Not merely his words but the young man's smile, his bearing, were clearly pointed at some sweeter moral universe than a crowded theatre lobby in Greenwich Village, New York. Yet, even at this early moment in my psychedelic evening, I knew it was a mistake to regard this young man as an extraordinary instance of elevation. It was his personal quality, not mine, that appeared to be the norm of the occasion—in a gathering like Dr. Leary's I had already come to feel cumbersomely earthbound, of a graceless and unloving species. Since my night among Dr. Leary's followers—and followers I must suppose the largest part of his audience to have been, judging not only by appearance and manner but by their conduct in the course of the performance and certainly in the question-and-answer period at the end of the ceremonies—I have seen a special LSD issue of the French magazine, *Crapouillot*, with excellent photographs of people at various stages of LSD intoxication. Some of the subjects appear to be having a grievously bad time but none of them, no matter in what agony, is without his smile of fine imperturbability, which bears about the same relation to our usual notions of self-containment that the smile of classical hysteria (*"la belle indifférence"*) bears to our usual imagination of pleasurable emotion.

Is it perhaps straining for consistency that I found in Dr. Leary's prose, written or spoken, a character not unlike that of his audience—the same imperviousness achieved at an equal cost in substantive actuality? For instance, a placard was posted in the lobby to explain the last-minute switch of Dr. Leary's show from the Village Theatre to the Village Barn. Later I copied it out:

> With regard to Dr. Leary's Psychedelic Celebration at the Village Theatre: It is with regret that Dr. Leary has discovered inequities and is experiencing financial problems with the theatre. Therefore he is forced to announce that he will no longer appear at the Village Theatre. Instead, Dr. Leary will conduct a psychedelic religious celebration tonight at the Village Barn at 9.00. There will be no admission charge.

Prose like this, at once so plain and "elegant," colloquial and fine, commonplace and yet formal, almost legalistic, is compounded of entirely familiar elements of communication. Certainly it has no shock value. But when we examine it we see that although it is offered in explanation, it explains nothing; it merely seduces one into the belief that one has been addressed with a familiar cogency. And so with Dr. Leary's spoken language. It creates the illusion of coherence, it seems to proceed reasonably enough; it is only when one applies oneself to it that it eludes the grasp. Dr. Leary's impossible plausibility would not seem, however, to be consciously contrived, and in this his verbal style differs from that of more orthodox evangelists. Dr. Leary is nothing if not sincere; his language could not be less ornate or theatrical. In fact, it is precisely from its naturalness and sincerity that its hallucinatory quality derives. Much more than Dr. Leary's speech reminded me of someone like Father Divine, it put me in mind of the mother of Lee Oswald, as Jean Stafford describes her in a remarkable little book, *A Mother in History*, the transcription of a series of interviews between Miss Stafford and Mrs. Oswald. Just as, in the case of Mrs. Oswald, I began to long for some stage-prop or costume to assure me that this mistress of the ardently simple and utterly unconnected statement was only acting, not communicating a real-life condition, just so as I put myself to Dr. Leary's "honesty" I came to yearn for the contrivance of theatre.

BUT, MORE, WHAT PARTICULARLY struck me when I came back to Dr. Leary's notice in the lobby after I had become better acquainted with his mode of discourse was its premise of innocence. It is of course its innocence that constitutes a chief appeal of Dr. Leary's doctrine to the privileged young who, perhaps because they are the offspring of a parent-generation intent on keeping no knowledge from them, now regard their elders as uniquely impure in motive and behaviour. If the audience at the Village Barn was a fair sampling, and I think it was, Dr. Leary's followers are certainly not to be associated with

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any ordinary image we may have of juvenile delinquency. The class difference, involving as it does not only differences in education but in social assumption, significantly separates the users of LSD from the young world of street gangs and violence. The LSD phenomenon therefore represents a quite separate social problem located, I think, at that special place in society where cultural influences tend to supplant the better-understood social pressures.

Still, nothing I learned in my evening with Dr. Leary proposed the idea that because his young followers make so urgent an option for virtue and purity of motive, they have any special endowment of native goodness, or even any notable sensitivity to ugliness, or inability to sustain it. As to the first, there is no ground for the belief that behind their benevolence there do not lie the usual human angers and aggressions. As to the second, in the course of my evening at the Barn I came to suspect that if we are going to stay with the "frightened generation" explanation of the LSD phenomenon we need to be precise about what we mean. Far from suggesting any extreme vulnerability to the terrors of life, these young people seemed to me to be unduly armoured—and if this is because LSD has reduced their moral alertness, then we must regard the drug as perhaps more dehumanising than we have yet recognised. My point could not be simpler: at the most alarming moments of the evening, when Dr. Leary announced that he knew no child over the age of seven who was not on drugs, or when his coadjutor, Dr. Alpert, in response to a question about 16-, 17-, or 18-year-olds on LSD, said, "Even if they end up in a hospital or prison for a few months, it doesn't bother me," there was no slightest sign of dismay in their audience. Fearful these young people may be, like the rest of us; they have a fearsome world in which to be young. But fear can show itself in a number of ways, and defines character only by the form it takes and the ends it is made to serve. To express concern for the children of Viet Nam and yet remain unmoved by the idea of submitting 7-year-olds to hallucinogenic drugs is surely to obey the dictates of culture rather than of reliable feeling.

DR. LEARY and Dr. Alpert have both been university teachers, teaching psychologists. I daresay my own response to statements as cruelly irresponsible as these—they were casual remarks, really, spoken with an entire ease—is underscored by the importance I assign, the special importance, to their former profession. In a society as mobile as that of America, the school is more than an institution for teaching the intellectual disciplines, it is the matrix of our ongoing culture, the chief source and guardian of our personal and social morality. What the school establishes today, the home will have absorbed by tomorrow—most of the precepts of our post-Freudian family culture were first formulated in our teacher-training programmes. But the problem is that it is exactly because America is so open-ended that youth is valued as it is, beyond its possible emotional and social capacities. And this means that the teacher whose task it is to instruct the young in the complexity of the conditions on which the continuing life of society depends and in the limitations imposed upon the individual by emotional and social reality must himself be able to resist the seductions of rebelliousness for its own youthful sake—which seems to be a difficult demand to make today of anyone of radical spirit and imagination. No one in American public life, certainly no one in government, has the ear of the young like their university instructors, unless it is the advanced social and literary critics, and these are often the same persons, so that if—as now is increasingly happening—the teacher is reluctant to surrender the glamour of youthful rebelliousness and to discover its own grave satisfaction in the exercise of the parental role, he leaves his students in the position of children who have been robbed of the definition they can only achieve when those who train them, and whom they naturally rebel against, have a firm authority of their own; they face emptiness, a world without boundaries. I am not suggesting that the tide of nihilism in which the young appear to be more and more caught up takes its sole or primary force from the school, but only that if anything is to be done to stem it, the salvage will have to be undertaken by the same class of people who did such a successful job of bringing the failure of modern culture to our educated consciousness. Dr. Leary was dismissed, as Dr. Alpert was too, from his Harvard post for engaging his students in his experiments with drugs, but I doubt he would have reached the young as he has were it not for his earlier professional certification.

But, at our evening in the Barn, Dr. Leary was not resting with his pedagogic function. He also made it a religious occasion, and thus drew

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on the shared fund of recollected church-going his audience, even his young audience, might be supposed to have brought to his celebration. (We keep it in mind, however, that Dr. Leary is under indictment for illegal possession of drugs and if he is to plead freedom of religion under the First Amendment, he does well to put public emphasis on his religious convictions.) His show our night was called "The Incarnation of Christ"; he also does an "Illumination of the Buddha." The ceremonies had been advertised on the theatre rather than the religious pages of the papers, with Dr. Leary "IN PERSON" as the leading attraction. His religious purpose was nevertheless kept dominant. In addition to the film-and-dance portion of the programme, itself ritualistic, there was a sermon, there were prayers by Dr. Leary, and even a moment of silent prayer on the part of the "congregation." Early in the performance Dr. Leary reminded us that while we were gathered here in New York for our religious ceremonies our opposite numbers in India were enjoying the religious ecstasy on the shores of the Ganges, and our opposite numbers in Mexico attaining their exaltation with peyote. Of ecstasy and exaltation there might actually be none, either in Dr. Leary's programme or his audience, but unmistakably a spirit of devoutness permeated the auditorium. The religious emotions of Dr. Leary seemed, however, to be considerably interfered with by the strains and temptations of showmanship. And he was very tired, one saw his fatigue from the start, as soon as he took his place on the platform in the darkened hall; he might have been managing a hangover. This was a weary impresario and performer, a weary pedagogue, a weary Messiah —the multiplication and confusion of roles that Dr. Leary now assumes are his burden as the leader of a movement which even he could not have guessed would grow so fast.

WE HAD BEEN SHOWN to our seats at a Press table; amusingly, not unexpectably, a disproportionate space in this small auditorium had been set aside for those Dr. Leary might hope would give his movement still more of the publicity it has already had in such abundance. Although it was legitimate enough that we should present ourselves as members of the Press, at least for me even this means we had used to procure seats added to the self-consciousness I had felt ever since I had arrived at the hall. It is always uncomfortable to sightsee in other people's emotional universe; and after all it had come only as an afterthought, when we were already seated, that I might some time want to write about the occasion and should therefore take notes. Some days later I was to read a review of our evening in the *New York Times*, by a reporter who apparently spotted us for the tourists we were. She got us by name and described us as "initiates of the older cults of politics and psychoanalysis." We were likened—and this is uncommonly vivid reporting for the *Times*—to "atheists attending a religious ritual out of sociological interest... our expressions faintly tinged with boredom and distaste." Well, the sociological posture was unquestionably readiest to hand, but I am afraid I was unprotected by scientific distance from the objects of my study. I looked around the theatre at this strangely subdued and isolate audience, and I was painfully aware of the chasm that stretched between the world of these young people and my own at the same age, of the difference between this dedication of theirs and the political dedication of the Marxist '30s in which I had come to maturity. We too, at their age, had pointed to the violence of those in power. My contemporaries, too, had set themselves to make a revolution in consciousness, which would make us "free." But our means had been social and political, and now the very concept of society was inoperative. But if ours had been an ideology of social involvement, not of withdrawal, this could now be no boast—it had led to a blockage of hope which could perhaps never be, certainly had not been, surmounted by a succeeding generation. And for us there had been no atomic bomb. And there had been no such limitlessness in our world, no such vacuum as now passes for the social and personal structure of life. It was not necessary to find any particular emotional vulnerability or even feelingness in Dr. Leary's followers to recognise that they had sufficient ground for confusion and despair, a good bit more even than we had had when we rejected our society as given.

The unease of my situation was much relieved as soon as Allen Ginsberg came to sit at my side, and this is surely not the least interesting aspect of the evening, that by some marvellous transmutation of things as we think them to be, the fact that Ginsberg sat next to me throughout most of the performance was more than a comfort, it provided my chief link with sanity. We had seen him entering the hall and had waved. He had come over to say hello and just then

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the performance began. To avoid disturbance, Ginsberg sat down at my side. His beard was by far the most lavish in this well-bearded audience; were it still not a blackest black, he should be called the good grey poet of the psychedelic movement, such is his air of venerableness and wisdom, such the authority with which he now seems vested. Time had passed—seven years, eight years?—since I had last seen him. Then, too, it had been a public evening of which I had also tried (not entirely successfully, as it turned out; but, then, one has not the right to ask self-consciousness of one's readers, only of oneself) to report the inevitable reciprocity between the observed and the observer. It was very little later that Dr. Leary mentioned, in all mildness, the presence in the hall of agents from the Narcotics Squad; for a bad instant, as I looked around me and saw no one who met the description, I supposed it might be the four of us Dr. Leary was referring to—except, of course, we had Allen Ginsberg to vouch for us, he was our security in this alien territory. Throughout the ceremonies, speaking in a low steady voice, precise, in firm pedagogic control of knowledge it pleased him to share, this former student of my husband's gave me the assurance I needed of my own identity, unchallenged, in no subtlest degree suborned. The adroitness with which Ginsberg made his aesthetic and critical removal from what was going on onstage while keeping intact his old ties of theoretical and even practical approval of the drug-taking enterprise was something of a triumph. Everything about him indeed, his weight of purpose no less than his canniness, freshly pressed upon me the importance, in the psychedelic universe as elsewhere, of the wish for fame and immortality, that most traditional impulse of the gifted. For what is it, finally, other than the force of this desire, that has sustained Ginsberg, regulated the degree of his involvement in dangerous personal experiment, urged him beyond the anonymousness implicit in the pursuit of selfhood through drugs.

Is DR. LEARY, as well, an exception to the harsh rule of self-eradication in drugs? I doubt it. Certainly drug-promotion is now giving Dr. Leary a rare celebrity. And by the evidence of these religious ceremonies he courts immortality in the largest possible way by identification with immortal principles and personages. But succeed as he may in making converts to his religion, as a self he wears the pale but indelible marks of doom: you see it as soon as he takes the microphone in his hand and invites the spotlight. As a self, he has the invincible anonymousness of a television master of ceremonies, than which surely nothing could be more stricken from the immortal rolls. Dr. Leary looks to be in his mid-forties; he is tall, slim, with a suggestion of willowiness. He is, if you will, handsome, with something of the consciousness of the professional charmer, and I should suppose he is especially comfortable in his stage costume of white trousers and open-necked white shirt. The family background seems to be a little vague: apparently it was Irish Catholic, middle-Western; one reads of an Army father and that he himself went to West Point, but this is not the impression he creates—in appearance and voice he is only "sensitive" deteriorated Harvard, throwing away some considerable advantages of birth. He is fair-haired and tousled, wears a necklace, and performs in bare feet. When he takes the microphone in his hand, one feels it is a natural extension of his infatuate ego and that it will more and more become his staff and his rod, his auxiliary drug, his surrogate selfhood. As the evening wore on, with Dr. Leary up there on the platform and Allen Ginsberg at my side, I had the sense of a certain entertaining ambiguity in the relation of these two psychedelic figures. At least before friends like ourselves from an earlier period in his career Ginsberg seemed to me to make a point of his poetic pride, of his superiority to the leader, even of his superior scholarship, but I may have misread him. At any rate, in the course of the ceremonies, he several times alluded to the need for humour in dealing with the LSD subject. For the poverty of Dr. Leary's show as art he was carefully and courteously apologetic.

There was, first, the darkening of the hall and Dr. Leary's entrance into the spotlight, behind him a white and still-empty screen. From the wings of this makeshift theatre came the soft strumming of a guitar, and immediately the audience was churchy-still—except that the comparison is absurd: church is where people cough and rustle and squirm and there was no coughing or rustling or squirming in the Barn, unless on the part of four unlicensed sociologists. Through the next two hours (I guess the show lasted) Dr. Leary had his audience in entire control; he could be envied by the professionals.

With his opening remarks Dr. Leary effectively formulated, if one can put it so, the in-

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coherence through which I would try to grope for the remainder of the evening. I have a friend who shares his apartment with a painter; one day my friend's mother (this is a Jewish story) came to see him, examined the paintings on his walls and turned to her son with the question, "Who authorised these pictures?" It was the question I would have put to Dr. Leary: Who, or what, had authorised this particular conglomerate of pageant, preachment, classroom, revival meeting, dance, movie, and off-Broadway amateur night? Where had this performance come from, what was the source of its inspiration? How much was it the psychedelic experience itself that was being reproduced for us, how much an "artistic" derivation? How much was Dr. Leary improvising a gospel, and how much was he bearing witness to the accepted doctrine? Where did the play end and pedagogy begin, where did pedagogy end and the play begin? Had Dr. Leary and his co-performers recently taken LSD and was the drug thus so-to-speak present in the talk that accompanied the film, or had there been at least the intention of artistic detachment from the actual drugged state? It was reported of the movie, *Flaming Creatures*, whether accurately or not I have no way of knowing, that its actors were all of them under drugs when it was made; this one could credit from the loose automatism of their movements and their dispersed sexuality. Dr. Leary's film and the sporadic miming that took place in front of the screen and the words Dr. Leary himself spoke and those that were intoned antiphonally by the male pantomimist and a woman at the side of the stage were certainly all of them sufficiently lifeless to suggest some similar interference with normal process. Still, I realise that an actor has to be highly skilled to simulate nature unimpeded by human awkwardness. What looked like blocked transmission in Dr. Leary's show may simply have been amateurishness. "You have to go out of your mind to come to your senses." "We don't pray to anyone up there but to what is inside ourselves." Even announcing his best-shaped slogans, Dr. Leary himself, and despite his naturalness and sincerity, failed to take significant shape except in a form already made iconographic by nightclub and television "personalities." The essential quality he conveyed was that of a schoolmaster acting the master of ceremonies in a school show—a good-looking, tired, essentially vulgar, still-boyish teacher, histrionic, equally pleased with his popularity with his students and with the privileges of office which he could exercise as occasion demanded.

He stayed in the spotlight, quite alone, for rather a while. I had no sense it was too long for his audience. His lecture-preachment-patter covered a general territory already well known from repeated accounts of the doctrine. What one had not been sufficiently prepared for was the vagrancy of Dr. Leary's thought, its bold (however tired), bald carelessness of the ordinary rules of reasonableness, of intelligible discourse. For the occasion of ceremony everything was spoken with the cadence of ceremony, something between a croon and a subdued exhortation. *We pray we are not hung up and that you will have a good trip* (did he mean in our next LSD session, or only metaphorically, here in the theatre?).... *The voyage is always the same* (did he mean reliable, or was he remarking the singleness of the indicated path?).... *We re-new and re-enact the ancient myths* (this could refer to the play, but it could also refer to the sacred journey to which we were being urged).... *We pass on what we* (an editorialised Dr. Leary, psychologist?) *have learned in ten years of hard work.... We* (Dr. Leary and his audience? Dr. Leary and others under the influence of LSD?) *meet in our retinas, we meet on the screen in the vibrating beams of light, also we meet in the liquid canals of the ear; then we move within to resurrect the body, rediscover the timepiece of the universe: the heartbeat.... Then we breathe together.... You should not take a trip without a road map.... Myths are cellular.... The myth is a blueprint. ... Tonight we invite you to re-live the myth of Jesus Christ.... The resurrection of Jesus Christ has been a rough trip for all of us* (Dr. Leary and his co-authors? All of us in the 20th century who are the inheritors of the Christian tradition?)....

First we ran into Christian backlash, second the backlash from Jews and atheists.... The Christian myth means, once there was a man who took all the guilts, the shoulds and shouldn'ts, on his own shoulders and wiped them out. If you experience this myth (before you take the drug? afterwards) *you are free.... Go back and free the world from good and evil.... The tolling of the bell at Millbrook* (here the clanging of a loud bell presumably took us to Dr. Leary's "institute") *takes us on a voyage of discovery. You have to have a guide in the person who has been there before you:*

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an old witch or a frog or a hunchback. Today, your teen-age child.... They have the key to the voyage and it always involves a chemical trick. (Trick?) *This is the Chalice, the Holy Communion, and always the Last Supper: good-bye to all back there.... I welcome you in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost.... Give thanks as we take the Chalice and let our thanks ascend. Drink. This is my flesh, bone and blood.... As often as you do this, do this in memory of me.*

LIGHTS had now begun to flash on the screen and Dr. Leary moved to the side of the stage. His voice rose in intensity. *Open the naked eye, find the centre!* Great circles of light appear on the screen, and the show complicates itself:

GIRL'S VOICE: *Can you float through the universe of your body and not lose your way?*

No one directly answers the question. Mushroom-like patterns form on the screen. In front of the screen a man in black trousers, bare above the waist, sways slowly, it would seem painfully, his arms weaving and reaching in the familiar dance-idiom of tortured quest.

GIRL'S VOICE: *What is happening?*

DR. LEARY: *Float to the centre.*

MAN'S VOICE: *I am drowning in blood.... Help.... Please make it stop.... No, no, don't make it stop.*

GIRL'S VOICE: *Blood to death.... Out.... Out.... Blood to death.... Life.... Life.... Life.... Scarlet....*

MAN'S VOICE: *So warm.... Drifting down.... Melting.... Breathing.... Breath of life....*

Here my notes indicate a certain amount of groaning on the stage but not who is the sufferer. Unfortunately, I have no shorthand. But if at first I am troubled by my inability to catch every word being spoken on the stage, soon enough as I catch the drift I realise that the drift is all. It is said of LSD that it taps the unconscious in order to add to the store of the conscious; this is indeed its principal and much-vaunted value, that it is supposed to augment consciousness. But surely to call the LSD experience consciousness-enhancing is to merge two meanings of the word "consciousness"—that which we oppose to *un*consciousness and by which we mean those activities of the mind which we can take note of as they proceed, and, second, the honorific meaning, that of active and useful awareness. If one is to judge the LSD state by Dr. Leary's representation or adumbration of it in his ceremonies or by anything one has so far read of it, what happens under LSD may very well be a flooding of the mind with images or emotions from which it is otherwise closed off. But what the mind does with this new material speaks not at all of a significantly enhanced mental activity such as we usually adduce in our appreciation of awareness. The problem is, of course, an old one in aesthetics. It is not without interest that the new Coleridge scholarship demonstrates with some persuasiveness that "Kubla Khan" was not actually an opium dream and that Coleridge offered it as such only in polemic, as a defence of the role of non-reason in the writing of poetry. But it is not solely an aesthetic problem, it is also a scientific problem and a vexing one: how define what we mean by consciousness, especially in the creative process?

The dialogue between male and female voice now peters out and Dr. Leary relinquishes the spotlight so that the full attention of the audience can be focused on the screen. The pictures that appear look to me like magnified blood cells or other organic matter. Then gradually they become more complex, "social," sometimes fleetingly identifiable. Also, the background music now rises in volume, becomes more assertive—Ginsberg whispers to me, "The *Missa Luba*, a Congo version of the Catholic Mass," and obediently I hear what could perhaps be the *Kyrie Eleison*; he whispers "Verdi's *Requiem*" and, more reluctantly, I hear that as well. Without my having quite noted, the guitar has eliminated itself, been replaced by a sound-track to accompany what is apparently intended as a representation, or evocation, of the evolutionary process, a kind of psychedelic March of Time. Ginsberg mentions a word that sounds like *Straboscopia*, which I take to derive from the same root as *Strabismus*: "*Med.* A disorder of the eye in which the optic axes cannot be directed to the same object because of incoordination of the muscles of the eyeballs...." In later dictionary consultation I realise he said *Stroboscopic*, pertaining to "an instrument for observing the successive phases of a periodic motion by means of light periodically interrupted." But the difference is only objective. The camera's wish to catch the speed of psychedelic imagery affects me like a sickness of the eye. From my Press table I no longer see Dr. Leary. I assume he is seated stage right. His voice resumes the incantation:

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Let's return to the 20th century and reincarnate Jesus Christ. Let's do it everyone of us right now.... You have to take on all the guilt, sin and wretchedness of the world.... You have to do this for everyone so that there won't be any more.... Then we're all through with the good-evil thing and you will be reborn.... All-embracing, Dr. Leary invites the police and the narcotics agents to join in the rebirth, and for the first and only time in the evening his audience is vocally responsive. "You're right," come several voices from the audience, soft, devout.

My notes do not say if Dr. Leary is now once more stage centre, in full spotlight, but I recollect him to be. The film has now run its spotty course, from our unicellular origins to our modern metropolitan mediocrity, and we can have the sermon. Certainly it is in fullest stage centre that Dr. Leary makes his biggest pitch of the evening, inviting someone to come up from the audience on to the platform, take off his clothes and be nailed to the cross. *Let's look in the bag. There are some nails here and a crown of thorns.* The audience remains unmoving. Dr. Leary is apparently not surprised, he had expected no volunteers; one wonders, in fact, what he would do if a too-eager listener profferred his services. He repeats: *Will anyone volunteer to be nailed to the cross if we guarantee you there will be no more evil in the world?* He dissipates the reverential hush, or at least lifts it a fraction, with a prepared comment: Dr. Leary confides to us that he had been warned that if he made such a proposal in this setting, "four hundred and ninety-seven exhibitionists, sado-masochists and faggots would storm the platform." There is no laughter. *No, we must not do it that way, we must do it with our clothes on; or even our uniforms.... But let's do it.*

There follows the more formal sermon, wholly Dr. Leary's own show and, like all sermons, lengthy. Its text, Dr. Leary announces, is from William Blake *who had been in our profession a couple of hundred years ago* (sic)... *He who is a fool persists in his folly* (sic).... We must start a new religion, says Dr. Leary, and start a new country. *We have been working six years* —it had been ten, I recall, a few minutes back— *to work out a plan to turn on this country and this planet.... Starting a new religion is like starting a new business. Or a garden. There are inevitable sequences.... A series of ordeals or tests.... We have no paranoia or hostility about our opposition, it's a rough business starting a new religion. It's a rough business but highly-stylised, more classic than baseball or football.... We must turn on, tune in, and drop out.... Turn off your mind and go within.... You need a sacrament and today it is a chemical. The chemicals we use are ancient.... Treat these sacraments with the respect they deserve. Before you turn on you must be in a state of grace. You must look into yourself and see where you have sinned. On your own chessboard. You are the only one who can forgive yourself. You look in your mirror, in your retina is the history. You confess to yourself. If you don't go to confession before you take a sacrament you may writhe, suffer, call for a doctor.... Once you turn on, then you tune in, show others what has been shown to you.* Dr. Leary calls on Rudi and Jackie, assistants, to come forward and testify. They have apparently helped to put the show together, now they will help us tune in.

Dr. Leary: *Rudi, where are we now and where are we going?*

Rudi (thinking): *We are working from a core which is a circle of love. A very beautiful and pure thing.*

Dr. Leary: *Jackie, where are we?*

Jackie (who is a girl): *We are here and happy to be here. And we are going from here out, to turn on the world.*

Dr. Leary: *We have to work with the young, the artists, the underground groups for a new breakthrough. Artists change consciousness and the change lasts.... We work to change family life.... Encourage husbands and wives to take LSD together.... I can't imagine a husband being turned on without wanting to turn on his wife. I can't imagine parents being turned on without wanting to turn on their children. I know no child over the age of seven who hasn't been given drugs and I know many of them. The parents turn on the children.*

Dr. Leary has a practised device of irony. He echoes his outrages of decency in the voice of outraged respectability:

Imagine turning on children!

There is a pregnant pause, and Dr. Leary recapitulates:

The psychedelic experience is one you want to share with those you care most about.... Inconceivable that parents would take LSD and not want their children to share the experience.

The audience continues to be dead still: no

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one stamps, hisses, rises to object. No one leaves the theatre. (And no reporter, to my knowledge, undertakes to report what we all of us at Dr. Leary's Press tables so clearly heard.) From this point forward, the rest of Dr. Leary's sermon is bound to be anti-climax:

We are now in a legal and political phase.... Several million Americans are taking LSD, more taking marijuana, for serious purposes.... They need an institution.... We are working with the courts to license small groups to take LSD.... After you tune in you drop out. It happens so gracefully.... A detachment from old ambitions and drives.... What we meet and work for is what you want and know is possible.... We need and invite your comments and questions.

THE COMMENTS and questions that comprise the remainder of the programme may be what Dr. Leary invites, they cannot be what he needs. But then, what speaker ever gets the questions he needs, and these were at least intended neither to provoke nor challenge. Dr. Leary fares better than most public speakers when they finish a talk and discover to whom they have been speaking and what they are thought to have said. A man rises from the audience to say that he has confronted the beast: Is this what Dr. Leary meant by confrontation with the wolf? Myself, I had heard no mention of wolves, singular or plural. I wonder if the questioner has in mind the beast one confronts in the mirror when one confesses to oneself, or merely an encounter on the psychedelic journey. Dr. Leary is perhaps himself confused. At any rate, he chooses this moment to call to the stage "his well-known colleague" Dr. Richard Alpert, recently returned from California. Together, Dr. Leary and Dr. Alpert respond to the question that has been asked by explaining the uterine recapitulation of man's long slow evolution. *Memory cards flash through your brain when you take LSD, so it doesn't fit your tidy 20th-century mind.* I conclude from this that when you take LSD you return to the womb and re-live the pre-natal development.

The second questioner is a priest; he is recognised by Dr. Leary and Dr. Alpert as a friend. The priest wants to know whether after many trips you could not have the same experience without taking the drug. It is Dr. Alpert who undertakes to reply: *After a trip you get depressed by your new sense of your daily life. After enough of this, you stay high all the time because you have revised your life.... LSD is not a substitute for the conscious effort of digging here and now.... LSD is a constant reminder of our divinity. We mustn't stop because we are too busy.... Find someone not on LSD and find out how he and I are us.* This is the point at which I recall, with a certain syntactical confusion, the priest in Ilf and Petrov's wonderful *The Little Golden Calf* of whom the verb "befuddle" is used as an active verb of expression: "Yes," befuddled the priest—"No," befuddled the priest. But of course this was in another country.... The priest sits down; he is apparently satisfied with the answer that has been given him.

And now the master of ceremonies introduces Allen Ginsberg from the audience, calls him to the stage. Ginsberg rises modestly but readily—had he been forewarned?—to join the circle on the platform. While he is threading his way through the audience, Dr. Leary intersperses some remarks on electrons, heightens the scientific authority of the occasion. He also addresses himself to the subject of people killing themselves under the effects of LSD: the percentage is negligible, he assures us, and anyway these are the people who failed to go to confession and expunge their guilts. Dr. Leary gives the nod to the next questioner.

This time the question, although manifestly not intended to give offence, does suggest criticism; it is carefully larded with apology. It seems that although the questioner himself understands the moral nature of the LSD enterprise, there are people of his acquaintance who take the drug just for kicks. Would Dr. Leary comment on this? From the other side of the theatre, I have no trouble hearing the question. But Dr. Leary seems to have difficulty; he turns to his coadjutors in appeal but meeting no help he invites his interrogator to the stage. But on his way, this young man is checked by another member of the audience who rises to protest that such a question can only come from someone caught "in the game"—which is to say, someone under the influence of this-worldly, non-psychedelic, values. A moment of tension develops between the two men at the foot of the platform—it represents something of a relief amidst all this benignity—and then Allen Ginsberg intervenes: *You're taking it too seriously, keep some humour.* The questioner addresses the stage in self-defence: *But I want a successful revolution.* To which Leary responds soothingly: *Tell us why, how are we sliding back from the*

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centre? The questioner identifies himself as an instructor in a college in South Jersey. Grievingly he explains that some of his students fail to understand the moral purpose of LSD, they take it for the sensation, they are not *serious*. (He hits the word as I have not heard a word hit since the days when the comrades would accuse each other of being *subjective*.) *And I want you to win, I want a revolution like you do.* The troubled comrade from South Jersey is at last disposed of by Dr. Alpert, judiciously: *It doesn't matter from what motive these kids of 16, 17, or 18 take LSD, if they turn on for 30 seconds the experience is so profound. Even if they end up in a hospital or prison for a few months, it doesn't bother me.... The confusion is the greatest kind of confusion for these kids, at any age. It opens the door and makes a mensch of them.* The audience is relieved and ready for the catharsis of humour after such unblessed controversy.

The necessary humorous relief is supplied by a Negro, a solid and comely man who rises at the rear of the hall and announces in a big resonant voice that he has only a single question to ask: *What is LSD?* Although he has produced through the hall the only titter of the evening, he meets a wall of impenetrable silence on the stage. The questioner repeats his question, once, twice, a third time. He becomes insistent: *I'm just asking a single question. I hear you all talking about LSD. What I want to know is, what is LSD?* After what seems forever—the audience is becoming restive—someone onstage has the presence of mind to answer firmly: *It is a chemical.* And the subject is closed; the questioner sits down. Dr. Leary makes a few remarks about his League for Spiritual Discovery, much in the spirit of a preacher before the plate is passed; no plate is passed, the evening has been an expense to no one. *We in the League are working, at risk, to legalise marijuana and LSD.... It is an intimate family thing we're doin.* Allen Ginsberg steps forward and announces an anti-war rally on the following Saturday—no, not an anti-war rally, a "peaceable march, a transcendence over anger." The meeting is at an end.

There is again no elbowing or pressing as the crowd begins to leave the hall. Now, as not before the performance started, I begin to see couples, pairs of boys and girls holding hands, much as married couples leave funerals or weddings with clasped hands, bound in the intimacy of shared deep emotion. (Dr. Leary, incidentally, could not be more pious than he is about coupling: approaching the sexual subject, he speaks only of "making love to your wife.") It also becomes possible, here and there, to particularise other sightseers among the dedicated: the slowed-down man in his late thirties who wears the mark of yearning, of loneliness, of the failed artist; the dykish, tight-lipped girl who belongs at the side of the swimming-pool of a women's "Y"; the bookkeeper, as I am certain, who stands out in the crowd for her excruciating neatness and spinsterishness no less than for her advanced years—it is she whom I overhear greeting an acquaintance: "What did you think of it? Weren't you *impressed?*" These are the wanderers between worlds.

But for the most part the audience is as one had first perceived it: young, Village but middle-class, good contemporary faces of the kind one wants to trust, the faces of people to whom intellectual leadership might be thought appropriate, except that they had made another choice and the signal of it is in their eyes. The four of us appeal to each other: Is it only the gifted who go in for this sort of thing? Are these the best, the brightest, of their generation? We of course haven't the answer, any more than we have the answer to a corollary question, How can any enlightened person of whatever age take this psychedelic leader with intellectual seriousness, assent in an ideology so barren of ideas? As we move out on to the street, away from the theatre—unregenerate, we are looking for a beer—this becomes, in fact, the nub of our anxiety. For us, Dr. Leary's religious ceremony had been ridiculous when it had not been despicable, but we had been surrounded by young people of good education who not only could take Dr. Leary's drug and this celebration of it but had also somehow managed to issue to the whole subject of LSD a safe-conduct which exempted it from rational inspection, creating—or perhaps only responding to?—an atmosphere in which whoever would put it to adverse question is automatically taken to be repressive, retrograde, lacking in imagination, deficient indeed in scientific open-mindedness.

But Dr. Leary's epiphany gave rise to perhaps even bleaker thoughts than these. In the past month I had heard of four more young people, four adolescent children of friends, who had broken down as a result of LSD—two college boys and a college girl who had had to be

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hospitalised, a high school boy who, on the edge of psychosis, had had to be withdrawn from school. This made, so far, seven LSD casualties within my own small circle of acquaintance. Of course, some or all of them may have been predisposed to mental breakdown. And we had no figures to tell us whether they were in any way representative of what could happen to Dr. Leary's followers. This being so, how long were we to wait for the statistics to accumulate and be got in order?

For Dr. Alpert there were surely no such anxieties. "These kids" were simply casualties of the new dispensation, eggs that had to be broken to make Dr. Leary's omelette. But I could no more shrug off this concern, retreat into "scientific" or ironic detachment, than I could muster "objectivity" to meet the destruction of the young for the sake of some new Jerusalem of the political imagination. The destruction of a person's mental powers is *actual*, like hunger, poverty, death. It happens in actual life; it entails actual anguish. No, the nub of my anxiety as I left Dr. Leary's show was not that his audience could give credence to the nonsense he spoke—clever as so many of his young followers are, they have no doubt already learned to trust the LSD tale rather than its teller—but the recognition that the direction we take from our present-day assumption that the new and dissident are good in themselves, no matter what their form, may very well lose for us the basic and ordinary knowledge of human decency, including the knowledge that the human mind, even in all its weakness and error, is valuable.

The Voyage

They meet in a fiction which they share for parts.
The boy sleeps uneasily, hearing his father claim
that she retreats from him "like a salted snail."
He says, his loves are an assumed pain:

he remembers his "other women" and her "other men",
and the boy boarded out for a while with a kindly stranger
(odd, how the child seemed happy then).
She says, she knows all about his mother.

Both are articulate in the dark. But, back to back,
at last they sleep through a voyage fitfully stormy
until the morning, when they disembark
and rub their eyes on a stable quay, thankfully.

He carelessly treads amongst the toys
shed from the scrap of living stuff
that pivots their merry-go-round—he a shadow
in the twilight of her late rebuff.

Blear-eyed at the sink, the boy is washed
amongst unrinsed pots and imperishable containers.
These two who loved one another once
will take the winter together, and still be strangers.

Glyn Hughes

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Column

A SHORT TIME AGO, the *New York Review of Books* published, as a special supplement, a long article by Noam Chomsky, Ward Professor of Linguistics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, on American foreign policy during the era of the Cold War. The article left no doubt that, in Professor Chomsky's view, that policy had been dictated by a form of aggressive imperialism of which the war in Viet Nam is the latest and most terrible manifestation.

But Professor Chomsky was not concerned merely to analyse, and in analysing to condemn, his country's foreign and military policy. His article was entitled "The Responsibility of Intellectuals," and raised the question what, in such circumstances, is the duty of scholars, scientists, university teachers, research workers, employed by institutions which are increasingly and inextricably involved in providing the knowledge, the know-how and the manpower required to maintain America's military establishment.

When people ask what are the responsibilities of the intellectual, I am always inclined to answer that they are exactly the same as those of anyone else, no more and no less. It becomes increasingly difficult to give such an answer when, firstly, intellectuals become more and more closely integrated into the established university system, and, secondly, when that system becomes more and more closely associated with the state, and through the state, with activities which they may believe to be fundamentally immoral. But having raised such an awkward question, Professor Chomsky at least has conspicuously failed to answer it; so conspicuously, indeed, that George Steiner, while in full agreement with Professor Chomsky's condemnation of American policy, felt impelled to ask, as one whose conscience is deeply troubled, what action Professor Chomsky would recommend intellectuals to take, and how he himself has answered, in practice, the question he has raised.

Professor Chomsky's reply is a curious one, though he does not pretend that it is anything else except unsatisfactory. Holding the views he does, and being employed at M.I.T., than which no academic institution could be more intimately linked with American defence policy, the problem arises for him in a particularly acute form. Being over military age, he feels he cannot recommend his students and younger colleagues to tear up their draft cards and expose themselves to the consequent penalties. He commends the action of an English colleague at M.I.T. who, feeling as Professor Chomsky does about Viet Nam, has resigned his post and got the hell out of it back to England, but feels that for an American this would be a way of evading rather than meeting his responsibilities. For himself, he has not been able to find any better solution than to refuse to pay half his taxes, though he is aware that this is at best no more than a gesture, and to some people might seem a particularly futile one.

THE CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN Mr. Steiner and Professor Chomsky throws a brilliant light on the moral dilemma in which many American intellectuals find themselves today; that is, of course, so long as they accept Professor Chomsky's description both of the objectives of American policy and of the means used to achieve them. It would be easy to reply that the dilemma is an unreal one, because in fact American policy is fully justified, and that therefore the means employed, however horrible, are also fully justified, unless one takes the view that, modern war being what it is, under no circumstances can it be a legitimate weapon of national policy. To this most ordinary people, which in this case would include most intellectuals, would have to reply, if they were honest, that this was a matter about which they were really not competent to judge; certainly few of them, unless they were willing to bury themselves in the diplomatic *paperasserie* of the last twenty years, or attempt the formidable task of unravelling and reconciling the extraordinary ambiguities of successive official statements on Viet Nam, could hope to refute Professor Chomsky's long and detailed critique of American policy. And even if they rejected it simply because of its note of extremism, they would find it equally difficult to answer the far more moderate statement of what is really the same case made by Professor Arthur Schlesinger in his little book on Viet Nam, *The Bitter Heritage*.

There is the difference between Professor Chomsky and Professor Schlesinger that the one considers the war a crime and the other a blunder. Neither view is very reassuring to those, of whom there are many, who genuinely wish to believe, if it is possible, that there is both an intellectual and moral defence for American military intervention in Viet Nam. And so long as Americans themselves are driven in increasing numbers to adopt such views, it seems equally impossible to follow the principle

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of *America, right or wrong*, urged upon us by Mr. Amis and his friends; for which America is right or wrong or are there at the moment two Americas, of which one is right and one is wrong, and in that case which is which? Should one, or could one, be more pro-American than Mr. Robert Kennedy, *plus royaliste*, indeed, *que le roi?*

THE INTELLECTUAL'S dilemma is a real one, and since even Mr. McNamara cannot promise us an end to the war in the near future, it will continue, with effects on American life that cannot be foreseen. Professor Schlesinger has touched on one aspect of this in his book, suggesting that mounting opposition to the war may provoke, by reaction, a wave of angry and aggressive patriotism of the kind which was so successfully exploited by the late Senator McCarthy.

I am far less well qualified to judge than Professor Schlesinger, but one might suggest that there are also other dangers. One need not speak of the possibility of a split in the ranks of the Democratic Party which would put an end for many years to the hopes inspired both by President Kennedy's New Frontier and President Johnson's Great Society; after all, this is a matter which the Democratic Party can look after for itself. But there are other dangers, less concrete and harder to define, which are closely related to the kind of problem raised by Professor Chomsky's and Mr. Steiner's exchange of letters. For while Professor Chomsky, middle-aged and beyond the draft, and for all his doubts with a certain commitment to the values of academic life, can find no practical way out of his dilemma, to thousands of young Americans on the campuses of universities throughout the United States, the war in Viet Nam is only one more illustration of that unwritten compact between the universities and the politico-military-industrial establishment which Professor Chomsky so vigorously condemns. Unlike Professor Chomsky, however, they have no hesitation, in revolting against the war, in revolting also against the entire culture which, they believe, provides the motive force behind it. This is what Professor Chomsky finds himself unable to do; to the young it is not so difficult, and this is precisely the meaning of the student's immortal remark recorded by Leslie Fiedler: "Freud is a fink!" What the young man meant was that what he heard at the university was simply another aspect of a single culture of which both academic ideas and the war were representative, and he was rejecting them both. In a sense, he was rejecting America itself.

A VIEWER IN LONDON might recently have watched, on a television news-programme, four remarkable scenes, enacted in rapid succession. The first was a demonstration by 125,000 people in the streets of New York, at which fifty young men publicly destroyed their draft cards. The second was a student riot on a Negro university campus in the South. The third was a protest march by students against segregation in the West. In these three scenes, the demonstrators, police, tear gas, flaring torches, baton charges, combined to form a kind of composite image of something that was deeply disturbing, in which idealism, violence, and brutality were all indescribably mixed and confused. The fourth scene, as a kind of climax, both tragic and ironic, showed the Vice-President of the United States, Mr. Hubert Humphrey, returned from a tour of Western Europe, declaiming to an audience that had assembled to greet him that outside America the world was being nourished daily on images of cruelty and violence which they mistook for the true face of the United States, and that for this misrepresentation Americans themselves were responsible. Mr. Humphrey is a deeply emotional man; on this occasion, it was reported, he broke down in tears.

I do not know whether this juxtaposition, in rapid succession, of these four scenes was the result of accident, or whether it was a deliberate effect of art, in which, for once, the medium really was the message. And perhaps, in reading any significance into it, one was really falling a victim to that kind of misrepresentation of America against which Mr. Humphrey was protesting. Yet it was difficult to believe that the difference between the rotund, liberal, emotional phrases of Mr. Humphrey and what was happening in the streets and on the campus did not display a tragic contrast which by now strikes deep into the life of America and is becoming progressively sharper.

IT WOULD, of course, be possible to take a different view; that is to say, that the anti-Viet Nam, anti-segregation, anti-establishment syndrome is the symptom of a healthy, vigorous, and admirable reaction by American youth against some aspects of the American way of life. It is tempting to believe that, in their protests, the young in America are simply continuing, in new forms, a tradition which made the United States the hope of the entire world, and that the violence with which their protests are sometimes met will in the long run be of no more significance than the brutality with which the police rode down trade-union demonstrators in the '20s and early '30s.

So it is possible to believe that the dispersed, disorganised, amorphous revolt of the young, which finds its outward manifestation in de-

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monstrations against the war and in favour of civil rights, may form the basis of an organised, radical movement which one day may make a valuable contribution to democratic politics in the United States; just as, for instance, the equally amorphous movement of revolt and protest by the young in Britain in the '30s in the long run helped to rejuvenate and revivify the British Labour Party.

There is, however, something different in the contemporary revolt of the young in the United States, which inhibits one from placing too much faith in such hopes. One would probably be right in saying that for every young man or woman who marches against Viet Nam or for civil rights, there is another, or perhaps many more, who in revulsion rather than revolt has sought a way of escape in some totally withdrawn, totally alienated and insulated world of youth in which sex, drugs, happenings, pop music, or the kind of psychedelic love-fest described by Diana Trilling in this issue of ENCOUNTER, provide complete protection against problems which they are only too glad to leave to their elders; the nightmares of Viet Nam and racial discrimination are dispersed by the beatific vision supplied by LSD. For these, the love-trip is what space flight is to the astronaut, a dizzy exploration of universes unapproachable by merely human means, and just as the astronaut returns with stammered descriptions of the inhuman beauty and freedom of those infinite spaces, so the psychedelic celebrant returns from his trip babbling incoherently of the unutterable ecstasy and terror of the artificial paradise to which LSD has given him the key.

There is a type of experience, sometimes protracted, and normal in adolescence, which one might call the somnambulance of youth, a stage of development in which everything outside oneself loses outline, weight, and substance and only that which originates in the self seems to possess reality. For a moment, under pressures which seem intolerable, the adolescent willingly or unwillingly loosens his grip on the external world, lets it fall from his fingers like a child's toy he is now too old to play with, to plunge into the unimaginable world of the self, which offers both pleasures and tortures in comparison with which all other experiences seem shallow and insubstantial. One may legitimately suspect that in sex, in drugs, in the love-trip, or in some combination of all these, the adolescent believes he has found a magic formula by which he can summon up such experiences at will, make them accessible to him for ever, and make them the sole and exclusive content of his life; by which, moreover, he can share these experiences with others and, as an alternative to a society which holds no attractions for him, establish a permanent community, with its own institutions, its own laws, its own ceremonies, in which at any moment the feast of love can be celebrated.

IT IS, or has been, one of the tasks of education, in its more advanced stages, to enable the adolescent to recover and strengthen his grasp on reality, which for a moment may have been threatened, without at the same time suppressing the increased awareness of himself and his own powers which he has gained. This was indeed one of the essential tasks which what we used to call a liberal education was expected to perform, and one which universities existed to discharge, by means and methods which they were left free to choose for themselves. But it was also an infinitely delicate and difficult task, which demanded an essential basis of sympathy and trust, of mutual regard and respect between the teacher and the taught. How can universities hope to perform it at all if, as Professor Chomsky thinks, they have sacrificed their right to demand respect by their association with, and dependence on, a State which is committed to immoral ends? And if they cannot, is it surprising that the student may turn to the gospel according to Leary?

R

DR. C. C. O'BRIEN

AN ARTICLE was published in the August 1966 issue of ENCOUNTER concerning the standards which Dr. Conor Cruise O'Brien employs as a writer and a critic and his actions as an official at the United Nations in the Congo. We acknowledge that this article contained implications against the character and integrity of Dr. O'Brien which were unwarranted and we wish unreservedly to withdraw them and to apologise to Dr. O'Brien for having made them.

We further acknowledge that Dr. O'Brien as a writer and a critic and while serving the United Nations has always maintained the highest standards of personal integrity and we regret that the article we published should have made charges against his integrity which were without justification.

MELVIN J. LASKY
FRANK KERMODE

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Conversations with McLuhan

By Gerald Emanuel Stearn

MCLUHAN: I was gradually made aware by artists and anthropologists. As one becomes aware of the different modes of experience in other cultures. As one watches them transformed by new, Western technologies—it is difficult to avoid observation. It becomes inevitable to assume that what happens to other people and cultures can happen to us. My present interest is an extension of, and derivative of, my literary work. If I could get a team of media students going, I would happily retire back into literary studies. I find media analysis very much more exciting now simply because it affects so many more people. One measure of the importance of anything is: who is affected by it? In our time, we have devised ways of making the most trivial event affect everybody. One of the consequences of electronic environments is the total involvement of people in people. The orientals created caste systems as an area of classified immunity.

Here, perhaps, my own religious faith has some bearing. I think of human charity as a total responsibility of all, for all. Therefore my energies are directed at far more than mere political or democratic intent. Democracy as a by-product of certain technologies, like literacy and mechanical industry, is not something that I would take very seriously. But democracy as it belongs very profoundly with Christianity is something I take very seriously indeed.

There have been many more religious men than I who have not made even the most faltering steps in this direction. Once I began to move in this direction, I began to see that it had profound religious meaning. I do not think it my job to point this out. For example, the Christian concept of the mystical body—all men as members of the body of Christ—this becomes technologically a fact under electronic conditions. However, I would not try to theologise on the basis of my understanding of technology. I don't have a background in scholastic thought, never having been raised in any Catholic institution. Indeed, I have been bitterly reproached by my Catholic *confrères* for my lack of scholastic terminology and concepts; and by others too.[1]

—*What is your present attitude towards* The Mechanical Bride *(1951), and how is it related to your more recent interests?*

MCLUHAN: *Mechanical Bride* is a good example of a book that was completely negated by TV. The whole mechanical assumptions of American life have been shifted since TV; it has become an organic culture. Femininity has moved off the photographic glamour cake altogether into the all-involving tactile mode. Femininity used to be a mingling of visual things. Now it's almost entirely non-visual. I happened to observe it when it was reaching the end of its term, just before TV.

In 1936, when I arrived at Wisconsin,[2] I confronted classes of freshmen and I suddenly realised that I was incapable of understanding them. I felt an urgent need to study their popular culture: advertising, games, movies. It was pedagogy, part of my teaching programme. To meet them on their grounds was my strategy in pedagogy: the world of pop culture. Advertising was a very convenient form of approach. I used advertising in the *Bride* because of legal considerations—no permissions were needed. Otherwise I would have used picture stories of any sort from movies, magazines, anywhere. I had 30 or 40 slides and gave little talks to student groups. I invited them to study these ads.

[1] "The effect is of a lively, ingenious but infinitely perverse *summa* by some medieval logician who has given up theology in favour of sociology and knows all about the techniques of modern advertising. . . ." *A. Alvarez.*

[2] McLuhan's first teaching job: Department of English, University of Wisconsin.

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—But your analyses were then based on certain traditional forms?

McLuhan: In England, at Cambridge, when I arrived there, it had become popular to look at films and the popular culture around as something to be studied and understood as a "language." Of course Wyndham Lewis did various studies on pop culture. And Leavis has a book called *Culture and Environment*. There was a similar interest in popular speech idioms, language, *Finnegans Wake*. *The Waste Land* is full of these pop-cult forms. Pound's *Cantos* have similar forms. Pound has a very useful guide to the *Cantos* called *Kulchur*. In doing the *Bride* I was merely trailing behind some interesting predecessors.

I discovered that when you take anything out of the daily newspapers and put it on the screen, people go into a fit of laughter. Like Mort Sahl: he would take random items from the press and read them out to an audience straightforwardly. People never noticed the outrageous humour until removed from its form—because it's environmental and invisible. The moment you translate it into another medium it becomes visible, and hilarious. Movies on TV are, in a sense, a parody. Just using one form over another form creates that comedy effect. When movies were new it was suggested that they were a parody of life. The transcript of ordinary visual life into a new medium created hilarious, comedic effect. The word parody means a road that goes alongside another road. A movie is a visual track that goes alongside another visual track, creating complete terror. I did take time to read the language of the form and discovered that most people couldn't read that visual language. If I merely reprinted ads, without any appended dialogue, the book would have been hilarious in any case. That kind of book ought to be an annual. When you change its environment you flash perception on to it.

—What were the other influences?

McLuhan: My ideas on the articulation of these forms came through Siegfried Giedion and Wyndham Lewis and his painterly analysis of our industrial environment. You have to develop a technique of translation. In the *Bride* there is far more following of lines of force than simply moral judgments.[3]

Wyndham Lewis was a great influence on me because of his pop cult analysis. I found Lewis far too moralistic for my tastes. I greatly admired his *method*. Lewis looked at everything as a painter first. His moral judgments never interested me. He was horrified by Bergson and the time philosophy because it seemed to him to destroy various aspects of our Western culture. He said the whole Western culture was based on sight. But he moralised all his life about "ear people" like Bergson who were undermining the visual facets of Western culture. He attacked Spengler in the same way.

Lewis Carroll looked through the looking-glass and found a kind of space-time which is the normal mode of electronic man. Before Einstein, Carroll had already entered that very sophisticated universe of Einstein. Each moment, for Carroll, had its own space and its own time. Alice makes her own space and time. Einstein, not Lewis Carroll, thought this was astonishing.

—The anthropologist, Dell Hymes, claims that some of your comparisons go to "ludicrous extremes." He cites your remarks in The Gutenberg Galaxy: *"print... made bad grammar possible" and "Nobody ever made a grammatical error in a non-literate society."*

McLuhan: Obviously he's not talking about native societies. He is talking about illiterate American speech. Natives are bewildered when they hear grammatical errors in their tongue committed by visiting anthropologists who don't know how to speak Urdu or Eskimo. Until anthropologists arrive, the native has never heard a grammatical error in his own tongue. Suppose you made a grammatical error in slang. No child ever made a grammatical error in slang. It would just be funny. Slang is an oral form in which we have infallibility. On the other hand, try to write down slang and everybody is going to make mistakes. Etienne Gilson is fond of using American slang and frequently gets it wrong—"*Now we come to zee brass tacks....*"

One of the more unfortunate features of the entire anthropological enterprise in the 20th century is that its practitioners are almost entirely and unconsciously literate. They approach structures of non-literate and oral societies with many of the expectations and patterns which they have acquired from their highly literate society. Margaret Mead and I have discussed this at some length. She told me of a strange event that occurred in the Admiralty Islands. When she returned there, she had copies of some of her books. Some of the natives noticed that the copies were the same. They got very excited. This was the first time they had seen two books that were alike. They were so excited they said "They're the same! They're the same!" Now this is an oral, illiterate response to literacy. The idea that you can have

[3] *The Mechanical Bride* (1951).

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the same thing repeated exactly was, to them, a miracle. Now that is a genuine and legitimate response to the printed word. Literary people have never had that response.

The anthropologists of our time have been extremely guilty of importing, uncritically, literate assumptions into non-literate areas of study; of using models of perception that have no relevance to their materials. These models are constructed of literacy, of visual points of view. Anthropologists, for example, assume that vision, as they perceive it in its Western mode, is normal to mankind, that other people see this way too. Anthropologists write about these societies without correcting the bias of their own visual habits. I have been much influenced by anthropology in the sense that I have uncovered material very useful in studying media. Hymes is a very good example of the uncritical, literate anthropologist importing literate assumptions into a non-literate *world*.

—Perhaps the most passionate dissent emerges from what many critics call your "historicism." John Simon's charge—that you play the history of ideas game none too well—is echoed by Harold Rosenberg and others. You have said that without radio, no Hitler—that the Russians have an "ear" culture and consequently found the U-2 a sensory intruder, not merely the belligerent act of a hostile power.

McLuhan: The Russians find it unbearable to have "eyes" around their environment. Just as we hate the idea of having "ears" in our own—*e.g.* the microphone in the embassy eagle. The Russians live much more by ear than we do. Their new high-rise apartments are at once transformed into villages. All communication between fellow apartment-dwellers is like that of a village square. They must live this way. In India, for example, when they tried to put in running water, it pulled the village women away from the well. This destroyed community life. They had to remove the pipes. You cannot put running water into an aural community without distressful circumstances.

When you make a structural analysis, you follow lines of force and follow not just one but many, at various levels of the culture, observing patterns. All semi-literate or "backward" cultures are aural cultures, whether it's Ghana or China. They organise space differently, at all times. The Eskimo world is an ear one. When asked to draw maps, they draw areas they've never seen. From their kayaks they've heard water lapping against shores. They map by ear and it later proves quite adequate when checked by aerial photo. Except that there is always an exaggerated area where they've camped. That part receives a stress or bulge in their map. The natural world of non-literate man is structured by the total field of hearing. This is very difficult for literary people to grasp. The hand has no point of view. The ear has no point of view.

Years ago when I was working with E. S. Carpenter (then a member of the Centre for Culture and Technology in Toronto) on anthropological matters, I used acoustic and auditory space frequently as a basic counterplay to visual Western man. I gave it up because I found that the literary people made desperate attempts to visualise auditory space. But you cannot visualise auditory space; that is a total field of simultaneous relations, without centre or margin. Carpenter has remarked that anthropological materials are now beginning to be made up and published by natives themselves. We now realise that a non-visual culture cannot be reported by a visual man.

A prose statement is a reduction to visual terms, like legal language—which is an extreme, unrealistic case of visual organisation.

It isn't accidental that the primary arts of Russia are music and ballet. They are not a literary people at all. The world of Dostoevsky is not literary. It's a newspaper world, like Edgar Allen Poe or Dickens (an Ann Landers type). This does not contradict the fact that they take literacy far more seriously (and literally) than the West does. Russians, for example, are quite agitated about the telephone.

Russia never had a Renaissance, in terms of space. Realism—perspective art—is *avant-garde* for them. When you have the means of realistic representation, you also have the means of mechanical production. Mechanical production comes out of visual realism in the Western world. What we think of as realism is to the Russians absolute phantasy.

Kafka isn't realism in our world. It's allegorical phantasy, like Bosch. Similarly, Western visual man would have great difficulty in "reading" a tactile piece of information. To preliterate man, space was sacred.

A lot of this aural culture is found now in the Negro world. The reason that they are so far ahead of us in the arts is, quite simply, that they haven't trained their visual sense to the point of suppressing the other senses. In music—in dance and song—Negroes are ahead. The generations gap between parents and children is quite simple—children are auditory, non-visual in their orientation. Teen-agers are returning to a backward phase.

All literate cultures sentimentalise all primitive cultures, whether as anthropologists or new neighbours of Negroes. We sentimentalise their primitive state automatically as superior to our own. This, of course, confuses a lot of perception.

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You have claimed that the war in Viet Nam is, more or less, a creature of television.

McLuhan: Without an informed public there would be no war. We live in an informational environment and war is conducted with information. TV news coverage of Viet Nam has been a disaster as far as Washington is concerned because it has alienated people altogether from that war. Newspaper coverage would never alienate people from the war because it's "hot"; it doesn't involve. TV does, and creates absolute nausea. It's like public hangings—if there were public hangings there would be no hangings: because public hangings would *involve* people. The distant statistical fact—"at 5.30 this morning so-and-so was executed"—that's hot. Washington is still fighting a "hot" war, as it were, by newspaper means and the old technologies. The effects of the new technologies on war coverage is not something Washington is prepared to cope with. In Washington people do not concede that the news on TV and news in the press are not quite the same thing.

TV has begun to dissolve the fabric of American life. All the assumptions—all the ground rules—based on visuality, superficiality, blueprinting, connectedness, equality, sameness—disappear with TV.

—If TV were shut off that could end the war in Viet Nam—and at the same time set back the Civil Rights movement?

McLuhan: Oh, yes. But there is an alternative: Put hundreds of extra lines on the TV image, step-up its visual intensity to a new hot level. This might serve to reverse the whole effect of TV. It might make the TV image photographic, slick, like movies: hot and detached. Bell Telephone are now operating with 8,000 line TV images, not 800, quite beyond the fidelity of any known photographic process.

—Why hasn't this been tried?

McLuhan: You might well inquire. No one believes these factors have any effect whatever on our human reactions. It's like the old days when people played around with radium. They painted watch dials and licked the brushes. They didn't believe radium could affect people.

—Many readers have been shocked and confused by what they consider "idiosyncratic" methods in your work. For example: a number of critics suggest that your books are repetitions and (in Dwight Macdonald's words) "ultimately boring."

McLuhan: Macdonald's is the kind of confusion that comes to the literary mind when confronted with a drilling operation. Repetition is really drilling. When I'm using a probe, I drill. You repeat naturally when you're drilling. But the levels are changing all the time. Macdonald thinks *that's* repetition. There is a complete unawareness of what is going on in the book. His remark that the book might have been an article reveals another fallacy of the literary mind—that the purpose of facts is for classification. The idea of using facts as probes—means of getting into new territories—is utterly alien to them. They use facts as classified data, as categories, as packages.

Literally, *Understanding Media* is a kit of tools for analysis and tools for perception. It is to *begin* an operation of discovery. It is not the completed work of discovery. It is intended for practical use. Most of my work in the media is like that of a safe-cracker. In the beginning I don't know what's inside. I just set myself down in front of the problem and begin to work. I grope, I probe, I listen, I test—until the tumblers fall and I'm in. That's the way I work with all these media.

Depth operations are natural to modern studies in all fields including psychiatry and metallurgy and structural analysis. In order to inspect any situation structurally you have to inspect it from all sides simultaneously, which is sort of a cubist gimmick. A structural approach to a medium means studying its total operation, the *milieu* that it creates—the environment that the telephone, or radio, or movies, or the motor car created. One would learn very little about the motor car by looking at it simply as a vehicle that carried people hither and thither. Without understanding the city changes, suburban creations, service changes—the environment it created—one would learn very little about the motor car. The car then has never really been studied structurally, as a form.

If you look at print not as a conveyor belt of data but as a structure somewhat different from the spoken word, somewhat different from manuscript culture, then you are at once in a world where you have to repeat yourself furiously in order to capture all facets simultaneously. The literary form is truly not adapted to simultaneity and structural awareness and this of course is inherent in the very first acts of writing in early times when a vast amount of human awareness was tossed out. Very little of the qualities of speech can be captured by written form, very little of nuance, very little of the drama and action of speech can be captured by written form whatever. But today, with the oscillograph, tape recorder, and various electronic devices, speech is being felt in depth and discovered in structural multifacetness for the first time in human history. So naturally any-

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body who has become vividly aware of the many, many structural facets of speech, when confronted with the literary form, is aghast at its impoverished character. It's very abstract—it has eliminated most language and speech from its medium. The moment you begin to look at speech as a structure you quickly understand why writing as a structure really cannot deal with much speech. The great poets, starting with Baudelaire and Rimbaud, were quite aware of this and began to substitute all sorts of new literary techniques as a way of capturing the multifacetness of speech. Symbolism discovered that in order to capture the live drama of speech you have to break up the sentence and break up language. That's what Symbolism means—it comes from the Greek—(*symbolein*)—to break things into bits and reassemble them into patterns. This was a monetary or economic configuration in the Greek world—break things into single bits and give them out to various parties in a transaction. Symbolism attempted to capture a much larger portion of human speech and language. Anybody who has to have a very thorough initiation into Symbolist art—both painterly and poetic—would not really be in a very good position to look at Gutenberg technology or its rivals in electronic circuitry.

Macdonald (and other literary critics)[4] have never thought for one minute about the book as a medium or a structure and how it related itself to other media as a structure, politically, verbally, and so on. It's not peculiar to Macdonald. It's true of the entire academic world, of the whole journalistic world. They have never studied any medium.

Are you an "enemy of the book"? Your relationship to the book as "form" appears somewhat ambivalent. Raymond Williams' comment that if one follows your argument—that print culture conditions our mind—then "paradoxically, if the book [The Gutenberg Galaxy] *works, it to some extent annihilates itself."*

McLuhan: It is customary in conventional literary circles to feel uneasy about the status of the book and of literacy in our society. Macdonald and others, heaven knows, are 19th-, not 20th-century minds. Therefore anybody who looks at it in a kind of clinical spirit is regarded as hostile, and an enemy of the book.

My own motivation in studying all media began with my commitment to literature as a profession and I quickly became aware that literature had a great many enemies. (They are all of our own making. We have created them.) I discovered that the enemies of literature needed very careful scrutiny and study if the literary man was to manage to extricate himself from this new jungle. So the literary people, I became aware, were so uneasy about the surround of enemies that any attention given to literature as such was considered unfortunate and (as Macdonald says) "gloomy." And it's a past subjunctive. Any attention to the book is regarded as unfriendly because it is felt that the book will not bear scrutiny any more. Now, in the same way, any attention to new media which are in the ascendant, whose gradient is climbing rapidly, is considered as an act of optimism. Anybody who would direct intellectual attention to a new medium must be an optimist because the rear-view look of the 19th-century mind in contemplating literature is essentially a pessimistic one. That's why I say "past subjunctive." There are only two cases, you see, in classifying one's relation to almost anything in merely literary terms—you are either "for" or "against." It's as simple as that. So if you write about the book you must be against it, because the book is declining in terms of its overall cultural role. If you write about new media in the ascendant, you must be in favour of them. Such is the Western devotion to facts that the mere stating of any case is considered a hostile act. The idea of stating without approval or disapproval is alien to the literary man who finds classification indispensable for order. Now there is an alternative to classification and that is exploration. This doesn't easily register with 19th-century minds. Most 19th-century minds are helpless in discussing contemporary forms. They have never acquired the verbal means of grappling with a pictorial world. Macdonald, as a film critic, has no verbal strategies for even coping with the movies, let alone more subtle or more recent forms, like radio or television.

Classification, for the literary man, is the be-all and end-all of observations. That's why Macdonald attempts to classify me. In the medical world, classification is a form of dismissal. If the doctor says it's measles, that's it, it's over with. The rest is just routine. But classification is not the beginning of the study of a problem—it's the end. For me any of these little gestures I make are all tentative probes. That's why I feel free to make them sound as outrageous or extreme as possible. Until you make it extreme, the probe is not very efficient. Probes, to be effective, must have this edge, strength, pressure. Of course they *sound* very

[4] "He has looted all culture, from cave paintings to *Mad* magazine, for fragments to shore up against the ruin of his system." *Dwight Macdonald.*

"He is a belated Whitman singing the body electric with Thomas Edison as accompanist." *Harold Rosenberg.*

"It is perhaps typical of very creative minds that they hit very large nails not quite on the head." *Kenneth E. Boulding.*

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dogmatic. That doesn't mean you are committed to them. You may toss them away.

I'm perfectly prepared to scrap any statement I ever made about any subject once I find that it isn't getting me into the problem. I have no devotion to any of my probes as if they were sacred opinions. I have no proprietary interest in my ideas and no pride of authorship as such. You have to push any idea to an extreme, you have to probe. Exaggeration, in the sense of hyperbole, is a major artistic device in all modes of art. No painter, no musician ever did anything without extreme exaggeration of a form or a mode until he had exaggerated those qualities that interested him. Wyndham Lewis said that "Art is the expression of a colossal preference" for certain forms of rhythm, colour, pigmentation, and structure. The artist exaggerates fiercely in order to register this preference in some material. You can't build a building without huge exaggeration or preference for a certain kind of space.

This question of repetition bothers them most because they are looking for values or a "point of view." Now, values, in so far as they register a preference for a particular kind of effect or quality, are a highly contentious and debatable area in every field of discourse. Nobody, in the 20th century, has ever come up with any meaningful definition or discussion of "value." It doesn't work any longer in economics, let alone humanistic affairs. It is rather fatuous to insist upon values if you are not prepared to understand how they got there and by what they are now being undermined. The mere moralistic expression of approval or disapproval, preference or detestation, is currently being used in our world as a substitute for observation and a substitute for study. People hope that if they scream loudly enough about "values" then others will mistake them for serious, sensitive souls who have higher and nobler perceptions than ordinary people. Otherwise, why would they be screaming? Anybody who spends his time screaming about values in our modern world is not a serious character. You might as well start screaming about a house that's burning down. To start announcing your own preferences for old values when your world is collapsing and everything is changing at a furious pitch—this is not the act of a serious person. It is frivolous, fatuous. If you were to knock on the door of one of these critics and say "Sir, there are flames leaping out of your door, your house is burning," under these conditions he will then say to you: "That's a very interesting point of view. I personally couldn't disagree with you more." That's what all these critics are saying. Their house is burning and they're saying "Don't you have any sense of values?—simply telling people about fire when you should be thinking about the serious content, the noble works of the mind? . . ." Value is irrelevant.

—George Steiner has claimed that you have "much to tell us about Freud and Marx." Have they influenced you at all?

McLuhan: Only in the way that any literary person has been influenced by Freud or Marx. I've read them and used them to make discoveries of my own. For example, Freud's *Interpretation of Dreams* reveals the amazing power that all people have in their dream life of invention and poetic discovery; that the most ordinary person in his dream life is a tremendous poet. Most Freudians are concerned with the subject-matter of this poetry. That never interested me. I was always fascinated by the amazing ingenuity, symmetry, and inventiveness of the dreamer. We all have these tremendous unused powers which we use surreptitiously. We are afraid to use them in our waking lives. Except the artist. The artist uses in his waking life the powers an ordinary person would use in his dream life. The creative man has his dream life while awake. This is the meaning of the title *Finnegans Wake*—mankind is approaching that state of dreaming wide awake. Come Marconi as environment, dream life became art form. The old romantic dream becomes art form.

Marx was looking in the rear-view mirror of Adam Smith. Marx's statement should have been: If you want to change the world, you have to understand it. Freud's notion of ever increasing repression is simply a remark on the ever increasing visuality, blue-printing of society. Electronic conditions provided a release from that visuality.

Your insistence on not having a "point of view," of not taking a moral position—on, say, the content of television—has brought you a great deal of criticism.

McLuhan: Many people would rather be villains than nitwits. It occurs to me that moral vehemence may provide *ersatz* dignity for our normal moronic behaviour. It would be possible to extend my media analysis to include the idea that the normal human condition, when faced with innovation, is that of the brainwashed idiot who tries to introduce the painfully learned responses from one situation into new situations where they apply not at all. The reason that I refrain in the book[5] from pointing out this obvious moral is owing to the discovery, represented by the book itself, that this helpless and

[5] *Understanding Media: The Extensions of Man* (1964).

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witless condition of persistent irrelevance of response is unnecessary at the first moment that we recognise this pattern of response and its causes. It is this discovery that fills me with optimism. The moralist has instinctively translated my forward-looking discovery into backward-looking misanthropy.

Moral bitterness is a basic technique for endowing the idiot with dignity. Guilt and remorse are retrospective by definition and exempt the guilty party from any redeeming act of expiation or creative renewal. Guilt and remorse are forms of despair and sloth. Any charge of non-moral fervour with regard to my work merely points to my own effort to protect reader and critic from the rage and indignation which they have richly earned. For many years I have observed that the moralist typically substitutes anger for perception. He hopes that many people will mistake his irritation for insight. Is this not one of the great attractions of Marxism? While lacking all insight into the processes with which it is concerned, it yet provides an intensely dramatic role for the corporate expression of dissatisfactions that elude the understanding.

I want observations, not agreement. And my own observation of our almost overwhelming cultural gradient toward the primitive—or the involvement of all the senses—is attended by complete personal distaste and dissatisfaction. I have no liking for it.

Since however, this new cultural gradient is the world—the milieu in which I must live and which prepares the students which I must teach—I have every motive to understand its constituents, components, and operations. I move around in these elements (as I hope any scientist would) through a world of disease and stress and misery. If a doctor or surgeon or scientist were to become personally agitated about any phenomenon whatever, he would be finished as an explorer or observer. The need to retain an attitude of complete clinical detachment is only necessary for survival in this kind of work.

—It is not an expression of approval or a point of view or outlook?

McLuhan: No, it's a strategy of survival. Anybody who enters this kind of work with strong feelings of approval or disapproval—19th-century style point-of-view, fixed-positions, "from where I'm sitting I would say that this is an abomination and degradation of all human values," etc.—anybody who enters any situation in our time with any such commitments has completely polished himself off the scene as an observer. He's had it. So our literary fraternities—19th-century liberals if you like—are completely helpless to even approach the material of their own culture. They are so terrified, so revolted, they don't even know how to get near it and they've never bothered to acquire the means of studying up or of observing it. This so-called primitivism—and it is so fatuous in our time, so uncritical, one of the more ridiculous aspects of Picasso, if you like—is a form of surfboarding: just riding any old wave that happens to be around. That is why we have suddenly abandoned it in favour of *camp* which is a new artistic attitude toward our own junkyard. The sudden resolve to tackle our own junkyard as art work is a hopeful indication that we are prepared, after all, to look at the environment as that which is capable of formulation, patterning, shaping. It still lacks the awareness of what effects environments have upon us. They still seem to imagine that you can take it or leave it. You know the old literate attitude toward advertising in the 1930s: "Personally, I can take it or leave it. I'm just not interested in it." These are the helpless victims of all advertising, these people who think that merely by subjecting themselves to it without taking an interest in it they can be immune. The idea of immunity from environments, and environments created by media—so long as one concentrates upon noble content—is a cherished illusion in literary circles. I heard a "Tom Swiftie" the other day—"Don't talk to me of icebergs," said the captain of the *Titanic* sanctimoniously. The literary professions are somewhat in that position. There are many who imagine that we can disregard these forms and their operations on human sensibilities.

Similarly, there are those who feel they can expose themselves to a hideous urban environment so long as they feel they are in a state of literary grace, as it were; that the forms of life are not in themselves communicative; that only classified data register in our apparatus. People would never dream of valuing their daily experiences in terms of what they happen to see or hear that day. They only do this with media like print or radio or television. As to the much more environmental and pervasive forms that assail their eyes and ears all day long—these are invisible. It was only in the 19th century that artists, painters, and poets began to notice that it was the environmental form itself, as humanly constituted, that really provided people with the models of perception that governed their thoughts. The literary people still cherish the idea that we can fight off the sensory models imposed on our sensorium by environment, by content, by the classifiable part of the environment. It's somewhat the predicament that Malraux sees in his Museum Without Walls. As long as you can see art inside a museum you can, as it were, protect it from all sorts of vulgarity. What happens when photo-engraving and

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various new technologies make it possible to have far more art *outside* walls of museums than *inside*? How do you maintain taste and artistic standards when you can vulgarise the greatest art with an environment? These are the problems assailing the literary world but have never been looked into by literary people, journalists and reviewers.

As a person committed to literature and the literary tradition, I have studied these new environments which threaten to dissolve the whole of literary modality, the whole traditions of literary achievement, and I don't think that these are merely threats to classifiable literary values and can be fended off by staunch moralism or lively indignation. We have to discover new patterns of action, new strategies of survival.

This is where William Burroughs comes in with his *Naked Lunch*. When we invent a new technology, we become cannibals. We eat ourselves alive since these technologies are merely extensions of ourselves. The new environment shaped by electric technology is a cannibalistic one that eats people. To survive one must study the habits of cannibals.

You have been accused of having a philistine enthusiasm for devices, the machines of civilisation. The corollary of this charge, of course, being that you are indifferent to man. Christopher Ricks,[6] *among others, questions your definition of Work. In* Understanding Media *you said: "What the 19th century had delegated to servants and housemaids, we now do for ourselves." Switching on a washing machine and actually scrubbing are not considered similar in terms of "work."*

McLuhan: Ricks doesn't consider that his wife's devotion to that electric washing machine is a meaningful substitution for the "navvy" or washerwoman of the 19th century. He assigns her cheerfully to the role of charwoman and feels himself quite superior to the whole operation. Electric media, for example, create learning for everybody instead of assigning it to specialists. They create an environment of knowledge. Just as work becomes diffused through the total population with electric devices, so does learning. Where learning before had been locked up in little citational cells and classified slots, under electric conditions, all that had been previously cherished, precious, erudite now becomes general, mass-oriented, diffuse—environments. What had previously been the content of a select environment becomes an environment itself. Work becomes an environment. Knowledge and learning become an environment of toil. That is the future work of mankind—just processing the data of the electronic environment. "Labour-saving" is a 19th-century concept of work. Jacques Ellul says that the 20th-century child works harder than any child in human history. What is he working at? Just data-processing.

Elizabeth Hardwick told me that in New England toilet-training was abandoned upon the discovery of the electric washing machine. Moral responsibility was shifted to the washing machine.

—Frank Kermode quoted a letter of yours to the effect that the Gutenberg Galaxy *might have been expressed as an ideogram and that you are very much concerned with your own problems of communication.*[7]

McLuhan: The idea that the *Galaxy* might have been presented as an ideogram is true. That's the very form it *is* in. It could also be expressed as a Happening. The word "Galaxy" really expresses the simultaneous interplay of factors that are not directly connected at all. It is this pattern of interplay that is both the essence of the electronic speed-up and also the antithesis of the old mechanical connectedness which passed for rationality for centuries.

Literary quotations in the *Galaxy* are not intended as footnotes, as part of my argument. They are there as heuristic probes. I could substitute for any one of those quotes twenty or thirty other citations.

The mosaic is a world of intervals in which maximal energy is transferred across the gaps. This is the "massage" effect. The *Gutenberg Galaxy* is a world in which energy is generated in the intervals, not by the connections. And the massage—the shaping, the twisting, the bending of the whole human environment by the technology—the reconditioning of the entire human environment by this technology—is a violent process, and, like all new technologies, often revolting, as well as revolutionary. That is why Joyce calls them "thunders." All revolutionary events are nauseating.

I personally find very little joy in the effects of media. The only satisfaction I derive is learning how they operate. This is cool, in that it is at once involvement and detachment.

—Do you like the TV personalities you study?

McLuhan: I use Jack Paar or any successful practitioner of a particular medium. I use them as probes. I'm concerned with Paar's content because that belongs to the old medium. Movies used the gramophone. Books used old manuscripts. This is inevitable. The fact that any new medium must use the old medium as content

[6] "The style is a viscous fog, through which loom stumbling metaphors." *Christopher Ricks.*

[7] "McLuhan substitutes the printing press for *Genesis,* and the dissociation of sensibility for the Fall." *Frank Kermode.*

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does not raise the factor of values at all. Questions of value should have been raised when that content was new. We do not measure the success or meaning of any particular day of our lives by the things we have said or seen. The actual use of our faculties day by day is never considered. But we do consider it a great advantage to be able to use our eyes and ears. This is the way we use media—as extensions. Therefore it doesn't matter what's on; what matters is that we have use of our faculties. I'm quite prepared to live the life of Confucius or Plato, day in, day out, in my conversations.

I don't think the critics are serious, and I don't think they're honest. They don't insist on high standards in the daily life in the use of their faculties. Only when they see it in some old medium does the question arise. Anyone who tried to value painting by the subject matter would be in a very poor position.

Years ago, before I wrote the *Bride*, I had a moralistic approach to all environmental facts: I abominated machinery, cities, everything except the most Rousseauistic. Gradually, I became aware of how useless this was and I discovered that 20th-century artists had a different approach and I adopted it.

—When an admirer called him "a poet," Freud considered the judgment harmful in that it took away from his scientific intent. One critic suggests that you are not literary critic, sociologist, historian, or whatever, but, simply, a poet.

McLuhan: All poets have to probe to discover anything. In our world, there is so much to discover.

—Can methodological lapses be excused in the name of poetic and/or artistic licence?

McLuhan: Our sensory modes are constituents, not classifications. I am simply identifying modes of experience.

We need new perceptions to cope. Our technologies are generations ahead of our thinking. If you even begin to think about these new technologies you appear as a poet because you are dealing with the present as the future. That is my technique. Most people look back for security. Much greater perceptions and energies are needed than simply mine in the world in which we exist. Better developed talents are needed. James Joyce had these talents in a much more refined state. Joyce had a complete ecology of man-made environments which these critics should have read and studied long ago.

—Are you ever disturbed by the harsh critical responses your work excites?

McLuhan: Even Hercules had to clean the Augean stables—but once!

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Diagram of Marlow

Marlow high up your High Street
I crouched: to my right
West Street where school was Spittal Street where she
waited to my left.
Not knowing
from which side
I had dawned
down your High
Street I danced
out through the
perilous
arched
bridge to
where I am.
Marlow you gave birth to me.

Keith Bosley

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THEATRE

Moments of French Civilisation

By John Weightman

THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE, being a national theatre of some three hundred years standing, is a sort of living museum of French dramatic art. The understanding is that, at any moment, you can go along to the Palais Royal, Salle Richelieu, past the pretty, bulbous street lamps and the dyspeptic statue of Alfred de Musset, and there, in "*la Maison de Molière*" (which, however, was not set up until after his death) see a representative collection of traditional masterpieces, plus an occasional contemporary work that is deemed worthy to figure in the same context. The Palais Royal part of what is now called "Le Théâtre de France" is, on the whole, the guardian of past values; the Salle de l'Odéon, the other wing of Le Théâtre de France, has, for the last few years, been entrusted to Jean-Louis Barrault and his company and presents a more adventurous programme which, in recent months, has even included the anarchic and scatological lyricism of Jean Genet. This nice arrangement allows the French official theatre to be at once exploratory and conservative. But it was not the exploratory branch which opened the present World Theatre Season at the Aldwych. Instead of the ultimate frenzies of Genet's *Les Paravents*, which might have been the French offering, we had the Palais Royal company in three old stagers—Corneille's *Le Cid*, Marivaux's *Le Jeu de l'Amour et du Hasard* and Feydeau's *Feu la Mère de Madame*—representing three very different crystallisations of French culture: the heroic extremism of the early 17th century, the patterned psychological delicacy of the early 18th, and the broad, unashamedly vulgar farce of *la belle époque*.

There can be no doubt which was the best performance. The actors were completely at home in the Feydeau, rather less so in the Marivaux, and much less so again in *Le Cid*, in spite of the fact that, over the centuries, the latter play has probably been the most frequently performed of all French classical works. The explanation of this apparent anomaly is, I think, not far to seek. It is very difficult indeed for modern Frenchmen to strike the note of airy, aristocratic bitter-sweetness appropriate to Marivaux, or to recapture the mood in which *Le Cid* was written in such a way as to deliver the lines with absolute conviction. Paradoxically enough, I began to wonder if a long-established State Theatre is, after all, the best guardian of certain theatrical values. Such a theatre is a kind of branch of the Civil Service and therefore, by definition, bourgeois, and it gradually creates its own mentality which is not necessarily the same as that of all the playwrights it is meant to serve—especially when a great social revolution yawns between present and past. As I watched the Corneille and the Marivaux with some misgivings, I began to ask myself why the performances of the Comédie Française are so uneven. I have never seen a bad performance of Molière at the Palais Royal; on the contrary, I have seen several memorably good ones. But Molière has the peculiarity of being a great commonsensical genius—a super Labiche or Feydeau—almost immediately accessible to the bourgeois mind, and his darker implications can be unconsciously assimilated without upsetting the norms of rational perception. It is quite a different matter with Corneille and Racine, who both operate well outside the range of average commonsense, among concepts of Honour and Guilt and Damnation, or with Marivaux, who produces a sort of psychological soufflé, which can go soggy through a wrong intonation or too heavy a gesture. These three writers were essentially bourgeois in origin too —almost as much as Molière—but they differ from him in that they are bourgeois artists dealing with non-commonsensical, aristocratic values. This apparently bothers the Comédie Française so, in playing Corneille, they adopt various tones ranging from the tragic to the comic and, in Marivaux, they emphasise the element of farce. I am, in fact, accusing them

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of abandoning the grand manner in their approach to these masterpieces of the *Ancien Régime*. It is surely wrong to encourage the audience to laugh at Corneille or to ham the funnier bits of Marivaux. There was a lot that was good in these two performances, but both seemed to fall considerably short of perfect resuscitation of the period feel. Some modern critics reject Corneille altogether; others find Marivaux tedious; but this does not mean that the Comédie Française should temper its performances in deference to modern taste or to its own inherent doubts about these authors. Its function is to do its best for the mad monomania of Corneille's heroes or Marivaux's feathery, yet steely elegance.

LE CID is built on a curious three-cornered equilibrium between aristocratic valour, courtly love, and respect for the monarchical principle. Such an equilibrium was perhaps only possible in the mind of an educated bourgeois at that point in history when absolute monarchy was about to be finally imposed by Louis XIV on an outwardly aristocratic society. Corneille reflects the French situation by adapting Spanish legend. The action springs from the feudal rivalry between Don Diègue, formerly the greatest warrior of Spain, who has just been appointed tutor to the King's son, and Don Gomez, a younger man and his successor as the national champion. Filled with jealous rage, Don Gomez insults Don Diègue publicly and shames him by striking the sword from his hand. Don Diègue's as yet untried son, Rodrigue, at once challenges Don Gomez to a duel, as honour demands, and kills him. But Rodrigue is also the perfect noble lover, pledged to Chimène, Don Gomez' daughter. She could not continue to love Rodrigue, had he not done the honourable thing, yet custom requires that she revenge her father by demanding Rodrigue's death. He vies with her in abnegation by offering her his sword and asking her to kill him, since, if she wishes him to die, he cannot as a perfect lover have any desire to stay alive. This duel of fine sentiments produces a touching tangle and some beautiful lines. The King naturally wishes to compromise, since he is unwilling to sacrifice his latest military genius. Meanwhile, the Moors attack the town and Rodrigue distinguishes himself so outstandingly that he wins the title of "the Cid." Still Chimène will not relent and asks for a champion, Don Sanche, to challenge Rodrigue. Hence a second touching exchange during which Rodrigue tells Chimène he will not put up a fight and Chimène frantically urges him to defend himself. When, after the duel, the defeated Don Sanche comes to offer his sword to Chimène on Rodrigue's instructions, she, mistakenly thinking Don Sanche the victor, bursts into violent laments and expressions of love for Rodrigue. This is the King's cue to override her objections and to announce that her marriage with Rodrigue will take place as soon as she is out of mourning for her father.

Corneille called the play "*une tragi-comédie*"; this does not mean a mixture of tragedy and comedy in the English sense, but merely a serious drama in which the protagonists do not die at the end, as they do in tragedy proper. However, although Mme Claude Winter played Chimène on a tragic, and perhaps rather too plaintive, note right through, her dogged insistence on her filial duty began to seem funny to the audience before the end, and M. Maurice Escande emphasised this tendency by playing the King with humorous shruggings of the shoulders and exasperated rollings of the eyes. It is true that the King is in a delicate situation, since he has to proclaim his absolute power, while at the same time depending on the national strong-arm man, so that he is in danger of sounding a little like a Labour Prime Minister trying to arbitrate between warring Trade Union Leaders. Possibly the play is rather defective in this respect; the Infanta is in love with Rodrigue and stifles her passion heroically because he is not of royal blood, but since the foundation of the absolute royal authority is not shown, one might expect the Cid, as the strong man in a power situation, to take over. If he does not do so, this is because Corneille is clearly wedded to two diametrically opposed principles: self-assertive and self-sacrificing heroism (characteristic of the rebellious aristocrats of the Fronde) and the acceptance of centralised authority (organised by Richelieu—who, however, did not like the play, perhaps because it seemed a better illustration of the first principle—and confirmed by Louis XIV). Psychologically, Corneille wants both to eat his cake and have it; he is trying to reconcile the convenience of national order with the excitements of heroic extremism. It follows that the King, although shrewd, must never lose his dignity; it is appropriate that Rodrigue should be young and boisterous, as he was here, but he mustn't become too much of a boy scout; and, above all, Chimène hasn't to be turned into a figure of fun, or all the pathos of the first part is destroyed in retrospect. Only if absolute seriousness is maintained throughout does the poetry of the remote sentiments come across with the correct harshness.

BY THE 18TH CENTURY, feudal rivalries had faded into the background and the vital part of litera-

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ture was largely concerned with class differences and personal tussles. *Le Jeu de l'Amour et du Hasard*, which is almost exactly a century younger than *Le Cid*, is a comedy about the conflict between pride and love in a rather vague, pastoral upper class, whose money may be bourgeois but whose manners are aristocratic. Sylvia disguises herself as her chambermaid to study the character of Dorante, her intended husband; he has had the same idea and has swapped places with his servant. The word "*hasard*" in the title is superfluous, since the obvious happens: Sylvia and Dorante, while believing each other to be servants, fall in love, because each recognises the innate distinction of the other. The beauty of the play lies mainly in the skill with which Marivaux analyses the twists and turns of the female character, as Sylvia gradually comes to accept the humiliating fact of being in love with an underling, and then, when Dorante confesses his identity, gets her own back by forcing him to propose on bended knee, while still thinking her a servant. The servants, meanwhile, have also fallen in love, and both entertain a dream of fortune from which they are, in the end, rudely awakened. In a sense, then, the play is cruel and reactionary, since it presents class differences as an inherent part of human nature, visible through any disguise. A supposedly objective test appears to confirm the social prejudice according to which breeding always tells. But we know from some of Marivaux' other plays and his novels that he did not hold this simple view. He occasionally makes the servant more intelligent and distinguished than the master, and all the interesting parts of this play could have been much the same, psychologically, had Dorante really been a servant. He is not, because Marivaux is choosing to treat as a comedy the theme that Strindberg, in *Miss Julie*, was to turn into a tragedy. Marivaux signals all the time to the audience that he is respecting a convention without necessarily believing in it, but there is no reason why this should be allowed to make the play any softer or less subtle. The two principals acquitted themselves well, and M. Jacques Toja, as Dorante, gave a particularly refined performance, It is a pity that M. Escande, as Sylvia's father, was again too ponderously bourgeois and that the servants were allowed to commit errors of taste much grosser than those indicated in the text.

SKIP ANOTHER century and a half and, with Feydeau, we slump into a world of farce where delicacy of sentiment is assumed to be non-existent. Although I can see that Feydeau is an excellent technician, I do not share the present French and English craze for his longer, and almost totally mechanical farces, such as *Le Dindon* or *La Puce à l'oreille*, and I thought Noël Coward's recent T.V. version of *Occupe-toi d'Amélie* an all-time low. But *Feu la Mère de Madame*, a one-acter that can be taken satirically, has something of the density of Labiche. It is a very rich idea to have a typically sordid little bourgeois, with dim, artistic longings, coming back from the Arts Ball dressed as Louis XIV and, while still wearing the august costume, being subjected to the humiliations of belly-ache, a conjugal wrangle, and the false hope of an inheritance. Whereas, in the longer farces, the soullessness is accepted without a qualm and exploited automatically to the last gasp, here it could be interpreted as a lamentable failure to rise to any higher level, as if Feydeau were not simply illustrating the coarseness of early twentieth-century bourgeois society without fully understanding it, but were actually making a wry comment on it. How much of this implication is actually in the text, I don't know. Perhaps a good deal of the effect was due to a truly excellent performance by M. Jacques Charron, who staggered back and forth in a stupor of alcohol and unintelligence, beautifully poised between the pathetic and the preposterous.

Poem

They giggle me,
The young denim legged men
Who swagger.
Reaching for Colts
With smooth and glossy gesture,
They extract boiled sweets
And with smooth and glossy gesture,
Suck them.

Lindy Murray

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NOTES & TOPICS

A Talk with Milovan Djilas

By H. J. Stehle

HE LIVES with his wife and son in a flat in Palmoticeva Street in Belgrade; the name on the letter-box in Latin characters and on the door in Cyrillic characters is Milovan Djilas. Fourteen years ago he was one of the four most powerful men in Jugoslavia, a Vice-President, a Minister, and a member of the Politburo. In 1956 this passionate and romantically revolutionary Montenegrin criticised the "New Class" of the Communist hierarchy; in 1961 he published his *Conversations with Stalin*; and he has served three terms in gaol, before the war as a Communist and later as a critic of Communism. He was released after spending five years in prison on 1st January this year.

Djilas is now completing a translation of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and freely receives visitors in his Belgrade home. He is fifty-six, and his years in prison have aged him. Sitting opposite me on the sofa in his sitting-room and facing a reproduction of the *Mona Lisa* on the wall, he spoke slowly and deliberately in a deep, somewhat tired voice.

Our conversation was tape-recorded and my first questions—about the future of Socialism and Communism and the prospects of reform—he answered without hesitation. Socialism in his view was not a precisely defined, concrete form of society, but rather a process of transformation of old social forms into new and freer ones—in East and West alike. It was a very slow process.

—But what does Socialism really mean today?

DJILAS: No one can explain exactly what Socialism, or even Communism, is. All these things are nowadays undergoing a process of transformation, and the definition depends, not only on the differences between countries, but also on different philosophical assumptions. Socialism is concerned with obtaining more freedom and more justice, particularly in the economic field.

—But according to Leninist principles Socialism is always associated with the question of power.

DJILAS: Yes, to Leninists Socialism is inconceivable without particular forms of power. But that concept is out of date. Even in Communist countries there are now serious theorists who think differently on that question, though their political standpoint differs from mine.

—What are the chief points on which you differ from them?

DJILAS: I am opposed to the monolithic, uniform, Leninist or Stalinist type of party. That is the essential difference. I am for an open type of Marxism, and I am against dialectics. I am a materialist in the sense in which Marxists are materialists, but I am not a dialectical materialist. I believe that nowadays there is something reactionary about dialectics.

—By that do you mean dialectics as a method of thought or a method of government?

DJILAS: Dialectics are useful only as a method of discussion—in the ancient Greek sense. There can be no dialectics peculiar to reality itself, for life and the universe have so many different aspects, are so complex, so full of different processes, that any rule, whether dialectical or not, is inadequate to grasp reality. The tree of life is always green, and all theory is grey.

—Do you mean that one of the chief difficulties of Socialism is the conflict between theory and reality?

DJILAS: Yes, all ideologies are undergoing a process of disintegration—in the West as well as in the East. But I believe that at the same time we find ourselves confronted with the beginnings of a process towards world unification. It is taking place to the accompaniment of disputes, conflicts, and even battles, but that is inevitable. But we are also living in an age in which new ideologies still unknown to us are being formed.

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Djilas:–

"I HAVE NEVER FELT *so much at peace with myself and with the outside world as during my last four years and eight months in prison. I was never more reconciled with prison life, with serving my sentence to the end. I was aggressive and provocative in 1956 and I was asking to be imprisoned. But in 1961 it was different; I did not intend my book as a challenge. It was merely an account of things already known and published. But when I withdrew publication, I could not go back. My freedom as an individual and my dignity were at stake....*

"When I was first arrested I was sent to the Central Prison in Belgrade. It was a ghostly place for me. I slept in a room big enough for 25 people, but there was just my bed there in the middle of it. Later I was allowed in the courtyard when the other prisoners were not there. It was small, surrounded by walls five stories high so you could see only a small bit of sky. I walked around and looked up at the five rows of windows, very regular and empty, and suddenly the thought came to me: the imperfect society. When I write a book about my ideas, that is what I will call it: The Imperfect Society. That is the ideal: imperfect, normal, with free development, with conflicts and troubles....

"My ideas are not so black and white as before. Even The New Class*—I find something dogmatic about it. When I wrote it I had a vision of people fighting with banners and helmets to eliminate the evils that had grown up here and to restore a perfect society....*

"I visited New York briefly in 1949, but that was not really seeing anything. I do remember, though, being disturbed by the thoughts of why, in that highly industrialised country with tens of millions of workers, there were no Communists. I don't really remember New York, but I do remember the intellectual pain of that idea....

"THOSE ARE THE *manuscripts [pointing to two large plastic bags filled with toilet paper] of my two new novels. When I was in jail I had to write on toilet paper because I couldn't get anything else. Both novels are historical works, dealing with the divisions and conflicts between Christians and Moslems in Montenegro, my home province.*

"I am under a sentence which forbids me to express my views through mass media. But I think that the Jugoslav authorities will not forbid me to publish these novels abroad. I have made an official application for such an authorisation. I am now waiting for the answer. I have also applied for a passport. I hope they will grant me the right to leave the country. This is my country, my home, and I shall certainly return after I travel....

"The longer novel, Bridges and Worlds, *is only in first draft. Its theme is a massacre of Moslems in Montenegro in 1923, which I remember as a boy. My own father participated in the massacre, and I always asked him: Why? How could you? He never could explain. He would only say, 'We didn't know what we were doing; we were crazed.' The 'worlds' of the title are the small communities which tie men together by clan, language, religion, and secular belief. The 'bridges'—to the rest of humanity —are what make civilisation....*

"What brought and held the different Jugoslav nationalities together was the common fear of foreign aggression or imperialism—the Turkish and Hapsburg Empires in the first place, then Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy—later for a while Stalin's Russia. But now there are no such threats; nobody has any designs on this country. It is only natural that the Slovenes, the Croats, the Macedonians and so on are seeking to affirm their own identity and cultural independence. If Togo can be a state of its own, they ask, why not us? The problem, of course, is to reconcile this natural urge for diversity and individuality with the inevitable unification of Europe which is just as natural and necessary....

"We live in a world tending to unify, but we are only now at the beginning stage. More and more men understand that one ideology cannot explain everything. The different ideologies and systems are in the process of getting closer to each other. Socialism is liberalising, capitalism is socialising. This is one of the greatest events of our time. Even China will change. The Chinese are trying to find their way, and it is good that there are differences between China and Russia. It permits more ideological discussion and it reduces the danger of war....

"FORM IS LESS *important than content. For me freedom matters more than state forms....*

"I am not advocating a return to capitalism —that would be senseless. But there could be much more room for private energy and initiative, for individuals, groups, co-operatives, companies independent of the state and the Communist Party. Why should the state, for example, have to own hotels and restaurants?...

"Perhaps I am a dogmatist, dogmatically opposed to all dogmas....

"FOR ME, *power is not a problem, it is not important. For me it is important to put forth my ideas, to write my books, to wait and not to capitulate....I have never been afraid of expressing my views, and I am not afraid of going to jail again. I am* not *convinced that I shall win. But I* am *convinced that I will continue to say openly what I think....*

"You know, if it should ever happen that I were called to power again, I wouldn't stay long—I would do what had to be done and then go. When I was in power before, I was never really comfortable with it, and I don't think I ever could be....

"I need time to take in all the changes. One thing is certain, however. I shall not lead a life of isolation and anonymity in exchange for prison life...."

FROM RECENT INTERVIEWS

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All religions, for instance, are in a state of change and disintegration....

—You were still active in politics here in Jugoslavia when conflict arose between religion, the Catholic Church, and the State. What do you think about that now?

DJILAS: As an intellectual I am quite convinced that man will always have religion and that a-religious mankind is inconceivable. I myself am a-religious. I am an atheist, but this atheism, this materialism, of mine is itself a form of faith. The great mass of humanity will always be religious. Here in Jugoslavia the question of religion is not very acute at the present time, but in the future it will be, for the democratisation of society will give the problem more prominence in men's minds.

—By that do you mean religion as a factor in public life? Do you foresee new conflicts?

DJILAS: No, I do not believe that it will come to conflicts, nor do I believe that the Church will play a great public role. But the problem will arise of greater freedom for religious thought—in a philosophical sense. There is no awareness of this as yet. The Church in Jugoslavia is for now concerned only with practical matters of existence—money, the building of churches, etc.

—Would you call the future social order that you envision "socialist"?

DJILAS: Of course, without reservation. I am a more convinced socialist than ever, but not in a dogmatic sense.

—But what is the real difference between what you call "Socialism" and what we call "Social Democracy"?

DJILAS: To me the problem lies in transforming the Communist society of the present day into a democratic-socialist society. Social Democrats are faced with a different problem. In the West they have political freedom, and their problem is that of changing a capitalist society into a socialist society which is perhaps similar to that which I have in mind, though naturally the methods and naturally also some of the philosophical viewpoints are different.

—Do you believe that Social Democracy is therefore more pragmatic or opportunist?

DJILAS: I, too, am an opportunist in this society, I am pragmatic. I am not for revolutionary changes in Communism. That is not necessary, because Communist society can change in peaceful, democratic fashion.

—What do you think of the present changes and reforms in Jugoslavia?

DJILAS: The ideas are good, but there is a certain disharmony between the reforming tendencies and political life. It is almost like the classical Marxist conflict between basis and superstructure. Economic life is advancing more rapidly than political organisation, or the political superstructure of society. Reform cannot therefore be successful quickly, but only in the long term. We live in a mixed economy, with state, collective, and private property, but economic policy goes on as if only the Socialist sector of the economy existed. Agriculture, for instance, is private, but too little interest is taken in the millions of people active in it. The peasants should enjoy freedom in trade and in co-operative organisation, and they should also have more land. Ten hectares is not enough. And in the field of workers' self-government, the workers should be given a much bigger interest in production.... My own ideas on that point are not yet quite clear. I should be in favour of giving more power to managers and greater rights to trade unions. Self-management by workers cannot be a substitute for democracy. I am by no means opposed to workers' councils; in a period of transition to greater freedom they can be very useful. I do not believe that an opposition party should now be organised in Jugoslavia—no, the democratic forces must work inside the Communist movement and not against it.

—Your views are in total conflict with what is now being proclaimed in China as the ideal model of Socialism and Communism. Do you believe that this Chinese challenge could promote the democratic reform of European Communism?

DJILAS: The question cannot be stated like that. China is completely different. I do not believe there is real chaos; that is merely the impression it makes on us. An internal struggle for power is taking place there, just like that which took place in the Soviet Union in the 1930s under Stalin. But China will not go Stalinist, because there will always be more religious elements in Chinese Communism. In the struggle for power Mao will remain successful, and so China will become a real world power, a process which no one can stop. I believe that China has both a moral and a historical right to that....

—Is it not also dangerous?

DJILAS: No, I do not believe that China is as aggressive as its propaganda. Above all, I do not foresee military conflict. The world is developing towards unity, and that includes China.

—Do you, then, see a solution to the ideological conflict with China?

DJILAS: It is still a family conflict, but in the next fifty years so much will change that the

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family conflict will cease. China will go its own way, and the East European countries, including the Soviet Union, will change in so many ways that the conflict will lose in importance.

—Do you believe that Soviet policy in Europe will also change?

DJILAS: I believe that the speculation of some West German politicians that they could make use of the conflict between China and the Soviet Union is unreal. The German problem will be solved earlier than that conflict, and it will be solved peacefully. West German policy towards East Germany is too narrow and dogmatic. All dogmas, including the East German dogmas, are only strong in times of conflict; when relations are normal and humane, they change, and in such conditions dogmas could disappear....

—In your country, too, there has been a movement away from dogma. When you look back now, how do you see your own development?

DJILAS: I came from the revolutionary movement, but at the same time I never lost the moral sense—even when I did something wrong. When I look back on my life I see a certain logic running through it. To those who do not know me this may be hard to understand. I was once on the Left, and even on the left of the Communist movement. I now have quite different views, but there is a line running through my life nevertheless. When I look back there is nothing essential that I should like to have been different. I was a revolutionary. In Jugoslavia that was inevitable, and it was inevitable in my life too. I should not be what I am today if I did not have that experience behind me.

—Is that not a kind of "dialectic"?

DJILAS: Yes, but not in the Hegelian sense. There are so many other elements: human, psychological, education, family, my Montenegrin origin. When I look back I see in my life not only Marxism, but also Jugoslav popular literature and my own ancestors' struggle with the Turks against injustice and poverty. When I was still a Marxist I did not believe that these factors influenced me, but now I see that they did.

—In your past there were also friends with whom you fought and later also shared power. Can you imagine that you might one day co-operate with them again?

DJILAS: Perhaps with some of them, politically. But there can be no return to the intimacy of the past. We might loyally work together politically, in a compromise....

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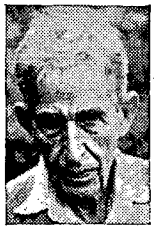

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Ardrey on Human Nature

Animals, Nations, Imperatives — By GEOFFREY GORER

ALMOST without question, Robert Ardrey is today the most influential writer in English dealing with the innate or instinctive attributes of human nature, and the most skilled populariser of the findings of paleo-anthropologists, ethologists, and biological experimenters. As a populariser, he covers some of the same material as, for example, Arthur Koestler. He is a skilled writer, with a lively command of English prose, a pretty turn of wit, and a dramatist's skill in exposition; he is also a good reporter, with the reporter's eye for the significant detail, the striking visual impression. He has taken a look at nearly all the current work in Africa of paleo-anthropologists and ethologists; time and again, a couple of his paragraphs can make vivid a site, such as the Olduvai Gorge, which has been merely a name in a hundred articles. His wide readership has been earned, at least in part, by his mastery of the writer's crafts.

His first, almost accidental, encounter with Africa was, he tells us, as a journalist. His two books on scientific themes are largely autobiographical, a fact which is emphasised in the sub-title of each: *African Genesis* (1961) is subtitled "A Personal Investigation into the Animal Origins and Nature of Man"; and *The Territorial Imperative* (1967)[1]—"A Personal Inquiry into the Animal Origins of Property and Nations." It would not be unfair to say that he is conducting his adult education in public. In the course of the two books he tells us a good deal about himself.

He was born in Chicago's South Side in 1908, his family being of Scottish origin. He was educated in Chicago, apparently taking some course in social science under Professor Ogburn; he graduated during the depression, and for a short time earned his living as a lecturer in anthropology at the Chicago World Fair and as a self-described statistician; these were his only contacts with the social sciences for twenty years. He became a playwright who was esteemed, if not markedly successful, was awarded a Guggenheim fellowship, and then moved to Hollywood as a professional script-writer. Apart from World War II, when he was in an overseas branch of the Office of War Information, this work continued until 1954. He then became unemployed, his new Broadway play was a flop, and he was engaged by the editor of *The Reporter* to do a series of articles on Africa, particularly the Mau Mau rising. Almost by accident, he was asked to interview the Australian-born South African paleo-anthropologist, Raymond Dart.

In February 1955, Dart gave him a fossilised jawbone of *australopithecus* to hold; this experience became Ardrey's Road to Damascus. In a flash, it would seem, the orientation of his life was changed: his aim in life was no longer to entertain but to educate (in the first place, himself). He had felt immediate conviction of the correctness of Dart's interpretation of his australopithecine and associated fossils; and it became his mission to rescue Dart from the neglect and contumely which his unorthodox interpretations had gained from the academic world of paleo-anthropology. In this he has been markedly successful.

It is a typical sequel to conversion that the convert feels compelled to share his illumination with the benighted; and Ardrey writes with much the same conviction of having achieved access to deeper truths as do converts to the older established religions or to Marxism or psycho-analysis or "psychedelic" drugs; it is this feeling of urgency which helps give Ardrey's books their compulsive readability. But, although the convert feels that he is completely changed, he brings to his new life his old habits and skills. Ardrey was a dramatist; and one of the characteristics of the majority of dramatists is to put a very great load of significance on to a few symbols or metaphors, a far greater load than they would bear outside the

[1] Collins, 36s.

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condensation of a play. Nearly all my criticism of Ardrey's ideas derives from his tendency to overload symbols and metaphors, to use the same phrases in a very wide variety of contexts and with very different significants.

As far as I can check, Ardrey is a first-class conscientious reporter. He looks and listens and notes with care and precision; he is extremely diligent in his reading and research; and he does not distort his authorities beyond what is inevitable in any selection and condensation. One can question his selection of topics to emphasise or to ignore; but, to the best of my knowledge, he never ascribes to a scientist an observation or conclusion he has not made. He has read extremely widely in his selected topics of paleo-anthropology and ethology; even those familiar with most of the literature are likely to find descriptions of research they had hitherto ignored, particularly in *The Territorial Imperative*, with its bibliography of 245 items.

Unfortunately, Ardrey's diligence and research has so far stopped short at *homo sapiens*. His views on human behaviour are almost entirely impressionistic, embued with the sophistication of a cosmopolitan writer who reads news magazines. Like most dramatists he writes as though he had an intuitive insight into human motivation; and like most autobiographers he believes that he is a typical example of human nature, but more honest than most. He is reliable when he discusses *proconsul* or *australopithecus*, the birds and the bees, mice and monkeys, for he relies on expert authorities; when he discusses man he relies on himself.

The argument of both books is that we will arrive at a more rational understanding of contemporary man if we study man's instinctual endowment; and that this instinctual endowment can be learned from the study of the remains of pre-hominids and early hominids and the behaviour of other vertebrates. Our knowledge of human evolution and of animal behaviour has increased so enormously in the last thirty years that Ardrey is justified in writing of a "scientific revolution" and he has brought this knowledge to the attention of the literate English-speaking public as no other populariser has done. Konrad Lorenz has a large audience; but, like many another genius, he has paid relatively little attention to independent work done in his field.

Ardrey's moment of illumination came when Raymond Dart demonstrated to him that *australopithecus africanus*—one of the very early primates—had been a carnivorous predator who was bipedal and selected and used the

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humerus of one antelope and the mandible of another as weapons. In his 1953 paper, *The Predatory Transition from Ape to Man*, Dart had argued that the hominisation of the pre-hominids had been facilitated by the change, in one line of australopithecines, from a vegetarian to a flesh diet; the use of weapons had led to a bipedal stance, the development of the thumb, eventually the enlargement of the brain. In Ardrey's words:

> Far from the truth lay the antique assumption that man had fathered the weapon. The weapon, instead, had fathered man. The mightiest of predators had come about as the logical conclusion to an evolutionary transition. With his big brain and his stone handaxes, man annihilated a predecessor who fought only with bones. And if all human history from that date has turned on the development of superior weapons, then it is for very sound reason. It is for genetic necessity. We design and compete with our weapons as birds build distinctive nests.

This short quotation shows both the strength and weaknesses of Ardrey's methods. In the study of human evolution Dart's work was both novel and disturbing; it was almost completely neglected when Ardrey first wrote, and is still not universally accepted. It was valuable to bring this material to wider notice.

None of the later sentences is justified by the evidence. There is nothing to suggest that *australopithecus africanus* and *homo sapiens* were contemporaries, and that therefore the latter "annihilated" the former. The bones which *australopithecus* selected were implements for killing other species, not for killing co-specifics. Weapons, in human history, are entirely designed for killing co-specifics; in all societies of any technological complexity there is a distinction between implements for hunting and implements for war; rarely do the two overlap. Birds which build distinctive nests are of different species (or sub-species) and are not competing against one another; man is a single species.

Although Dart's material demands a most drastic revision of previously held views of human evolution and hominisation, it does not demand a revision of our views of human instinctual endowment even if, which is still unproven, *australopithecus africanus* were some day to be established as directly ancestral to *homo sapiens*. It has long been generally accepted that early man was a carnivorous predator who used hunting implements to kill other species for food; if pre-hominids did do the same, it does not make man any more, or any less, "a killer." This phrase, loaded with ambiguity, is a favourite of Ardrey's. All meat-eaters (scavengers appear to be only a partial exception) are "killers" of other species for their food; among the mammals there is no clear evidence for any species being "killers" of their co-specifics intentionally, other than rats and men.

Ardrey thinks that this new material demands a complete revision of human instinctual endowment, that it shows that man is instinctually a killer with an innate propensity for using weapons against his fellow-man; and, more reasonably, that the notions of Special Creation, or of Original Goodness, are now untenable. The final chapter of *African Genesis* is entitled "Children of Cain"[2] and argues that man has "an aggressive imperative" and cannot survive without war and the weapons of war. Organised warfare between states is, of course, a very modern human invention, subsequent to the neolithic revolution of about 10,000 years ago when the first nation-states were established; it is a source of considerable ambiguity to use the same term for the short skirmishes between a few people which typify primitive "war" and the wars between nation-states as we have known them in recent millennia.

BESIDES THE INFORMATION on paleo-anthropology and his deductions therefrom, Ardrey deals with many themes in *African Genesis* which he takes up again in greater detail in *The Territorial Imperative*; he also has one chapter, very richly illustrated, on status, dominance, and deference within animal societies. His deduction from this material is "that among all animal sources of human behaviour, the instinct for status may in the end prove the most important." To date, this assertion is not backed by any study of human behaviour; but it is interesting to note how Ardrey finds ethological justification for all the values of "rugged individualism."

THE TERRITORIAL IMPERATIVE is a much more important and thorough book; Ardrey is justified in his claim that this is the first book since 1920 to deal comprehensively with the concept of territory. He has drawn very widely on the scattered and copious literature. He defines his topic as follows:

> A territory is an area of space, whether of water or earth or air, which an animal or group of animals defends as an exclusive preserve. The word is also used to describe the inward com-

[2] This phrase is a typically misapplied cliché. If Ardrey had gone back to his sources (*Genesis*: 4) he would have found that Cain was a vegetarian, not a carnivore, and so, if you will, the descendant of *paranthropus*; Abel was the carnivorous descendant of *australopithecus africanus*; and Cain killed him because Jehovah preferred meat to vegetables. The mark of Cain was to prevent anyone else killing him; and there is nothing in the Bible to suggest that Cain ever killed a second time.

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> pulsion in animate beings to possess and defend such a space. A territorial species of animals, therefore, is one in which all the males, and sometimes females too, bear an inherent drive to gain and defend an exclusive property.

Under this definition, a majority of the vertebrate species so far studied and some invertebrate species are territorial animals; it is highly likely that some analogue to this instinct is also part of man's instinctual endowment. But territory is used by Ardrey, and by many of the ethologists he quotes, in a highly ambiguous fashion; it is a word of multiple meanings, which are seldom explicitly distinguished.

The word was first introduced into modern studies of animals by H. E. Howard, whose observations were based on British birds. Birds may have four types of territory: (*1*) the nest or breeding area, which is nearly universal; Ardrey quotes Howard as stating that a male with a mate and no territory is a natural impossibility. Territory (*2*) is an area surrounding the nest which will be defended against intrusion from male co-specifics. The song and bright plumage of the male are, quite probably, a warning to other males not to trespass; if trespass does occur, it is always succesfully repulsed. Territory (*2*) varies in its extent from species to species. Predators often have territory (*3*), an exclusive hunting area. Finally a few species, such as blackcock, ruffs, sage grouse, and bower birds have territory (*4*), a copulating area (the lek of the blackcock) where only those dominant males who have acquired a stamping ground are selected by the females for mates. This rare type of territory is also found among the Uganda Kob, a species of antelope; this was first observed and reported by Helmut K. Buechner; Ardrey visited the rutting areas (which he calls "arenas") and gives a vivid and fascinating account of them. Social mammals, including most of the anthropoids, have a variation of territory (*3*) in which the hunting or food-gathering area is shared and defended by more than one adult male and their mates and young.

While territories (*1*) and (*2*) are occupied and defended, the occupier can be considered the proprietor, and the territory its property. But this proprietorship differs in many ways from "private property" as understood in the modern world. It is not alienable or heritable and must be continuously defended or "earned." The data do not suggest that the territorial instinct is a natural validation of the ownership of transferable property by human beings. The demand for territory (*1*), a private breeding ground, does seem to be nearly a human universal; even those societies which have "long houses," or

Elizabethan Love Conventions

LU EMILY PEARSON

Although the main discussion of *Elizabethan Love Conventions* is concentrated on Shakespearean sonnets, to which one fourth of the book is devoted, Mrs Pearson comprehensively covers the development of love conventions in poetry up to this period. First published in 1933 and long out of print, the book traces the development of the theme through Chaucer's courts of love, Petrach and his followers, Wyatt and Surrey, Sir Philip Sidney and the Elizabethan sonnet cycles.

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J. M. SYNGE

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other types of extended-family dwellings, provide a private breeding area by means of walls or partitions. A society which fails to provide adequate breeding areas for the newly mated may well evoke deep instinctual feelings.

As far as social mammals are concerned, territory (*3*), the hunting and food-gathering territory, is almost always shared; rather than an analogue to private property, territory (*3*) is an analogue to common land, to socialised ownership.

Ardrey introduces two terms of his own to describe the spacing of territories (*1*) and (*2*) and the defence of territory (*3*) respectively. When breeding territories are close together, as in the breeding colonies of many seabirds, and the occupants of these territories spend more energy in mutual disputes, in inward-directed antagonism, rather than in defence of the colony's territories against other co-specifics, he uses the term *noyau*. He has taken this term from J.-J. Petter, who used it to describe the behaviour of one of the nocturnal species of lemur in Madagascar. It is quite a useful term for describing a fairly uncommon type of mammalian, and a fairly common type of avian, behaviour; but it is a metaphor of very doubtful validity when transferred to human beings. Some types of clique could perhaps be so described without stretching the analogy too far. But to write "Italy is a *noyau*. It is not a nation" tells us nothing about Italy, though something about Ardrey's preferences and prejudices.

"Nation" or "biological nation" is the other term which Ardrey has introduced to describe mammalian defence of territory (*3*).

> The biological nation, as I define it in this work, is a social group containing at least two mature males which holds as an exclusive possession a continuous area of space, which isolates itself from others of its kind through outward antagonism, and which through joint defence of its social territory achieves leadership, co-operation, and a capacity for concerted action. It does not matter too much whether such a nation be composed of twenty-five individuals or two hundred and fifty million.

There is no justification in any ethological writing, as far as I am aware (and Ardrey quotes none) for applying the term "nation" to any animal grouping; and since this is a word in common use with an accepted meaning,[3] to give it a private significance is treating words as Humpty Dumpty did ("When *I* use a word it means just what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less") and far from the responsible behaviour of a scientist or of a writer dealing with scientific subjects.[4] The confusion is compounded because on occasion (*e.g.*, p. 214) Ardrey uses "nation" and "society" as synonyms when discussing animals. He also transfers what he has learnt from ethologists about the defence of territory (*3*) by social animals to some contemporary nation-states without modification. This renders the three final chapters of *The Territorial Imperative* seriously misleading.

When he discusses the contemporary scene, Ardrey reserves the term "biological nation" for those states whose military conduct he approves of. The United States of America is of course the "biological nation" *par excellence* (he does not explain the appropriateness of the adjective to a nation of immigrants and immigrants' children); but Britain, Finland, Greece, and some other societies of Northern Europe also qualify. Italy, as we have seen, is a "*noyau* ... not a nation." "France, in the years between the wars had slipped, like Italy, to the status of a *noyau*, the society of inward antagonism which it yet, in all probability, remains." Black Africa has no nations: "none of the new states remotely resembled biological nations"; but white South Africa (pp. 315–17) is most emphatically a "biological nation." The one exception to the apparent generalisation that only white-skinned Protestant Nordics are capable of composing "biological nations" is that the same distinction is accorded to Israel; but the re-territorialisation of the Jews has made the "Jewish personality" disappear (pp. 307–12).

These three final chapters are so full of oversimplifications, questionable statements, omissions and plain inaccuracies that it would take a second comment as long as this to list and analyse them. Ardrey shows only the most superficial knowledge of contemporary events, practically no knowledge of the history of the old world or of contemporary sociology and social anthropology. His categories and preferences are bound to give comfort and provide ammunition for the radical Right, for the Birchites and Empire Loyalists and their analogues elsewhere; there is, however, no evidence to show that Ardrey himself holds or advocates any such political views. His dramatist's employment of ambiguous metaphors and

[3] The Shorter Oxford English dictionary gives the definition: "A distinct race of people, characterised by common descent, language or history usually organised as a separate political state and occupying a definite territory." It quotes as an obsolete meaning "A particular class, kind or race of persons or of animals."

[4] An analogy could perhaps be drawn between introducing a concept into a context where it does not belong and introducing a skull into a stratum where it does not belong, as happened at Piltdown.

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symbols has brought him to these ambiguous conclusions.

Ardrey has done a service to the literate English-reading public by making the novel findings of ethologists and biologists so vividly available. This service would have been far greater if he had confined himself to the animals, and omitted his views on *homo sapiens*. As it is, *The Territorial Imperative* demands a wrapper: "Handle carefully. Read with critical scepticism."

John Barth

Giles Goat-Boy. By JOHN BARTH. London: *Secker & Warburg*, 42s., New York: *Doubleday*, $6·95.

NEAR THE BEGINNING of *The Floating Opera*, John Barth's first novel (1956), hero and narrator Todd Andrews is seduced by his best friend's wife, with her husband's advice and consent. Todd celebrates this event by the elaboration of a scenario to govern relations among the three. Its twenty scenes (leaving aside variants and deviant denouements) fall into a tripartite pattern, thus: *Ante Coitum Felix*, *The Act*, *Post Coitum Triste*. This script is authorised by the triangular structure which has just been established—a structure both rigid and wobbly, banal and exciting, calling for script-making and assuring its undermining with predictable unpredictability.

Structure and script indeed exist, like all Barthian systems, for their internal contradictions, and contradictions are even more fun than systems. The uncertain triangle mirrors in the realm of personal relations the instability and gratuitousness of the narrative itself, which, in the manner of Beckett, Borges, or Nabokov, is self-defeating, not to say self-devouring, marked by a reluctance to recount coupled with a penchant for fabulation, set within the frame of a "plot" which we know from the outset to be false since its announced termination in suicide cannot have taken place: a plot which finds its metaphorical equivalent in Todd's massive Wittgensteinian *Inquiry*, whose propositions negate one another with great agility.

Todd Andrews confesses at some length his uncertainties about his first name, the resemblance of which to the German for death may or may not be symbolic (the doubled *d* making it possibly less, possibly more symbolic,

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since his story has to do with an *almost* death). Such involuted, paralysing, and diverting self-consciousness is given a systematic solution by Barth's second protagonist, the man who begins *End of the Road* (1958) with a simultaneous proferring and withdrawal of himself: "In a sense, I am Jacob Horner." The solution is Mythotherapy, a codification of role-playing and role-casting:

> Enough to say now that we are all casting-directors a great deal of the time, if not always, and he is wise who realises that his role-assigning is at best an arbitrary distortion of the actors' personalities; but he is wiser who sees in addition that this arbitrariness is probably inevitable....

Mythotherapy, calling for freedom and unmotivation in the momentary choice of self, is a system designed to elude system, to permit escape from the hard outlines of "character" and "personality." And when the inevitable Barthian triangle gets established, Mythotherapy locks in an almost Manichean struggle with "the beast *honesty*" sacrificed to by husband and wife, until both systems reach a similar degree of gratuitous playfulness and essential viciousness.

Todd Andrews' *Inquiry* and Jake Horner's Mythotherapy, their triangulated relationships and scripts, and their elaborate, deceptive lucidity about roles and characters, are examples of Barth's fascination with what mind can do to the world, and typical expressions of the intelligent, exhilarating play of which his own mind is capable. Barth is unusual among contemporary American and British novelists in that he *can* interest by the quality of his mind —a mind which revels in its considerable accomplishments and baroque inventions, which elaborates systems to savour their collapse, and maintains an intellectually demanding level of discourse. Barth demonstrates again and again his capacity to respond with vibrancy to those systems he is exploding, his ability to put to intelligent profit whatever mental structures or vocabulary he happens to be engaged with. Both *The Floating Opera* and *End of the Road* display a remarkable prodigality of wit in exploiting and perverting moral dogmas, philosophical constructs, and literary conventions. They are divertimenti which possess a gratifying intellectual toughness.

Characteristically, from his studies in Marxism Barth's first protagonist has retained only the theory of "nodal points," the moments when quantitative change becomes qualitative change: the obscure moments in human relations when one can say that something has snapped, when scripts become unmanageable and roles untenable. Such moments, where system destroys and transforms itself, interest Barth by their unpredictable ultimacy; they produce an irreducible human emotionalism in the midst of intellectual flux, and each of Barth's fictions moves with its own logic to such an arrest and transformation. In *The Floating Opera*, the nodal point is, in keeping with the whole narrative, a pleasant fraud; but in *End of the Road* it is a literary disaster. When personal relations pass a certain point of crisis, the dark comedy constricts into melodrama: Rennie Morgan, pregnant either by her husband or by Jake Horner, dies amid gore and vomit on an abortionist's table. This ending forces us into a direct, uncritical relation with a kind of flagrant emotion which the ironically dreadful narrative voice has invited us to eschew. We are suddenly asked to see things as counting for more than we think they should. The rhetoric becomes charged, but Jake Horner's voice goes flat, and while the violence of the ending may be in the logic of the characters' triangle, it painfully violates the intelligence which presides over the novel. *End of the Road* has no place for such effects; they end up giving it a strange and inappropriate moral-allegorical twist.

There is in fact in Barth a distinct aspiration towards the state of moral allegory, towards the realm in which life exists to be talked about conceptually, and where conceptualisation is no violation of the kind of representations one gives of life. One of the attractions of moral allegory is the inclusiveness and totality it allows. After the various rhetorical explosions and philosophical housewreckings of *The Floating Opera* and *End of the Road*, we reach eight hundred pages of pastiche Fielding in *The Sot-Weed Factor* (1960), which is posited on the discovery that the conventions of the 18th-century novel, its wanderings, coincidences, disguises, and intricate complications of plot, permit the creation of a universe whose internal relations are so elaborated that it provides its own cosmology, the terms for an internal dramatisation of anything one wants to talk about. As principal vehicle for his allegory, Barth has resurrected the most neglected of literary conventions, plot—plot seen as plots, schemes, conspiracies which mirror the complexity and elusiveness of history and that old bawd, Truth. Ebenezer Cooke, poet and virgin, strives to retain his physical and moral virginities amidst the machinations of pirates, redskins, missionaries, conspirators, whores, fugitive slaves, pederasts, sodomites, and, as the phrase is, a cast of thousands whose paths cross and recross in colonial Maryland. Preservation

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of virginity has, of course, disastrous results for all concerned: innocence is made to appear a rather vicious ignorance, and the poet finally comes to rest in the arms of the pox-ridden whore Joan Toast.

At its most admirable, this resurrection by its very strangeness guarantees Barth the freedom (from literary and moral conventions) that he sought in the earlier novels through irony, parody, and farce. The vast domain of the erotic, for example, which in all Barth's novels is handled with a notable freedom and enjoyment, is here joyfully exploited in a nearly exhaustive number of combinations. And Barth's prose has here become a truly remarkable instrument, rich and supple, a parody transcending parody, especially in the dialogues and the set-pieces (epic "Marylandiad," hudibrastic "Sot-Weed Factor," and Captain John Smith's *Secret Historie* of his deflowerings and sodomisings of salvage queenes) which Barth has sown with typical prodigality throughout his novel. There is a sumptuous generosity about *The Sot-Weed Factor* that tends to neutralise critical reaction. Yet the book bothers me by its insinuation of a 20th-century consciousness determined to show that it knows better, the display of a darker awareness of the world (a doubling of vision which I think also flawed Tony Richardson's *Tom Jones*, a recreation done in much the same spirit). Especially in its last chapters, *The Sot-Weed Factor* strives too hard for Significance, and this becomes a bore.

GILES GOAT-BOY is both massively inclusive and essentially moral in its concerns; it is in fact a *conte moral* raised to the epic dimension. It works from that genre's basic convention of the analogue, recreating the world as University, with its East and West Campuses, New Tammany, Nikolayan, T'ang, and Siegfried Colleges, its split between Informationalists and Student Unionists, with the resultant Boundary Dispute and Quiet Riot carried on by WESCAC and EASCAC, two giant computers which have programmed themselves to be independent of their creators, and threaten Studentdom with their EAT (Electroencephalic Amplification and Transmission) waves. The analogue is not supposed to be subtle, and Barth's tissue of allusions to contemporary figures and recent history needs no exegesis. The very blatantness of the analogue in fact disarms the exegetical reaction, and directs our attention to something more important, an allegorisation of history which frames contemporary political and social problems in intellectual terms—terms which no longer need take account of the complexity of the real, which

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assume rather a mental complexity and serve as counters in a discursive and emblematical morality play.

The script of the play is Messianic, and what it gives us—the bulk of *Giles Goat-Boy* between prefatory disclaimers and cover-letter, and terminal "Posttape," "Postscript to the Posttape," and "Footnote to the Postscript to the Posttape," devices again designed to free the narrative to exist in its own medium—is the Revised New Syllabus, a collation of the various stories of George prepared and read out by WESCAC. George, goat-boy, son of virgin Virginia Hector and WESCAC's GILES (Grand Tutorial Ideal, Laboratory Eugenical Specimen), raised on the goat farm by Max (Moishean refugee from Siegfried College who taught WESCAC how to EAT during Campus Riot II, then lapsed from favour for opposing extensions to WESCAC's power), is called by the sounding of a shophar to undergo Trials, descend into WESCAC's Belly and pass the Finals, to become a true Grand Tutor like Enos Enoch and to show Studentdom the way to Commencement Gate. This evangelical system is doubled and complicated with considerable other heroic business: echoes of *Odyssey, Aeneid, Divine Comedy* and grail legends, and a full-length pastiche of *Oedipus Tyrannus*, the story of Taliped Decanus, "The Dean who'll go to any length for answers."

Taliped Decanus is a lovely parody, not only of the Oedipus theme, but of the spirit and aesthetic premises of Greek tragedy, and hence of a pervasive Western attitude towards existence. It is typical of the way Barth has brought all the appurtenances of heroism and hero-work to bear on his story. The point of such heroico-evangelical machinery is precisely its value as script, for the reader and for the protagonist: the accumulated weight of analogy and allusion has the effect of making each of George's gestures exemplary, parabolic. George believes in his mission as the answering of riddles and the fulfilment of prophecies. He and Max become convinced that WESCAC is a sort of technological troll guarding the secret of the University; he must descend into its Belly and change its AIM (Automatic Implementation Mechanism), restore control of the University to Studentdom, and institute a new era. That this is all an ethical-absolutist assumption without any necessary correspondence to reality becomes progressively clear as George's two cycles of tutorial, based on two different interpretations of his Assignment, lead to opposite but equally absurd results, and two aborted crucifixions. But his third trip into WESCAC's Belly, this time with Anastasia, wife of the ruler of the infernal Powerhouse, brings a different kind of understanding. Coupled with Anastasia in the Belly, womb and Eden, "fell, commencèd place," he discovers "the seamless Campus" whole and clear in a vision of love, totality, and simplicity. His Manichean view of the University is no longer tenable. Ethical opposites can neither be affirmed nor denied, since they do not exist. WESCAC is no longer evil, or good, but simply a principle of non-differentiation, partaking of the dual nature of Studentdom itself. And when he leaves the Belly to face the "flunked realities" of life outside, George seems to recognise that Grand Tutorship is not a system, or even a career, but a state of being, a willingness to accept one's nature and the destiny it dictates. What makes Taliped Decanus heroic is not his ability to answer riddles, but the energetic acceptance of his need to do so. Like Enos Enoch, George takes upon himself the intellectual confusions of Studentdom, and looks forward to the day of his scapegoatery.

THE FINAL DESCENT into WESCAC's Belly, pulling on a skein of emotional and mythic associations created in the novel, is rendered with a beautiful directness and simplicity, and it is one of the most effective passages in the book. A great strength of *Giles Goat-Boy* is indeed the way it manages to discover robust simplicity through a maze of sophistication. The very metaphor of EATing, for instance, is typically Barthian and perfectly contrived, combining as it does the immediate and visceral with the pseudo-technical (Electroencephalic, etc.), which serves in fact to intensify the viscerality. WESCAC itself, the inviolable troll of Tower Hall which will EAT anyone who tries to alter its Diet tapes, is a wholly successful central emblem, assuming complex and changing meanings, and ultimately in itself both terrifying and rather lovable.

Yet in the domain of rhetoric—and hence finally emotionally—I don't think Barth can make his simplicity work. The rhetoric of affection, acceptance, and embrace which we get at the end seems to me to fail (quite in the manner of the final scene of *End of the Road*) because its language violates the critical intelligence to which the novel has trained us. To have Dr. Sear, the psychiatrist who enjoys viewing his wife's sexual aberrations through a fluoroscope, who is presented as a disciple of Taliped Decanus "committed and condemned to knowledge," at the end delight in the news that his wife has become pregnant, and die happy in the thought of his posterity, is simply not acceptable. To have George ask another character, "Do you really think your marriage can be saved?" is embarrassing, or worse, and yet it is evident that we are supposed to appreciate the direct sentimentality of the question and the

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noble reply it elicits. The simple truths may not in fact be simple, and this may be one of Barth's points; but he has got to find some way to keep them from sounding banal. He is more successful in his ceremonial resolution of the novel, when Max goes to the Shaft and George drives out the Anti-Giles Harold Bray. The ceremony is magnificently simple, dark, and ambiguous, successful because it is unrhetorical, because it reaches back to a preverbal realm of ritual gesture.

The failure I find again towards the end of *Giles Goat-Boy* would not be worth lamenting were the novel not a creation of scope and intelligence. Barth's lapses are painful because reading *Giles Goat-Boy* is mostly a constant challenge to mental agility and suppleness. The book is enormously ambitious, for its subject ultimately and inescapably is the whole question of moral heroism, its definitions, incarnations, and possibilities within the traditions of the Western sensibility. This hubristic enterprise shows off Barth's mind to its best advantage; he is subtle, erudite, quick, and very funny, and he has created an intricate imaginative structure which has a kind of forceful simplicity. Remarkably, *Giles Goat-Boy* comes close to achieving the importance it claims for itself.

Peter Brooks

Russia's February Revolution

By Hugh Seton-Watson

IN THE HALF CENTURY which has followed the collapse of the Imperial autocracy in Russia, a vast literature has accumulated on the causes, course, and consequences of the Russian Revolution. Documents, memoirs, commentaries, analyses, and propaganda have covered thousands of square miles of paper and absorbed countless gallons of ink. This present anniversary year will certainly speed up production. The first important contribution to appear in this country is Dr. George Katkov's study of the February Revolution, which reaches the reader almost exactly fifty years after the events which it describes.[1] It would be too much to hope that the bulk of the subsequent output will even distantly approach Dr. Katkov's level of scholarship, originality, or readability.

Two views of the Russian Revolution, which are rather widely known though not perhaps so widely accepted, may be briefly summarised at this point.

1. According to the first, the greatest event in human history is the Great October Socialist Revolution. All previous human history was but a preparation for this great event. For millennia past, the human race had been toiling and groaning to produce it. There was nothing fortuitous about it. The ineluctable progress of human social development led from the slave-owning to the feudal, the feudal to the capitalist, and the capitalist to the socialist society. The honour of inaugurating the first socialist society fell to the Russian working class, "the most revolutionary working class in history." Strangely enough, the reservation of this role to Russia was prophesied already in the leaflet *Young Russia*, written in 1862 by a 19-year-old student called Zaichnevsky, though he did not specifically mention industrial workers. Subsequently, however, Soviet historians, in their infinite wisdom, have discovered that already in the 1860s the Russian working class (it had barely come into existence) contained the immanent revolutionary virtue lacking in the working classes of England or other industrial countries, already doomed to corruption through infection with imperialism. (The Russian people, "as is well known," has always been free from imperialist sin.) Gifted with this revolutionary virtue, the Russian working class marched gloriously on, despite occasional setbacks. The February Revolution was the victory of the revolutionary masses. It has proved difficult to show that the Bolsheviks in Petrograd had much to do with it, but Soviet historians have made the most of such evidence as they could find. However, the February Revolution was only a preliminary stage. It was followed by the return of the great Lenin, and a resumption

[1] *Russia 1917: the February Revolution.* By GEORGE KATKOV. Longmans, 63s.

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MACMILLAN

of the glorious march forward, culminating in the Great October Socialist Revolution, which was at the same time the foreordained result of the ineluctable course of history and the unique achievement of the greatest genius the human race has produced.

2. According to the second version, the February Revolution was brought about by the collapse, under the stress of war, of a régime marked by an incompetence and political perversity which can hardly be equalled in history. The government had long ceased to possess the confidence of the public, the last remnants of its political authority had been worn away, and the point was reached when even the army would no longer obey orders. The machine simply ground to a standstill. This gave the true democrats their chance. Russian Liberals and Socialists, long excluded from power by a jealous Tsar, a half-sane Empress, and a corrupt bureaucracy, now had their finest hour. They seized the reins of power, proclaimed Russian democracy and looked forward to a glorious future. Of this however, they were deprived by the malice of their German enemies, the egoism of their Western Allies, and the treason of Lenin. The Bolsheviks perfidiously seized power, and trampled liberty in the dust.

Dr. Katkov accepts neither of these versions. He does not waste much time on Bolshevik theology: perhaps he will give us his views on this subject in the volume which he is preparing on the history of the Provisional Government. In this book his fire is directed against the spokesmen of the second view. In particular, he objects to the inadequacy of the view that the Imperial régime simply broke down. "The theory of 'spontaneity'," he writes, "only serves to cover up our ignorance."

Dr. Katkov has really given us two books in one cover. The first book is a series of essays which illuminate a large part of the background. The second book, nearly two hundred pages and slightly less than half this volume, is a detailed narrative of the February Revolution and the intelligent general reader could not ask for a better account of the events. In order to understand the background, however, he would have to go to other sources besides Dr. Katkov's first part. In particular, he would have to learn something about the military operations of the Russian Army and the functioning of the Russian war economy, subjects almost completely left out. The essays in the first part of the book are mainly of interest to the specialist.

The war of 1914 released all over Europe waves of patriotic hysteria whose peculiar flavour is characteristic of that period alone.

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(The mood was quite different in 1939.) One aspect of this hysteria was a pathological fear of enemy agents and a frantic search for scapegoats. Nowhere were these phenomena more striking than in Russia. The military disasters suffered by the Russian army in the summer of 1915 led to various outrages. The largest number of persons affected were the Jews in Galicia and Bukovina, Austrian territories occupied by the Russians. The Chief of Staff, General Yanushkevich, was a fanatical anti-Semite. He was responsible for the deportation of many thousands of Jewish families in horrible material conditions. Thousands of Jews, especially children, died of cold or hunger; those who survived were made to live in great hardship in the interior of the Empire. The Council of Ministers, especially the Minister of the Interior, Prince N. B. Shcherbatov, tried to improve their lot, but met with obstruction from the military authorities, and received little support from the Emperor. A lesser example of hysteria was the pogrom of German property in Moscow at the end of May 1915. Encouraged by the Governor-General, Prince Felix Yusupov, the mob sacked shops whose owners had foreign names. Another result of the search for scapegoats was the judicial murder of the gendarmerie colonel, S. N. Myasoyedov (whose fate is here compared with that of Vereshchagin, the unfortunate man lynched at the instigation of Count Rostopchin in 1812, a scene familiar to readers of *War and Peace*). Myasoyedov's guilt was so often baldly asserted by the Russian authorities that it was accepted by many historians of Russia, including the late Sir Bernard Pares. Yet, as Dr. Katkov shows, no serious evidence of Myasoyedov's treason has yet come to light. It is not surprising that, in this general climate of opinion, rumours should have been spread and believed that Rasputin, whose access to the Imperial family was widely known, was "a German spy," and that the German birth of the Empress herself should have been treated as a sign that she was engaged in treason. Dr. Katkov is no admirer of Rasputin, but he argues that his political influence over the Emperor was far smaller than has been asserted, and that there are no grounds for believing him to be connected with the Germans. He also tells the bizarre story of the quarrel between the Empress and Princess Zinaida Yusupova, wife of the Governor-General of Moscow and mother of the murderer of Rasputin.

But if Dr. Katkov finds no trace of German contacts with the Court, he has a good deal to say of German efforts to promote revolution in Russia. On this subject interesting documentary evidence has come to light in recent years, thanks to the efforts of Dr. Katkov himself and

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of Dr. Futrell and Dr. Zeman. One of the longest chapters of the book is devoted to this theme, and it takes the story beyond the February Revolution, until after Lenin's return to Russia. This account may be confidently recommended to those who are seriously interested in the truth, rather than in the protection of sacred cows. Dr. Katkov of course neither says nor believes that Lenin was a "German agent." Lenin was acting for his own aims. If he received aid from the Germans, he used it to deceive them no less than his other enemies. No serious historian suggests that Lenin was a tool of Ludendorff. However, serious historians do have to ask themselves whether German aid reached Lenin, or reached other revolutionary organisers in Russia, and whether this aid was on a sufficient scale to affect the events at a decisive moment. They must ask themselves whether, in the absence of German aid, events would have taken a different course. If the answer to this question is yes, then they are bound to say that German aid was one of the causes of the Revolution. Of course, Soviet historians cannot agree that the issues should be put in these terms. All persons admitted to have played a leading role in the Great October Socialist Revolution ("unpersons" like Trotsky may perhaps be excepted) must be shown to have behaved according to the strictest standards of bourgeois morality. In particular, Lenin himself must be represented as pure of any taint of sin. Moreover, in so far as February was a preliminary to the Great October Socialist Revolution, and in so far as the Bolsheviks claim to be the heirs to all militant working-class activity up to February, it too must be exempted from the slightest trace of German influence.

Undeterred by these quasi-theological considerations, Dr. Katkov has pursued his enquiry. He has uncovered an interesting story, well documented, but it must be admitted that the result of his studies is inconclusive. The leading figure in the story is Helphand-Parvus, who offered his services to the German government for bringing about a revolution in Russia, and who succeeded in transferring some money to Petrograd. It seems more likely than not that this German money had something to do with strike actions in Petrograd in January and February 1916, and in the Black Sea naval shipyards of Nikolaev in the former month. Dr. Katkov also provides information about several other strange characters—the Estonian exile Alexander Kesküla, the German press attaché in Copenhagen Fritz Cahén, and a Swiss Socialist who bore the marvellously appropriate name of Karl Moor. But the fact remains that there is no evidence of effective German influence on events in Russia between February 1916 and the February Revolution. This whole year's gap in the documentation seems highly suspicious to Dr. Katkov. He believes that evidence has been destroyed. He may well be right, but we cannot know. German instigation of the events of February 1917 is a hypothesis consistent with the facts, but it is not proved by the facts. Dr. Katkov cannot prove his case, and historians must wait with open minds until further evidence is discovered.

The narrative of the February Revolution brings the persons and scenes vividly before the reader's imagination. It begins with the strikes and street demonstrations. There is little sign of leadership by the political groups: of the various social democratic factions, the *Mezhrayonka* seems to have been the most closely involved. There are a few clashes with Cossacks, but the police snipers shooting on the workers from the roofs with machine-guns are shown to have been mythical. On the evening of 25 February (Old Style), the Tsar telegraphed to the general in command of Petrograd Military District to use force, but little came of it. On 27 February the first mutinies took place. Dr. Katkov gives details of the shooting of several officers, and shows how fear of punishment drew the soldiers deeper into rebellion. All this time the Council of Ministers was completely ineffective, and by the night of 27–28 February it had ceased to exist. Its last significant act was to prorogue the Duma until April, and this set the Duma politicians into feverish but confused activity.

By this time the military and civil machinery of government had disintegrated in the capital, but nothing had happened in other cities, and the army at the front was fully disciplined. Yet the collapse of Petrograd rapidly led to the collapse of the Monarchy. This appears to have been due to the confusion in the minds of the generals, the politicians and the Emperor him-

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self. Dr. Katkov closely examines the behaviour of Rodzyanko, the President of the Duma, in whom irresolution, fear, injured vanity, and deliberate deceit are difficult to distinguish. The Tsar made one attempt to suppress the mutiny: he sent General Ivanov to Petrograd to assume dictatorial powers. However, when he got to Tsarskoe Selo, the general received new orders from the Chief of Staff General Alekseyev, and then a telegraphic order from the Emperor to do nothing until he himself had arrived. The Emperor's train was then diverted to Pskov, the Headquarters of the Northern Front. Here he received messages from the army commanders urging him to comply with what were believed to be the wishes of the Petrograd politicians for a new government. The situation in the capital was however changing, and the Tsar preferred to abdicate rather than make political concessions. The story ends with the refusal of his brother, Grand Duke Michael, to accept the throne.

This bald summary does not do justice to the infinite complexity of the personal intrigues or the constitutional issues involved, not to mention the vagaries of the Russian railway network. All these things are unravelled with wonderful patience by Dr. Katkov, and if the reader still gets no clear picture, it is not the author's fault, but results from the inherent obscurity of the events. In the end, it seems to me that the traditional picture of the February Revolution as the running down of the government machine, planned by no one, is as near the truth as we can yet come. If Dr. Katkov does not like the word "spontaneous," as used by E. H. Carr, let him discard it. In so far as the passage quoted from Carr indicates a collective upsurge by a large multitude, this may be said to be contrary to the facts recounted to us by Dr. Katkov. As he says, there was no "disposition among the working masses for sustained and purposeful political action." What we see is the disintegration of the top levels of government, the inability at this level either to give or to carry out orders.

THE SEARCH FOR SOME driving force behind the Revolution has been unsuccessful. German influence is unproven. Evidence is given of a conspiratorial Masonic relationship between several prominent liberal or radical politicians, but it is not clear either what the conspirators wanted or whether they played any significant role as a group in the events of these days. We shall no doubt hear more of them in Dr. Katkov's forthcoming book, and must wish him success in his efforts to discover the secrets that are still jealously guarded by survivors. Evidence

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is also given of Guchkov's plot against the Tsar, but as this was anticipated by the events it did not much matter. At most, as Dr. Katkov himself notes, it contributed to the success of the mutinies by demoralising some of the officers beforehand.

Dr. Katkov frequently gives the benefit of the doubt to Nicholas II. It is arguable that the last Tsar has on balance been too harshly treated by historians. He is revealed as a more dignified figure than his opponents. There is something odious about the hysterical hostility of the politicians to him and his family, about the eagerness with which they spread every scandal and calumny available. Yet it must surely be admitted that the reign of Nicholas II was one long series of disasters. Implacably determined to make no change in the autocracy, and to take back any concessions he was forced to make, the Tsar repeatedly made enemies of those who could best have served him, and brought his dynasty and his country to ruin. The politicians exaggerated their own abilities, but can anyone seriously claim that Sturmer and Protopopov were better qualified to conduct the government of the Russian Empire than Milyukov and Guchkov, or even than Rodzyanko? The hysteria of the politicians is ugly, but it was Nicholas who had created it. Dr. Katkov argues that the history of the Soviet Union shows that "there was no foundation . . . for the belief that autocracy in Russia was obsolete, for autocracy persisted despite the revolution." Certainly the tradition of autocratic government has prevailed in Russia both before and since Nicholas II. Certainly the belief held by so many of our fathers and grandfathers, that parliamentary democracy is the natural form of government for all peoples, has had to be discarded. But both autocratic and democratic government need men capable of ruling, and an élite capable of sustaining the ruler. This Russia did not have under Nicholas, and it did have under Lenin and Stalin. The Imperial family and the narrow political class on which it depended were played out. They managed however to cling to power long enough to deny it to the potential new élite which had been formed by the social and educational development of Russia since 1861. These new men were imperfect. They too would have made mistakes if they had come to power. They might or might not have brought Russia through the dangers that faced her already at the beginning of the twentieth century. But they were not given a chance to make their own mistakes. Nicholas II made all the mistakes for them. He destroyed himself, his children, and his régime, but he also destroyed those who had tried to be his servants and then schemed to be his successors. He opened the gates to the Scythians.

The Gay Science

A History of Modern Criticism 1750–1950. Volume III: The Age of Transition. Volume IV: The Later Nineteenth Century. By René Wellek. *Cape*, 63s. and 100s.

Volumes I and II appeared in 1955. Mr. Wellek offers an apology for his delay. The offer is gracious but unnecessary. We know that he has been busy with other things, the work now collected in his *Concepts of Criticism*, the *Essays on Czech Literature*, and recently a volume of *Confrontations*. Even if we lacked these proofs of industry we would advert, as he does, to "the incredible bulk of critical writing in the 19th century," and sink our heads abashed. The new volumes are even wider in scope than the old, annexing America and Russia as countries of the critical mind. There is the same evidence of erudition, intelligence, concern. There is also evidence of great structural power. The new volumes are organised according to nationality: criticism in France, Italy, England, America, Germany, Russia, and Denmark (Georg Brandes the Great Dane). This arrangement permits Mr. Wellek to comment, however discreetly, upon the "dark side of literary nationalism": the exaggeration of national claims, the tedious arguments about the same questions, "the astonishingly decreased sense of community among the European nations in the later 19th century." It allows him also, surveying these caves of error, to hold things in place. There is, for instance, a particularly judicious account of Nietzsche, which would not have been possible without Mr. Wellek's "international perspective."

"Incredible bulk," Mr. Wellek says. Yes, indeed; but after Coleridge the quality of critical intelligence seems to fall off. We are waiting for the "trembling of the veil," but the veil never stirs. This is an exaggeration. The veil trembles in Baudelaire's essay on *Madame Bovary*, in Henry James' great *Prefaces*. But the reader of 19th-century criticism longs for more art, with less matter. Mr. Wellek is the most patient of scholars, but he is often irritated, it seems, by the fumbling critics, their gaucherie, playing games without learning the rules. When he writes of De Quincey, he implies that Thomas would have been protected against his worst excesses by taking a few decent courses at Yale. The trouble is that Mr. Wellek is right: the major figures in *The Age of Transition* are a bunch of amateurs. If you insist that criticism be professional, academic, and intellectually coherent, the 20th century is your period, France and America are your fields. Mr. Wellek says that in the 19th century the greatest critics after

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Coleridge are Taine, Baudelaire, De Sanctis, Nietzsche, Dilthey, and James. But none of these can vie with Mr. Wimsatt: that is, if criticism means what it means to Mr. Wellek.

The problem is that critics are not willing to write criticism. Or criticism is always flying off to become something else: autobiography (Sainte-Beuve), history (Carlyle), psychology (De Sanctis), philosophy (Mill), morality (Ruskin), sociology (Taine), theology (Dallas), propaganda (Brandes), philosophy of history (Nietzsche). Critics will not learn their trade. The easy way out is to let each man go his own way. If the mind is good enough, the way is likely to be vivid. Mr. Wellek is not willing to concede this. In the new volumes he describes the emergence of certain concepts of criticism in the 19th century. These are often notes toward the definition of taste, realism, form, tradition, truth, culture, style, value, and imagination. But Mr. Wellek thinks many of these notes are off the point, the science too gay by half. So the reader of the *History* must allow for Mr. Wellek's idea of criticism, unless it is identical with his own. It is not Everyman's idea.

IT IS NOT "practical criticism," for instance. Of course the critic will keep his eye on the poem, the verbal icon, the "structured object of linguistic signs." And he will maintain a working balance between the autonomy of the poem and its relation to nature, man, and society. But the theory's the thing, after all. Mr. Wellek says:

> Criticism aims at a theory of literature, at a formulation of criteria, and standards of description, classification, interpretation, and finally judgment. It is thus an intellectual discipline, a branch of knowledge, a rational pursuit. If we want to arrive at a coherent theory of literature, we must do what all other disciplines do: isolate our object, establish our subject matter, distinguish the study of literature from other related pursuits.

But the first point to make about 19th century critics is that many of them had no interest in arriving at a coherent theory of literature. Much of their criticism is "related pursuits." Mr. Wellek's book is really a history of theoretical criticism. If it finds the critics engaged in other activities, it disapproves and often scolds. Most critics are careless and random in the pursuit of theory, and their coherence is accidental. Vasconcelos is a greater critic than Johnson, if criticism aspires to a theory of literature. But if criticism is concerned with "poems" rather than "poetry," we read Johnson first. Mr. Wellek is so keen on criticism as a systematic body of knowledge that he is impatient with the amateur. The amateur is a drop-out. My own feeling is that most of the illuminating things in

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criticism have been said by fumbling poets, your truest amateurs. Mr. Wellek sometimes quotes an observation of this kind, but he does not rejoice in the impurity of a criticism which allows it. If an amateur says something good, it is merely beginner's luck. Much better to isolate your object, establish your subject matter.

One or two examples of delinquency. George Eliot's essay on Young (of *Night Thoughts*) is both confused and nasty, but I find it hard to deplore a piece so memorable; as in her reference to Young "excogitating epigrams or ecstatic soliloquies by the light of a candle fixed in a skull." James Russell Lowell writes of the sentimental poet: "He loves to think he suffers, and keeps a pet sorrow, a blue-devil familiar." Hazlitt (I quote from an impressed memory) on Crabbe: "He rivets attention by being tedious." The same on Cowper: "He writes with an air of precaution, as if he were afraid of being caught in the rain." On *Lyrical Ballads*: "It does not appear from these poems that men eat or drink, marry or are given in marriage." True, an activity is not justified by the brilliance of its malice, but a defence of criticism might well remark the plenitude of the error it accommodates. Mr. Wellek seems to say: get it right, or give it up. I would prefer to say: *etiam peccata.* In criticism many a *culpa* is *felix*. In the volumes at hand Mr. Wellek is a little hard, almost totalitarian, with his great fools. So he tends to overlook those occasions on which an amateur does something of real value. He does not mention Hallam's 1831 review of Tennyson, but it has been argued (and I agree with the arguers, Yeats and McLuhan) that it is a fundamental text in the elucidation of modern poetry. Even Henry James comes off poorly in Mr. Wellek's hands. Henry James is conceded to be "by far the best American critic of the 19th century," but his Prefaces "as a totality, judged as criticism, are disappointing"; they are "primarily reminiscences and commentaries and not criticism." The rough and ready answer is: if the Prefaces are not great criticism, so much the worse for criticism. But we know what Mr. Wellek means ("judged as criticism"), and we respect his meaning: he means "literary theory." The rhetorical aim of the *History* is to make theory the cause and end of criticism, and to fend off other claimants, those related pursuits, literary history, practical criticism, history of ideas, rhetoric, and linguistics.

Mr. Wellek does not argue the matter. He has already done so, notably in a chapter of *Concepts of Criticism*, where he examines the historical meanings of the term "criticism."

> I still believe in the distinction between "literary theory"—a term which seems to me preferable to "poetics" because it definitely includes the prose forms and renounces prescription implied in the old term—and "literary criticism" in the more narrow sense as the study of concrete works of literature with emphasis on their evaluation.

As he shows, this distinction is not welcomed in English, French, or Italian usage. "But let us try," he says, "to keep the meaningful distinction between 'theory,' concerned with principles, categories, devices, etc., and 'criticism' as a discussion of concrete works of literature, whenever there seems any reason to draw attention to this distinction." Indeed, he implies that the title of his own *History of Modern Criticism* was forced upon him by Continental usage and that he accepts it most reluctantly. He should not have allowed himself to be intimidated. His book is, in fact, a *History of Literary Theory*, and it should be so called.

It is very much an American book, incidentally. English criticism is a more casual affair, takes more for granted, trusts to luck and temper. An English critic is guided by hunches. His best work is one part theory to nine parts practice. To what theory does William Empson aspire? An American critic is much more exacting in definition and theory. It is not sufficient for his purposes that a statement is interesting and true; it must exhibit a strenuous connection with other truths, and the interest is deemed to consist in the whole relation. So the American critic is happy in discussion of organic form, the Concrete Universal, "irony as a principle of structure," metaphor, the definition of imaginative unity. I am not sure that these concerns are always fruitful, though I am regularly impressed by the mastery disclosed along the line. Sometimes there is evidence of that separation of reality and mind which Lionel Trilling complained of in *The Liberal Imagination*. Meanwhile it is clear that courses in aesthetics and literary theory are given and taken far more seriously in American than in English universities. The achievements of modern American criticism are remarkable, and they would be impossible without a profound care for fundamental issues. But I can only accept the fact that for American critics a fundamental issue often takes the form of definition and theory. I am sluggish in these concerns. I get more from *Notes and Queries* than from the *Journal of Aesthetics and Art Criticism*. Of Mr. Wimsatt's *The Verbal Icon* I recall with deepest satisfaction two brilliant chapters on Pope, but the twelve or thirteen chapters on literary theory do not sing to me. R. S. Crane has been a leading theorist among the neo-Aristotelian critics at Chicago, but to me his most valuable work is his research in 18th-century literature.

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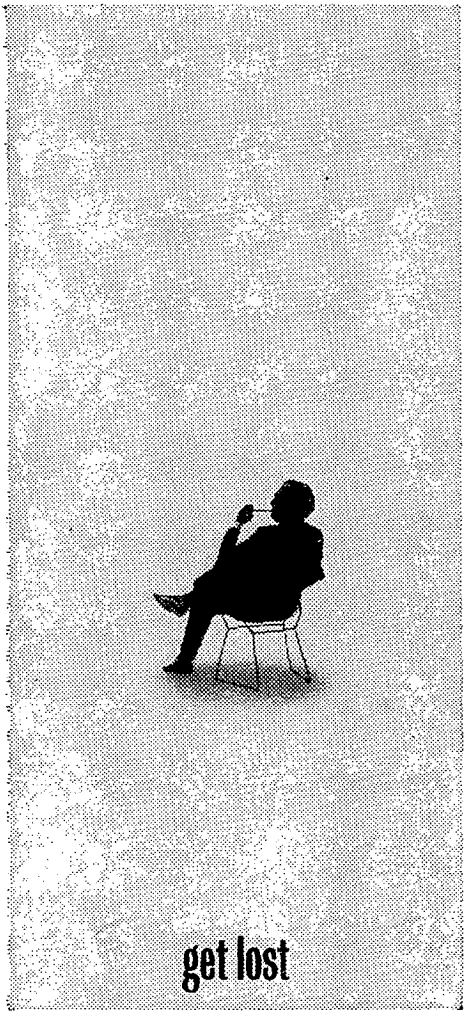

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I digress; but only to indicate a special problem in Mr. Wellek's *History*. It goes somewhat like this. Criticism aspires to a theory of literature. The most erudite and accomplished theorists are our own modern critics, the professional men in the universities. Therefore it follows as night the day that Truth resides in them; hence in "us." Mr. Wellek spurns the ideal of a neutral History, and indeed he is right. But he implies that 19th-century criticism is interesting and important because it leads to 20th-century criticism, and only then; setting up our exhilarating problems. So the old critics who get high marks are those who anticipate the terms of 20th-century discussion; like Brunetière, who has the merit of thinking in modern idiom:

> Though Brunetière's biological analogy is not convincing, he has seen a problem that is still with us and that surely must again become a central preoccupation of any future history of literature conceived as an art, changing in the course of history.

Mr. Wellek also implies that with all our faults we have most of the answers. Or at least we know the real, permanent questions. We have found out the issues that are relevant; we know a blind alley when we see one. We also know where the poets stand. James admired Stevenson, but we know that Stevenson is a minor figure. We have taken Poe's measure, so we know how seriously Baudelaire and Mallarmé overrated him. When the old critics ramble on with talk of form and content, we are sure they err. Tolstoy formulated an affective theory of art in which "all emphasis is put on three elements: the sincerity of the artist, the emotional effect of the writing, and the truth, the honesty, of his reproduction of reality." But he ignored the poem as a well-wrought urn, and he had nothing to say of the creative imagination. So he has little to say to us.

I MAKE THESE REMARKS because Mr. Wellek's *History* is now moving toward its last Volume with intimations of a corresponding climax. He is to engage the criticism of the present century. And even if all roads lead to New Haven or Toronto I hope he will find an honourable place for the quirky mavericks of criticism who have said true things without benefit of theory. It is difficult to write a fair History because it is impossible. The maverick refutes the herd. I recall in Renato Poggioli's ***The Phoenix and the Spider*** some fifty pages on Rozanov which made the *Solitaria* sound an entrancing book. So I kept a look out for Rozanov in Mr. Wellek's account of the Russians, and found him squeezed into three lines. This is probably inevitable, given the majestic range of Mr. Wellek's *History*. The weakest have a bad time in any professional story. But what I miss in Mr. Wellek's book is a care for the underground man, the man in solitary pursuit of true judgment. If this marginal figure is a critic rather than a theorist, and if he is not a full Professor, he is likely to be ignored. Mr. Wellek has a powerful mind, enormous learning, and an unequivocal voice. It is good to hear him defending Zola and De Sanctis, citing just cause. But he often speaks like the March of Time and occasionally like the Voice of Doom as he directs the weakest to the wall.

This is to ask (an inordinate request) that Mr. Wellek, who has already excelled other historians of literary theory, should now excel himself.

Denis Donoghue

The Face

There are two Helens;
One is a citadel of impassive beauty
Whose smooth walls
Paris found he could scale as easily
As a fly climbs glass
(The feat seems impossible to the fly
Until he tries it)

The other is Helen.

Paul Merchant

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AUTHORS & CRITICS

The Ways of Sociology

By Edward Shils

THE EXPANSION of sociology in the British universities in the past decade is a notable event. So is the deference with which sociology is now mentioned among those who have no professional stake in it. The arguments against sociology have faded away; the arguments were never very impressive, for they usually showed only the scantiest acquaintance with the subject. One argument, which used to be fairly common, asserted that sociologists wrote poorly and pretentiously; that, too, has faded in recent years—but not, I think, because the sociological style has improved. The poor literary style of a considerable number of sociologists is a fact but not an important one and the failing voices of their latter-day critics among the custodians of the horned gate make it even less pressing. The critique of the sociological style becomes more interesting when it is looked at in the larger context of the growth of sociology as an intellectual activity and its position in the world. Mr. W. G. Runciman has attempted to do just this and his rather original approach ["Sociologese," ENCOUNTER, December 1965] merits comment.

Sociology is a fairly new subject in universities. It began as an academic subject at the end of the last century in the United States, mainly in the Middle West; it got under way as a research subject only about fifty years ago, and then only at Chicago and Columbia. The years following the First World War, the Great Depression, the German emigration, and the Second World War were the background of its brief history. As an intensely and continuously cultivated discipline, it really dates back only about thirty years. Over these three decades, there has been a tremendous increase in the volume of sociological research, a substantial improvement in its quality, and an unencompassable flood of books, monographs, and journal articles. Nearly all of this is the work of academic sociologists—those who teach and do research in universities or who have been trained in universities as sociologists. Sociology today is still mainly a sort of internal laundry system in which sociologists take in each other's washing. Not entirely so, however, for as sociology expands, it reaches into almost every sphere of government, commerce, industry, education, etc. It has also begun to exercise considerable influence on political studies and historiography (the three issues of *The Times Literary Supplement* of 7 April, 28 July and 8 September 1966 devoted to "New Ways in History" attest to this influence). Sociology enjoys a welcome mainly for the information which it provides, but its outlook or way of looking at things is also increasingly accepted. Its theories and concepts as well as its statistical descriptions and case studies have an audience among non-sociologists, and even its terminology leaves its heavy tracks among the laity.

THE GROWTH OF SOCIOLOGY is an internal intellectual growth—more intimate description, greater accuracy, extension into more spheres of life, and deeper permeation of the facts by what might be called a generalised theoretical outlook. This internal growth is paralleled by an expansion into the management of extra-academic organisations and by the enlargement of its audience beyond the growing number of students who study it and the teachers and research workers who read it in the line of their professional duties.

Alongside academic sociology there are distinguished scholars and writers who do sociology without the label, who create their own sociology outside sociology departments. Mr. Runciman mentions Professors E. R. Dodds and H. L. A. Hart; one can add the names of Professor Richard Hoggart, Mr. Kenneth Burke, Professor M. M. Postan, Mr. Peter Laslett, and Dr. Eric Hobsbawm, among many others. There have been such sociologists for centuries before the academic existence of sociology—the great Virgilian forerunners of sociology—Aristotle (in the *Politics*, the *Nichomachean Ethics*, and the *Rhetoric*), Ibn Khaldun, Montesquieu, Tocqueville, Marx, Fustel de Coulanges. More recently there have been Marc Bloch, M. I. Rostovtzeff, Henri Pirenne, Lewis Namier. A few of these older Virgils, like Marx and Tocqueville, have been assimilated into academic sociology, but most of them still await a more ecumenical attitude and action.

PROFOUND AND ORIGINAL though these unordained sociologists are, the tradition from which sociology is now growing (as Mr. Runciman acknowledges) is its own internal one. It is the sociology of professors of sociology —the sociology of Professors Parsons, Lazarsfeld, Aron, Merton, Lipset, Janowitz, Dahrendorf, Crozier, Eisenstadt, and many others, mainly American, but increasingly including British, French, German, Italian, Scandinavian, Polish and Dutch scholars—who nurture their own succession. It is an expanding empire, which cuts across national boundaries; its heterogeneous subject-matter becomes more unified, its progress more continuous.

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Mr. Runciman would not, I think, if I construe his brief indications correctly, quite agree with this. He seems to think that as sociology becomes more precise and better founded in evidence, it gives up or otherwise loses its better developed offspring. Within the academic world, it yields them to new fields, disciplines which give no sign of their parentage. The new fields, in their maturity, become separated from sociology, and acquire some other name. According to Mr. Runciman, the sociology which bore them receives no credit for them; it receives only the discredit for miscarriages. Struggling at the sink and in the nursery, it retains at home only the ill-formed and the backward. He mentions as instances of the fully formed which have grown up and separated themselves into other academic disciplines, economics and political science, demography and criminology. He cites no instances of a like loss to the general non-academic culture.

The truth about the relationship of the subjects mentioned by Mr. Runciman to academic sociology is, however, practically the opposite of what he says. None of them has originated in academic sociology. The relations between academic sociology and these subjects are many, but whatever they are, they do not include parentage. In every country, economics has preceded sociology as an established academic subject; political science, coming from the study of law, administration, and "fiscal science," has also preceded sociology as an academic subject in most places, and whatever its merits or vices, it had until recently received very little inspiration from sociology. Demography is often taught in sociology departments, but it has always led and still leads its own life. The same is generally true of criminology. It did not grow out of academic sociology, although in recent years it has come increasingly under its influence—to its advantage.

NOR DOES A CLOSER examination of the actual offspring of sociology offer any support for Mr. Runciman's analysis. Academic sociology has, as its financial resources and its manpower have multiplied, become differentiated into many fields of specialisation: family studies; the study of social stratification; industrial relations; the study of organisations such as hospitals, firms, armies, parties; the study of local communities; race relations; etc. Some of these, particularly the study of local communities, have produced interesting and widely read books, from *Middletown* to *Kinship and Family in East London*. Their insights have become part of the general culture of the educated classes of Great Britain and the United States, but it is generally acknowledged that they are "sociology." These books and others like them are generally cited, and not just by academic sociologists, as evidence of how interesting sociology can be.

Let us take one of the new specialised growths —political sociology—the field in which Mr. Runciman has recently worked to such good effect. It is in part the accomplishment of the academic political scientists. When political scientists grew discontented with the older methods of the study of political action and outlook, they adopted into their subject the categories, hypotheses, and techniques of academic sociological research, including survey research (which, although it did not itself originate within the universities, is as much indebted to them as it is to market research). Political sociology is also in part the accomplishment of academic sociologists, who under the inspiration of Max Weber and Roberto Michels extended their concepts and applied some of their techniques to a subject-matter previously not very much studied by sociologists. The subject is called "political sociology," and even though sociology is only one of its sources, no one I know denies its intimate and continuing connection with the substance of sociology. The study of juvenile delinquency and criminality in the United States—but not in the United Kingdom—has always fallen within the jurisdiction of academic sociology. It is now a "growth industry"—commensurate with the prosperity of its subject-matter. It produces interesting books and articles, many of which show an intensified assimilation of such theory as sociology has to offer. The same is true of studies of family and kinship in modern societies, occupational mobility, industrial relations, social stratification, and so many other fields in which very active work of a concentrated and relatively substantial sort has been done. Their practitioners do not disavow their relationship to sociology, least of all to the cumbersome jargon-laden sociological theory which is, according to Mr. Runciman, doomed to be no more than the permanent home of non-starters.

IN BRIEF, I see nothing in the development of sociology in the past fifty years which at all resembles the process described by Mr. Runciman. Instead, I see the contrary movement. The various parts of sociology which, in America at least, once co-existed with minimal intellectual intercourse of understanding within the same university department, *e.g.*, "sociological theory," "social pathology," "social change" are now more substantially in touch with each other than ever before. There is now among those practising sociology more of a community

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of outlook than ever before, both within the universities and among those practising it outside after having been trained in academic sociology. This outlook extends from theory to research and back again. Indeed the old separation and even hostility between theory and research has broken down. Sociological theory is no philosopher's stone—it is still vague, rather inchoate, and awkward—but it is in touch with research in an unprecedentedly vital way. It continues to feed even highly specialised research with concepts and ways of looking at events and it receives the stimulus which comes from the continuous presence of the raw data of research and its ordered results. This picture of the process of growth of sociology is, I am well aware, a very rough one, and I know too that I have not documented it. Still, I have been reading the literature of a variety of parts of sociology as it has appeared over nearly a third of a century, and I have also read a fair amount of what went before, and such is my very strong impression.

MR. RUNCIMAN'S interpretation of the pattern of the growth of sociology is supplemented by, although it is not dependent on, another argument. According to this thesis, when a work of sociology is publicly successful, it is taken up in its own right and sociology does not get the credit for its accomplishments. There are, of course, very few sociological works which reach a large, non-sociological audience. Most of the sociological books which do reach a large public outside the universities have originated outside the central currents of academic sociology. I think, for example, of the writings of Karl Mannheim, C. Wright Mills and Professor David Riesman. But these writers were never denied the acknowledgement of their place in sociology. Mr. Runciman's thesis is in fact supported by only one work that I can think of, Gunnar Myrdal's *The American Dilemma*, which was based on the best sociological research extant up to the time it was written. It was a great public success—in its impact on opinion and policy—but on the whole, sociology was not given the credit for it to which it was entitled. On the other hand, Michael Young's and Peter Wilmott's *Kinship and Family in East London*—although not written under official academic auspices—was conceived and carried out within academic sociological traditions and its connections with sociology have been undeniable and undenied. In fact, that book is one of the most commonly used arguments in Britain for the interest and utility of sociology. Michael Young's *The Rise of the Meritocracy*[1] has had a considerable popular success and it is generally regarded as the work of a gifted sociologist.

IT MIGHT BE that some academic sociologists speak disparagingly of their colleagues who reach a larger public just as novelists whose books sell only 2,000 copies sometimes speak meanly of those who sell 25,000. Nevertheless, all the authors I have mentioned just now have not been lost to sociology in consequence of their success. Their ideas have been taken into the broad and unevenly flowing stream of academic sociology, and the broader public has not viewed it otherwise.

The expansion of sociology into neighbouring academic disciplines and into the general culture is dependent on the continuing development of sociology as an academic subject. Even if we accept Mr. Runciman's view that particular disciplines grow out of sociology and become autonomous, the process can go on only as long as they have something from which they can emerge. This is why Mr. Runciman's suggestion that "it is illogical for universities to set up departments of sociology alongside departments of history, economics and political science" seems to me to be very poor policy. Political science and history can continue to assimilate sociology only as long as they have something to assimilate. They will have something to assimilate only as long as there are many sociologists creating new sociology, representing it, exemplifying it and arguing for it on the basis of their accomplishments. Mr. Runciman's suggestion would destroy the root while hoping that the tree would go on producing fruit. A corps of sound academic sociologists has been the indispensable condition of the growth of sociology. It will be no different in the future.

THESE THINGS being what they are, Mr. Runciman's proposition, that the stylistic horrors of sociology are practically inevitable because only its aborted and ill-delivered offspring remain at home while the successful ones go out into the world and deny their parentage, falls to the ground. The fact remains, however, that the laity, especially the literary journalists and the traditional practitioners of the humanistic discipline, complain—albeit with decreasing frequency and in inverse proportion to the growing popularity of sociology—about the repellent qualities of socio-

[1] This book is not at all in its rhetorical or literary aspect a characteristic work of academic sociology. Yet its main theme, I believe, arose out of very academic discussions about social stratification and social mobility.

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logical language. We might as well admit that however trivial or self-defensive the motives of those who make a fuss about sociological language might be, their criticisms are not wholly unjust. Sociology is sufficiently grown up, and it has a sufficiently promising future to admit that on the aesthetic side it leaves something to be desired.

There are major vices of sociological language. One is its use of neologisms which startle by their novelty, and offend by their inelegance. Another is vagueness; a third is stylistic or grammatical awkwardness. A fourth is pretentiousness: things could often be said less portentously—although the criticism which asserts that every ponderous sociological proposition can be adequately translated into a clear and simple commonplace is often unperceptive. This charge of pretentiousness, which was intended to be destructive of the claims of sociology and which was also the most common of the criticisms of sociology, particularly in the United Kingdom, is seldom asserted any more. Partly because sociology has succeeded in making vivid many things in which people are interested, partly because the intellectual battle against sociology has been lost, anti-sociology has taken up defensive positions in a stylistic tactic which does not challenge sociology's right to existence.

Most of Mr. Runciman's observations bear on the jargon characteristic of sociological terminology. He points out, quite rightly, that specialised subjects of study are bound to have specialised languages. Most of these specialised languages do not come to the attention of laymen, many of whom also undoubtedly have their own specialised languages in their own occupations and professions. But each man regards his own specialised language as legitimate, partly because it is his own and partly because the artefacts and words of other occupations and professions engage the attention of human beings, largely when they are not pursuing their own. Outside their occupations, human beings meet and discourse about objects of more universal interest. Sociology is in a fairly singular position inasmuch as it is greatly concerned with this area of universal interest, but it is so intensely concerned and its practitioners so numerous that they have formed a parochial culture of their own. Sociology is therefore parochial about the universal, and that is one of the reasons why it sometimes disturbs the laity. Sociologists appear to speak of familiar objects, sentiments, and scenes, but they often speak of them in a language from which the laity are excluded. Where laymen might not mind not understanding the language of sacred things, of the mass or other sacraments, they take umbrage when apparently profane things are discussed unintelligibly.

Mr. Runciman argues—I think correctly—that as sociology becomes intellectually successful, its specialised language will not be regarded as reprehensible. Its terminology will cease to be "jargon." It is not clear to me whether he means that success legitimates anything, even improper speech, or that success entails specialisation and therewith disappearance from the public eye. If he means the former, he is, perhaps lamentably, right. Sociological terms, not least some quite inelegant, are already entering into the common speech of the educated. With respect to the second alternative, it must be emphasised that the subject-matter of sociology, even when it becomes specialised, can never disappear from the public eye.

The family, youthfulness and old age, the relations of generations, life in large organisations, class relations, etc., are bound to remain of interest to great numbers of persons who do not specialise in their study. The educated public will want to be "in" on sociology for the same reason that it reads novels and newspapers. It needs sociology to feed its imagination and to help it to understand itself and to maintain its vital contact with its fellow men. The success of the sociological books in Pelicans and Anchor Books seems to show that the general educated public, *i.e.*, the tiny minority who read, are not renouncing sociology as it takes on more substantial and more particular subjects. If Mr. Runciman were right, *The Times Literary Supplement*, which is the chief public critic of the language of sociology, would review only general sociological treatises, and would disregard more specialised investigations. But it does not. Neither does the *New Statesman*. Sociology will not be able to hide itself from the public eye because the public does not want it to be hidden. Will it be able to improve its linguistic manners so as to please the laity—assuming that when that occurs, there will still be enough laymen who can write and appreciate a decent English sentence? Will sociology be able to get rid of its specialised terminology and use the ordinary language of educated public discourse?

On these questions Mr. Runciman seems to be of two minds. On the one hand his general thesis is that it cannot do so. On the other, he seems to think that it could do so without loss of its precision. In support of the latter position, he cites as an example of a useless sociological neologism the term *"achievement orientation"* and asserts that it would be adequate to say *"ambition"* without any loss in meaning.

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Mr. Runciman has not chosen his example well. "Achievement orientation" is *not* the same as "ambition." "Ambition" refers to an intense and active aspiration to rise socially on scales of deference, income, eminence, achievement. But "achievement orientation" means not just the desire to improve one's position; it means devotion to a legitimate manual or intellectual task, involving the exercise of skill in the attainment of the end inherent in the task. The result of such an achievement might be a greater material reward or enhanced status, or fame or power or any of the things which might be the objects of ambition. But that does not make it identical with ambition. "Achievement orientation" is a particular type of ambition. The fulfilment of ambition through intrigue, flattery, cheating is not included in "achievement orientation." There is also one aspect of "achievement orientation" which is not at all contained in the concept of "ambition," namely, a disposition to assess the quality of human beings with respect to their skill and proficiency in the legitimate performance of tasks set by themselves or others. To disregard this fact or to obscure it under the term "ambition" is to obscure a major feature of modern society.

The term "achievement orientation" might be inelegant but it is not an arbitrary creation of contemporary sociologists. It was coined to give a name to a phenomenon which was clearly discerned but not simply named in the 18th-century critique of the *ancien régime*. In that context, it emphasised the propriety of rewarding worthwhile accomplishment, diligence, and proficiency in doing useful things in contrast with the then prevailing practice of granting the highest rewards of wealth and honour in accordance with birth and connections. The distinction was well established in German sociology for many years in the contrast between *Leistung* and *Sein* (Max Scheler) or between *Leistungsfähigheit* and *Erfolgstüchtigkeit* (Gustav Ichheiser), etc. Somehow it was rediscovered by an eminent anthropologist, the late Professor Ralph Linton, in his distinction between "achieved" and "ascribed status," and since then it has had wide currency. It might not be entirely unambiguous, but it is clear that it is not identical with ambition, and that it refers to things which are of very great importance. Perhaps a term more pleasing to a cultivated ear can be found, or ways found for circumventing the term while expressing its meaning.

BUT WHATEVER HAPPENS in this particular instance, a tension between sociology and the culture of the educated layman is unavoidable. The reasons for this are that although sociologists deal and must always deal with the phenomena of human experience, they must seek to discover patterns which those who participate in them do not themselves see. Novelists try to depict—and great novelists succeed in depicting—in situations known to everyone, sentiments and motives, relationships and actions the significance of which most human beings fail to perceive. Sociologists seek to do the same when depicting the actions and sentiments of classes of individuals. But whereas novelists deal plastically with particular events and experiences and allow the free movement of their genius to delineate the fundamental and universal in the concrete and particular, sociologists must abstract and formalise their perceptions. This only compounds the difficulty.

Furthermore, novelists have a very great tradition in dealing with moral events and it is a tradition which runs continuously to the present day. There is not a very rich tradition of comparable continuity and duration in the mode of analysis practised by sociologists. Such traditions as there are, which are to be seen in Clarendon and Hobbes, in the English character-writers and French moralists of the 17th century, and in the Scottish and French moral philosophers of the 18th, have on the whole been lost to sociologists. Nor, for that matter, would they be entirely adequate.

SOCIOLOGISTS are working on new ground. The ground looks familiar because we all live on it, but most of us know little more about it than we know of the geology of the land on which our houses stand. So sociologists have a double handicap: they are struggling with an extraordinarily rich and elusive subject-matter, and trying to do with it something which has never been done before. Their struggles are made more difficult by a too narrow or a too attenuated education, of which they are not the only victims, and which has cut them off from a fruitful tradition of moral awareness and from the whole range of the rich vocabulary of the English language. They are seeking the hitherto unperceived in the medium of the generally familiar and they are doing so with a poor stock of words for naming what they dimly apprehend.

Sociology will not in the foreseeable future disappear from the public eye,[2] and it will un-

[2] Of course, there is and will always be a part of sociology hidden from the laymen, the sociology which appears in professional sociological journals. Some of this arises in a half-world of illiteracy and groping ingenuity; some is the work of energetic and lively intelligence; some of it is both. The language of these writings is worse, if imaginable, than that of the more public sociology; but as

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doubtedly go on coining new terms. Some of these coinages will be desirable because they will point to significant actions or sentiments—or relationships or patterns of these things which are not ordinarily distinguished or perceived—and in so doing they will deepen the self-understanding of the human race. Some of these coinages will be unnecessary because those who coin them are too impoverished linguistically to know what the language offers, and still others will be reprehensible because their coiners will be plain counterfeiters or inflationists without any backing for their currency. This will not however be true of all of them.[3]

BUT WITHIN the limits of the ultimately unresolvable tension which I have just mentioned, will the language of sociology improve? I am sceptical. I do not take seriously the complaints about the more important terminological innovations, especially the hyphenates, even though I myself have tried for some years to avoid using them. I do take a little more seriously the cumbersome sentences; the impoverished vocabulary; the introduction of bureaucratic, civil service, and military slang, even engineering metaphors; the use of the word "hopefully" when the writer means "I hope," etc. This verbal debilitation, however, is a general phenomenon of our culture—more advanced, as many things are, in the United States, but moving steadily ahead in the United Kingdom. Many sociologists are ignorant of the traditional language of educated discourse, but so are many other professional persons with highly specialised education. The educated public has been steadily evaporating in the English-speaking countries since early in the present century. Politics has become almost their only meeting ground. Political writers are still able to write fairly good English, but those who address professional publics have largely lost that ability.

Professional publics are clearly defined and placed, generally educated publics are vaguely defined, uncertain in their location. One knows to whom one is speaking and how to make oneself understood in dealing with the former, but not with the latter. The specialisation of education and the genuine interest which many professional persons have in their professional tasks also work in the same direction.

AS A RESULT, the language of a generally educated public is crumbling. The natural gift of eloquent, concise, and elegant expression is not widespread, and contemporary education in the English-speaking world at the secondary school level does little to inculcate it in those to whom it is not natural. Cumbersomeness in expression is by no means confined to sociologists. Many literary scholars, historians, politicians, civil servants, journalists, and scientists write English appallingly.

The general trend towards the vaunting of individuality and the praise of self-expression means that the discipline of mastering an ample vocabulary and of learning how to write properly in the traditional sense are fading from the educational systems of Great Britain and the United States—as is that of spelling. I see no great likelihood of an improvement in the immediate future.

IF THIS is the general picture, we may ask whether the situation of sociological language will become better or worse in the future? On one side, sociology is in the ascendant. For those who believe neither in Christianity nor in Marxism, sociology is becoming a mild surrogate religion. It is replacing prayer as a source of guidance, and those who need this consolation and guidance are not going to be finicky about the language in which it comes. It is interesting, illuminating, and suggestive, and it is being increasingly valued for that reason. As sociologists increase in number and as they find themselves increasingly legitimate, parochial terminology will not be needed to support their claim to legitimacy. But the increased interest in and support for sociology will further increase the number of its practitioners and nothing helps to create a special language as much as the availability of listeners and speakers who know that language and no

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Mr. Runciman says, the laymen are unable to complain about that because they don't see it. They see the sociology which is published in book form or in non-professional periodicals, and the language of those might be offensive to remnants of the genteel tradition and to those who insist on lying down with their mouths only slightly open so that the roast pigeons of truth can fly in. But their injury will not be a result of the process imagined by Mr. Runciman. It will not be because the publicly visible and namable part of sociology is the left-over domain of the failed starters.

[3] A few words about the emergence of mathematical sociology are in order. If and when sociology adopts mathematical modes of expression to a greater extent than it has hitherto, the gap between sociology and the generally educated laity will become greater. But it is also conceivable that the level of mathematical literacy of the educated might also be increased by that time. Then the relationship between sociology and the non-sociological public will be little different from what it is now.

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other. The signs of a movement of literary self-reform in sociology are very few. Perhaps memories of the now diminishing derogations of the well-established and the more powerful sections of the educated classes are still too fresh.

None the less, the prosperity and diversification of sociology bring with them a widening range of interest. More and more sociologists, particularly in the younger generation in the United States, feel a need for an extension of the subject-matter of sociology into the historical past and into spheres with which sociology has not hitherto dealt. This is bringing them into contact with a better-written literature, a literature not written by professional social scientists of the recent dispensation. Sociology is, on the whole, still a relatively "uncultivated subject"—rude and hardy. Now that its self-esteem is augmenting, it is also attracting more inquisitive and more sensitive minds in the younger generation. In doing so, it might also acquire some of the small proportion of persons with literary sensibility. It is possible, therefore, that some internal criticism of the literary waywardness of sociology might well contribute to its improvement. Such criticism will, however, be working in a general cultural context which is not itself very hospitable to such self-reform.

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LETTERS

"Torture"

THE OMISSIONS in Ella Winter's list of victims of torture are significant. Evidently she doesn't believe that there's any torture in the independent African states or behind the Iron Curtain. Nor is she aware that what is taking place now in Nigeria and Madagascar is nothing less than genocide. Nor does she have a word of pity for the people of Tibet or the Yemen.

The really nasty and silly part of her letter [ENCOUNTER, April] is the implication that there is no difference between the Nazis and the American and the British Governments. We would be as bad as the Nazis only if we had committed the same crimes against humanity, including the murder of six million Jews.

And, if I may be permitted to point it out, we actually went to war with Germany. We took sides, we defeated the torturers. Doesn't this count at all with Ella Winter?

JOHN BRAINE

Woking, Surrey

Khrushchev & After

THE PROOF of my article in the last number "Arguing About the Cold War" [ENCOUNTER, May] reached me too late for the inclusion of the following remarks which clarify a number of important points.

The post-Khrushchev phase of the Cold War is characterised by three factors: the accentuated awareness on the part of the United States and the Soviet Union of a common interest in avoiding a direct military confrontation; the substitution of the pursuit of traditional national interests for ideological commitments; and, consequently, the extension of movement to the nations of Europe, East and West. The caution and self-restraint which have characterised the policies of the two super-powers in the post-war period and which are responsible for this being a Cold War have been accentuated since the Cuban missile crisis of 1962. In his heyday Khrushchev could present his opponents with ultimatums and threaten them with atomic destruction. Although he refrained from following up his threatening words with corresponding actions, one could not be sure that he would. In the post-Khrushchev period, ultimatums and nuclear threats have disappeared from the vocabulary of the Cold War and so have Western challenges to the territorial status quo. Instead, the two super-powers try to take the sting out of the armaments race by seriously discussing measures of arms control for the first time.

While during the first two phases of the Cold War the bi-polar confrontation of the two super-powers was supplemented by the confrontation of

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two blocs separated by ideological commitments, we are now in the presence of the disintegration of the two blocs which the super-powers are unable to stem. On both sides of what was once the Iron Curtain, the pursuit of traditional interests takes to an ever-increasing extent the place of the pursuit of ideological objectives under the centralised direction of the super-powers. Consequently, all the nations of Europe are caught up in that policy of movement which Khrushchev initiated in the interests of the Soviet Union as the spearhead of world communism in Europe.

HANS MORGENTHAU

University of Chicago

"Trial by Newspaper"

By Sir Linton Andrews

JOHN HART ELY'S article in the March ENCOUNTER bears witness to much experience, inquiry and thinking in the life of this able American lawyer. While valuing the freedom exercised by the American Press when a man is about to be or is being tried for his life, he wants to see this freedom reconciled with the British conception of a fair trial. Can it be done?

Mr. Ely's countrymen are credited with insisting on what they term "the people's right to know." That expression is much used. Where there is such a "right to know" the authorities have a responsibility to provide the required information. So at least it has been argued on the other side of the Atlantic.

But what if a man has been arrested and if pre-trial disclosures by police, lawyers, and intended witnesses would prejudice the jury? Have citizens then the right to that kind of information? Mr. Ely's answer would be to quote a dictum of the U.S. Supreme Court in 1966:

> "The Press... guards against the miscarriage of justice by subjecting the police, prosecutors and judicial processes to extensive public scrutiny and criticism. Thus the Court has therefore... consistently required that the Press have a free hand, even though we sometimes deplored its sensationalism."

What of published information that does *not* guard against the miscarriage of justice but may actually cause it—information from sources that may be malicious, inaccurate, and extremely damaging? This may be countered by equally important-seeming statements to the contrary which the Press would readily print. But that clash of evidence brings us to real "trial by newspaper" without the safeguards for justice of a court of law.

To a British observer like myself this appeal to public excitement over a sensational case seems to be utterly dangerous, wrong to the accused, an abandonment by the Press of its social responsibility, a stretching to immoral excess of what the public is supposed to have the right to know. Admittedly there is much that it has the right to know, especially in politics, but there should be limits.

Mr. Ely may think I have committed myself to an over-statement. In the U.S.A. we British are more often credited with understatement. But Mr. Ely agrees with our methods of protecting the accused so far as he admits that up to date the English scruples in treating prejudicial statements about accused or suspected citizens have produced better results than the American freedom of information. The English method, especially in using the law of contempt of court to prevent unfair statements on cases *sub judice*, is the very opposite of giving the Press, sensational or not, a free hand.

IF OURS IS THE BETTER WAY, does Mr. Ely recommend his country to adopt it? No; he does not want to deprive the American Press of the habitual powers it has long been using, especially in sensational crimes—powers which no doubt can be, but are not always, beneficial to the public. He says the first halting steps have been taken towards a still better system to ensure the fairness of trials under the American legal system. The main idea is not to suppress publicity which might prejudice a jury but to develop procedural devices to ensure that a jury will not be influenced by such publicity. Where there has been a rowdy or rousing case of trial by newspaper the court can delay proceedings until the uproar has subsided, or, says Mr. Ely, the trial could be moved to a court outside the area where the case was publicised. If necessary the court might sequester the jury. If it has already been exposed to prejudicial Press influence the trial might be stopped and started all over again.

Methods of delay would not be popular in Britain. One of the best known sayings of that Grand Old Man, W. E. Gladstone, affirms that "Justice delayed is justice denied." Postponing a trial or ordering a re-trial would prolong an accused person's mental suffering. If there is anything in the American legal system that a great number of British people think unfortunate it is the way in which the final decision in a case can be prolonged for what seems to us an inordinate time. We should not like such procrastination here.

Moving a trial to a court outside the area where the case was publicised would not be an appropriate recourse in our small country, where daily newspapers originating in London reach every part of the land and circulate reports about outstanding crimes and trials. Mr. Ely incidentally mentions the acid bath murderer, Haigh. When this man was in custody a popular picture tabloid printed a ghastly confession he was said to have made. There could not have been any place in the country which the paper in question had not penetrated, influencing

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IS THERE SOMETHING *in the essential natures of the Machine and the Word which makes them incompatible, so that at the slightest contact with the former the Word turns into lifeless words? Is even the mechanical printing press, but for which I should never have been able to read the books which have formed my life, nor, for that matter, be writing this article now, an evil? Sometimes I have an uneasy suspicion that it is.*

W. H. AUDEN

THE OLD AND THE NEW *mingle almost past recognition in all of West Germany. Often the new is only the old returned. In the ruined landscape that was once the old city of Frankfurt-am-Main, the Guildhall and the house in which Goethe was born were the first buildings to rise again; they were restored with hairpin accuracy, until they were there again "as if nothing had happened." Only a few Germans have tried to grasp the meaning of the catastrophe that brought about the destruction of the old order; for most, the destruction remained incomprehensible, it seemed meaningless, and so they attempt to make it "unhappen." The word "again"* (wieder) *has become the leitmotif of German life. The construction of a new Germany meant* re-*construction.*

NORBERT MUHLEN

NO DOUBT *the pro-Communist minority had its nuisance value in American life and politics. But what appals almost all people in Britain is that Senator McCarthy and his associates should have been able to magnify this nuisance value into something like mortal danger to the Republic, and seem to have persuaded large numbers of ordinary Americans to this same disturbed view.*

T. R. FYVEL

WHEN I AM DEEPLY TROUBLED, *I read the Psalms for consolation and not the Zen Scriptures of Buddhism, however barbarous psychologically some of the content of the former may appear in relation to the latter. Our Western civilisation has been formed essentially by the religion of Judaism, which has an infinitely more urgent, personal, and sublimely active tone—and let us confess it, an infinitely cruder and more barbarous psychology—than that of the Oriental religions. But such as we are, we are it; and the way of wisdom is always to acknowledge what one is in order to know what resources one has to work on. The West has a very great deal to learn from the study of the Oriental religions if it is to overcome psychological crudities that have lain at its root since its very beginning; but one can arrive at the spirit, after all, only by refining one's own barbarisms.*

WILLIAM BARRETT

IT IS MY BELEF *that this huge export drive of American big business in mass culture has created more anti-American feeling among European artists and intellectuals than all the Communist propaganda put together. It may be argued that mass communications merely give people what they want, but against this some of us would argue that once mass communications are raised to a certain level of power and efficiency—and for this task America has all the necessary resources—people can be manipulated to want what it is convenient and profitable to give them. Now American writers often benefit considerably from these enterprises, not only financially but also in terms of prestige; and if American writers have ever protested against them, I have not had the good fortune yet to read their protests. It is true, as I have pointed out more than once, that the American mind, with its great talent for satire, provides most of the best antidotes for its own poisons. But this is not justly reflected in the export trade of mass culture. I agree that European writers often do not attempt or understand the background of their American colleagues. But Americans must make a similar effort. They should appreciate the bitter despair of men who may now feel that their very livelihood is being threatened, who see their bookstalls crowded with foreign issues of American mass publications, who have watched their theatres and cinemas succumb to Hollywood ballyhoo, and who now await with terror the arrival of those monsters from outer space—the American-inspired TV programmes. The last thing most thoughtful men and women want to see is a world society shaped and coloured by American business men.*

J. B. PRIESTLEY

LENIN DIED, TROTSKY *was outwitted by his superiors in the art of bureaucratic manoeuvre, and it was Stalin who built the first totalitarian state in history. But if Lenin had lived on, or Trotsky had beaten his rivals, the result would not have been much different. Stalin may have been a coarser, crueller, and viler man than Lenin or Trotsky. But it was not this that was decisive. Give absolute power over a vast and backward nation to a tightly disciplined clique of professional revolutionaries who claim to possess the final scientific truth about human society, who regard men and women as clay to be moulded to the purposes of History, and who have consciously abandoned, in practice as well in theory, all absolute and moral standards, and you can get only one result—totalitarianism. Whether the leader's name is Ulyanov or Bronstein or Djugashvili matters a good deal less.*

HUGH SETON-WATSON

JEAN PAULHAN HAS SAID *that people take up one of two attitudes to the words they use. They are either "terrorists," suspicious and wary lest words trap them into saying what they don't mean, or else "rhetoricians," giving words their head, following where they lead in the faith that, the word once uttered, meaning will accrue to it.*

DONALD DAVIE

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men and women who might be called to serve on a jury. This consideration also shows it would not be practicable, as has been proposed, to import juries from areas which the unfair publicity did not affect. In the Haigh case there were no such areas.

Are there times when pre-trial evidence in a newspaper may be a valuable social function? Mr. Ely raises the question of the disclosure by the Dallas police of the evidence against Lee Oswald. Such evidence in a British case would not have been allowed to be published; but Mr. Ely thinks that it helped to alleviate the anxiety of the American public which feared lest the assassination of the President was the signal for an attempted overthrow of the U.S.A. I gather from Mr. William Manchester's book that there were such fears in some quarters, and no doubt it was right to dispel them as soon as enough of the truth was known. But need such a damning case against Oswald have been revealed at that point, leading to the murder of Oswald himself by a lawless fanatic? Oswald should have had a fair trial even though it was necessary to issue a pre-trial assurance to the nation that no evidence of a political conspiracy to kill the President and destroy American freedom had been discovered.

SOME OF THE REMEDIES discussed by Mr. Ely may help the cause of justice in the United States, but it seems to me that none of them could be applied in Britain to the advantage of this country. We have occasional miscarriages of justice, as in the unforeseeable instance of the hanging of Timothy Evans for a crime which appears certain to have been committed by the chief witness against him, afterwards a confessed necrophilic murderer. Still, the legal restraints on the Press do much to help our trials to be conducted without prejudice that might mislead a jury. If we attach more importance to fair trials than to the desire of the Press to know whatever it wants to know this is a deep-rooted part of the British ethos. The code of the American Society of Newspaper Editors says: "The right of a newspaper to attract and hold readers is restricted by nothing but considerations of public welfare." Is not the administration of justice without fear or favour, and without the wanton prejudice which pre-trial publicity can stir up, one of public welfare's essential needs?

Crimes & Suffering

YOUR COLUMNIST *R* [ENCOUNTER, April] rebukes me because (in a *New Statesman* article) I found something in common between Nazi crimes in Europe and American crimes in Viet Nam. I am described as a "self-appointed expert in the calculus of suffering." I have never appointed myself as anything of the kind, nor could I measure the suffering either of being gassed or of being burned by napalm, for both experiences exceed the imagination. *R* then instructs me to read a book and find out what happened at Auschwitz. I stand in no need of this; three of my relatives died there (I am half-Jewish). Of course, *R* could not know this personal fact. But few debating tactics are more boringly dishonest than the attempt to score by accusing an opponent of ignorance.

Unlike the crimes of Hitler, or for that matter those of Tamerlane, the crimes of the U.S. Air Force are still going on. To my mind, this simple fact is a reason for writing about them. I am glad to have read in ENCOUNTER many informative and sometimes eloquent articles about the crimes of Hitler (and many, too, about the crimes of Stalin), for they have deepened our understanding of the past. What is happening now, however, can be the subject of protest as well as regret and can possibly be stopped. I do not know the reason why the subject is found unsuitable for ENCOUNTER. It can't be ignorance.

But I ought to explain why I recalled Nazi crimes in connection with Viet Nam crimes. (I did not "identify" the two; that is *R*'s word.) Though I said nothing about Auschwitz, to which there is clearly no parallel, I did compare the annihilation of a Vietnamese village to Lidice, and there I see a fairly striking similarity, which I could validate in detail if I were writing an article and not a letter. The closeness or otherwise of the resemblance, however, is not the point; the point is that both acts are criminal. The murder in this week's paper is not *equally* criminal with the Moors murder, but it is *also* criminal. Now, almost everyone agrees that the Nazi record was criminal; it is not similarly accepted, or as I should say realised, that the U.S. record is also criminal; and my purpose was to say so.

MERVYN JONES

London

Bombing Auschwitz

YOUR columnist writes [ENCOUNTER, April], "As Professor Trevor-Roper has pointed out, the primary objective of the Allies was to win the war in the shortest possible time, and it was, and still is, a reasonable assumption that this was as much to the interest of the Jews as of anyone else. . . ." This statement has no relevance whatever to the fact that Auschwitz should not have been bombed. The author failed to justify his peculiar thesis with valid argument:

> In pursuing this objective, the Allies made many mistakes, and among them was the misemployment of our heavy bomber force in raids on German cities that served no strategic purpose. But I do not think that the failure to bomb Auschwitz was one of them, and I do not think that in this respect at least, the Allied governments should be held guilty of a share in the tragedy that was being enacted there.

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Moscow

THE RUSSIANS *learnt today that the Chinese consider Shakespeare an ideologist of the exploiting classes, and that in their view Alexander Pushkin had made "no concrete analysis of humanism." Excerpting the Chinese press to ridicule the cult of Chairman Mao in China, and the length to which party zealotry had taken Chinese ideology, the* Literary Gazette *today published a half page of pronouncements on western culture.*

According to the Chinese press, Shakespeare's plays are "fundamentally opposed to socialist realism," and the English playwright "supported monarchism." As for the composer Bizet, his opera Carmen *is decried by the Chinese as an attempt to sell "sex and individualism."*

The trouble with Beethoven's Ninth Symphony was that it was infused with a concept of "bourgeois humanist love." This, to the Chinese, is illusion, for if there were such a thing there would be no war. Interest in bourgeois classical music, according to the Chinese, can only "paralyse revolutionary resolution."

The Chinese discerned a "revisionist outlook" in Tolstoy's Anna Karenina *which was written before there was any Marxism to revise. They also claimed that classical ballet—Russia's pride —"propagates reconciliation between classes, a bourgeois theory of humanism, and has a decadent effect on youth."*

THE TIMES

London

THE SPIRIT *of C. E. M. Joad indubitably lives on in the BBC's "Who Knows?" In the latest edition a questioner inquired, among other things, "What is a magnetic field?" Deadpan reply from Professor D. Bijl: "It all depends what you mean by 'is'...."* THE GUARDIAN

Torquay

RENT *was described as "a new, naughty, four-letter word" at the annual conference of the National Federation of Property-Owners at Torquay today. The definition was given by Mr. D. A. Shepherd, of Dundee, when he supported a resolution calling for the Government to allow fair rents to be charged and for an end to rent control. The resolution was unanimously adopted.* DAILY TELEGRAPH

New York

ACCORDING TO *Mr. Laszlo Szabo, former chief of the British section of the Hungarian intelligence service who defected to the United States in 1965, the Hungarian intelligence system sought every opportunity to plant agents in British universities. In 1964, he said, the British Broadcasting Corporation offered two-week visits to Britain for writers of the best essays on Shakespeare.*

"A number of intelligence officers in the universities were ordered to write essays that would win the contest," he said. Apparently the agents were unable to brush up their Shakespeare fast enough, Mr. Szabo went on, for the contest was won by two legitimate students. "We could not recruit and train them in time," Mr. Szabo said. NEW YORK TIMES

New York

IN THE PUBLISHED *letters of Groucho Marx, he recounts how he swaps photographs with T. S. Eliot, who wrote that "You are my most coveted pin-up." They get on to a first-name basis, "Dear Tom, if this isn't your first name, I'm in a hell of a fix." Finally, Groucho goes to dine with Eliot at his country home in England. In a letter to his brother Gummo he describes the experience:*

"Your correspondent arrived at the Eliots' fully prepared for a literary evening. During the week I had read Murder in the Cathedral *twice,* The Waste Land *three times, and, just in case of a conversation bottleneck, I brushed up on* King Lear. *Well, Sir, as cocktails were served, there was a momentary lull. So, apropos of practically nothing, I tossed in a quotation from 'The Waste Land.' Eliot smiled faintly, as though to say he was thoroughly familiar with his poems."* DAILY TELEGRAPH

London

IT'S ARGUABLE *that the true theme of the post-war arts has been a kind of intermittency, an inability to get through, to communicate, except at rare intervals. Winnie, in Beckett's* Happy Days, *describes herself as being "clear, then dim, then gone, then dim again, then clear again, and so on, back and forth, in and out of someone's eye." I suspect that the contemporary artist feels this too.*

The one thing which the post-war style lacks is a label—it's hard to think of one which will serve. The Age of Intermittency, perhaps? Or the Age of Unreality? THE TIMES

New York

TIME SAYS *the aphorism on Secretary Gardner's desk,* "Das Beste ist gut genug," *is by an "unknown" writer. Actually, it is by the not entirely unknown German author Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. In his* Italienische Reise (Italian Journey), *in the letter of March 3, 1787,* "In der Kunst ist das Beste gut genug" (*In art the best is good enough*). TIME

London

"DON'T BUY *over-priced tickets from spivs," is the advice given to the public in the current issue of the* Football League Review, *which says that both the Football League and the Football Association are aware that the ticket spivs who batten on the pubic are a running sore on the face of the game.* [*sic*] THE TIMES

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Is it permissible to suggest that *R* has entirely ignored the grave problem Mr. Hausner has pointed out because he is biased in favour of the Allies and for unstated reasons does not want to concede their moral guilt in the German persecution of the Jews?

ISAAC AHREN,
JACOB GRUNEWALD

Cologne

"American Giant, European Pigmies"

IN CALIFORNIA, my permanent residence, I usually begin the day with my Wilkinson Sword Blade, Yardley After Shave—dressing in my English suit, Byford socks. I watch the Jaguars go by the house before I get into my German-made auto. If I eat breakfast, it is usually English tea and jam bought at the local Safeway store (Unilever, I believe). There is a scattering of Sheffield plate in the house. On my way home I may purchase a bottle of Black and White Scotch, Gordon's Gin, Rose's Lime Juice. Settling down to my evening cocktail I usually turn on my stereo with the Garrard turntable and put on a few EMI recordings. We often see the flicks, and there is usually an English film. A quick trip to San Francisco to watch the Royal Ballet or one of the latest London hits.

You see, it does work both ways. Too many Englishmen think Americans buy only "Made in USA" products. Cadbury's and Rowntree's are household names to most Americans. Admittedly there is more flowing in one direction. English-made products still rate very high on U.S. shopping lists. There is room for a lot more.

Christopher Layton's article [ENCOUNTER, April] is the most balanced and fair-minded one on the subject yet published.

WILLIAM A. GRANT

St. John's College,
York

Freud-Bullitt, "Wilson"

"14 POINTS on Wilson," Philip Rieff's critique of the Freud-Bullitt book [ENCOUNTER, April], is to my mind the best review I have seen, and this from the point of view of 36 years of psychoanalytic education and practice. Rieff calls attention to the lacks in psycho-analytic theorising that facilitate utilisation of the theory to denigrate, not only dead subjects of posthumous biographies, but also very much alive patients. It is a most unfortunate and unenlightening book, as other analysts such as Erik Erikson have already made abundantly clear. I hope and trust that no one takes the Freud-Bullitt book as representative of all of psychoanalytic thought today.

RALPH M. CROWLEY, M.D.
President, The American Academy of Psychoanalysis

New York City

AUTHORS

Diana Trilling, American critic and author, has published *Claremont Essays* (Secker & Warburg, 1965) and is also the editor of a selection of D. H. Lawrence's works. She is married to Lionel Trilling, and they are both at present living in London. Mrs. Trilling's previous contributions to ENCOUNTER include "Norman Mailer" (November 1962), and "The Death of Marilyn Monroe" (August 1963)....

Edward Shils is Professor of Sociology at the University of Chicago and a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. His articles for ENCOUNTER include "The Sanctity of Life" (January 1967), "Leo Szilard" (December 1964), and "Indian Students" (September 1961)....

H. R. Trevor-Roper is Regius Professor of History at Oxford. His long essay on "Witches and Witchcraft," will be included in *Religion, the Reformation and Social Change, and other essays* to be published by Macmillan this summer....

Gerald Emanuel Stearn's *McLuhan, Hot and Cool* will be published in June by The Dial Press, New York....

B. H. Haggin, who recorded and edited the memoir by Hugo Burghauser, "Remembering Toscanini" (ENCOUNTER, April) has prepared for this centenary year of Toscanini's birth a collection of similar reminiscences, *The Toscanini Musicians Knew*, published by Horizon Press, New York....

THE BOOK on Viet Nam, *The Bitter Heritage*, by **Professor Arthur Schlesinger, jr.** which is discussed by *R* in Column this month, has been published by André Deutsch (15s.)....

COVER DESIGN by **Colin Banks** and **John Miles.**

ENCOUNTER Magazine is published in London by Encounter Ltd. (25 Haymarket S.W.1), in association with the International Publishing Corporation (33 Holborn, E.C.1).

ENCOUNTER BOOKS are published in association with Weidenfeld & Nicolson (5 Winsley Street, W.1).

MANUSCRIPTS for ENCOUNTER should be sent to 25 Haymarket, London, S.W.1, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope (English stamp) or international reply coupons, otherwise they cannot be returned. For subscription details see page 1.

MADE AND PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY
WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED, LONDON AND BECCLES

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